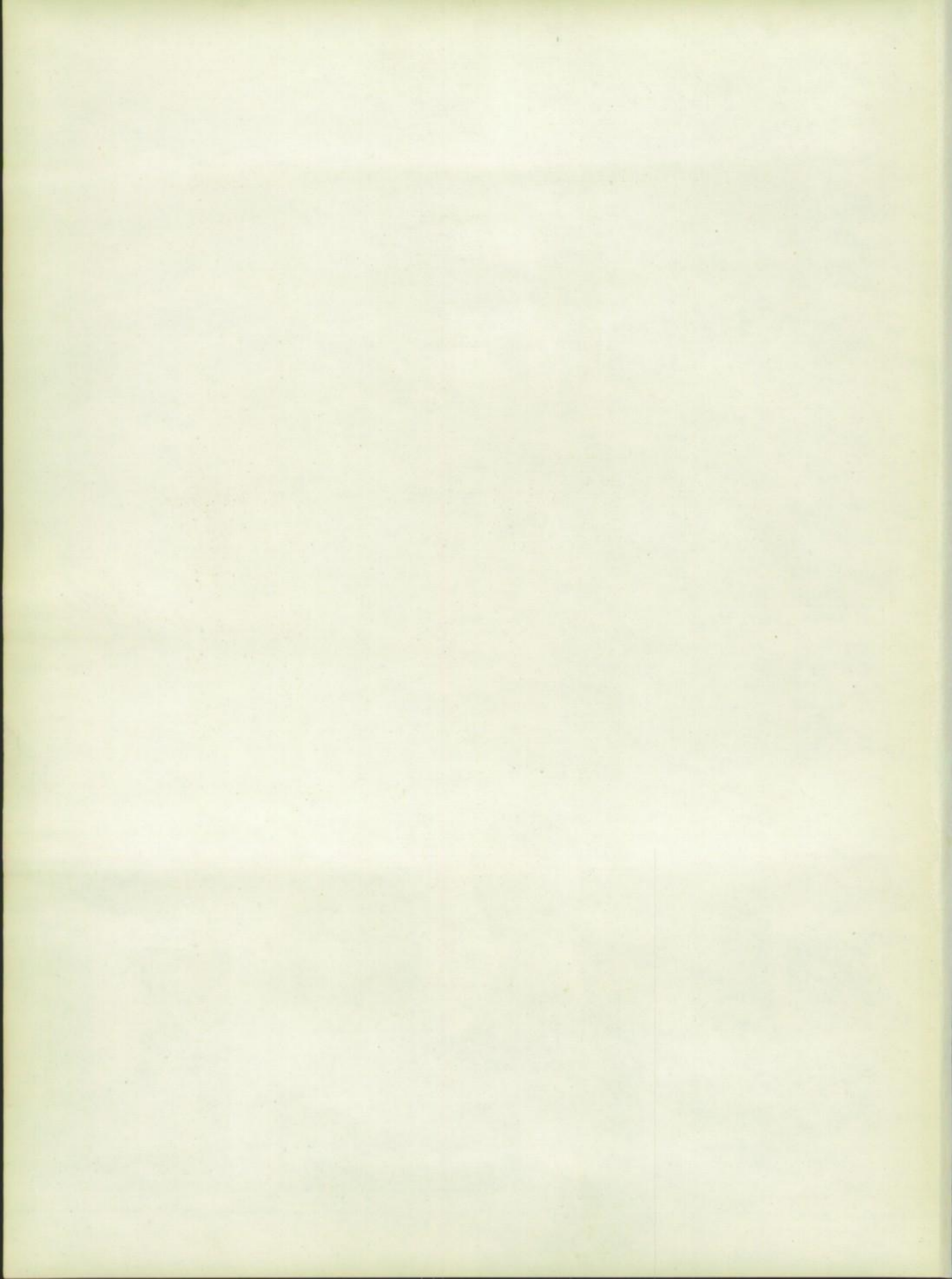


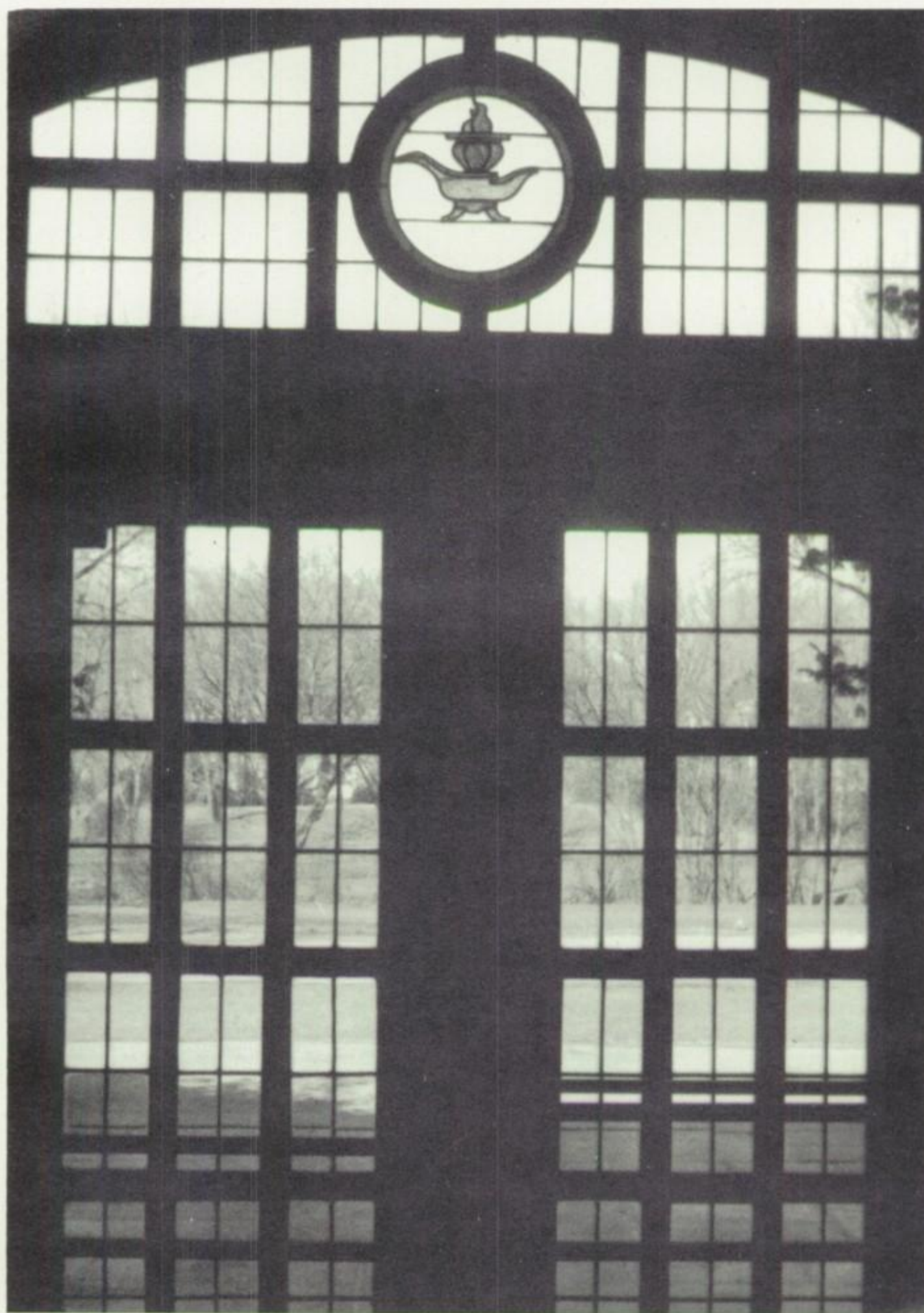
THE



This belongs to many Our Deceased
not J.S.U.O.

Wake Up





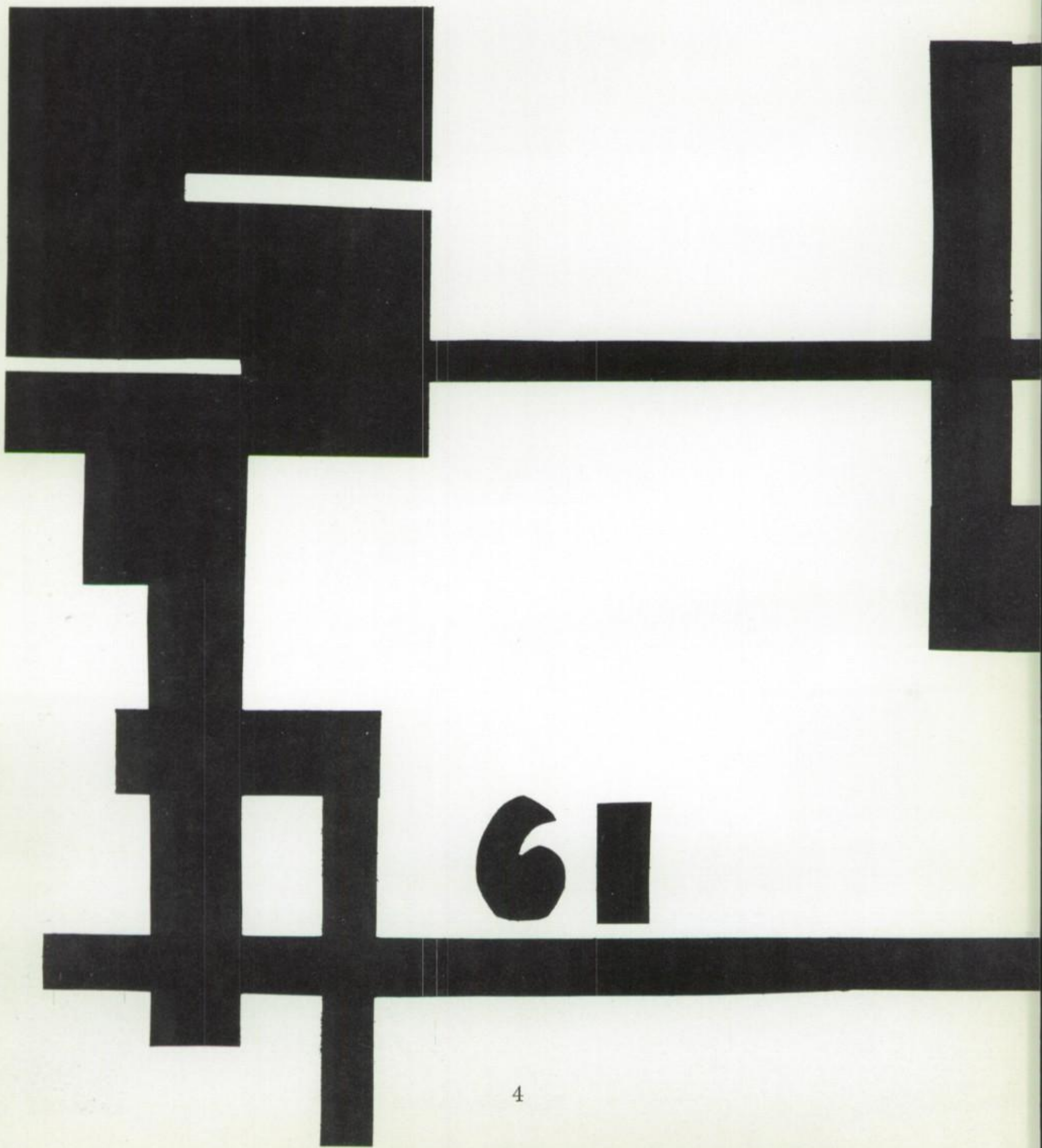
Hathaway Brown School

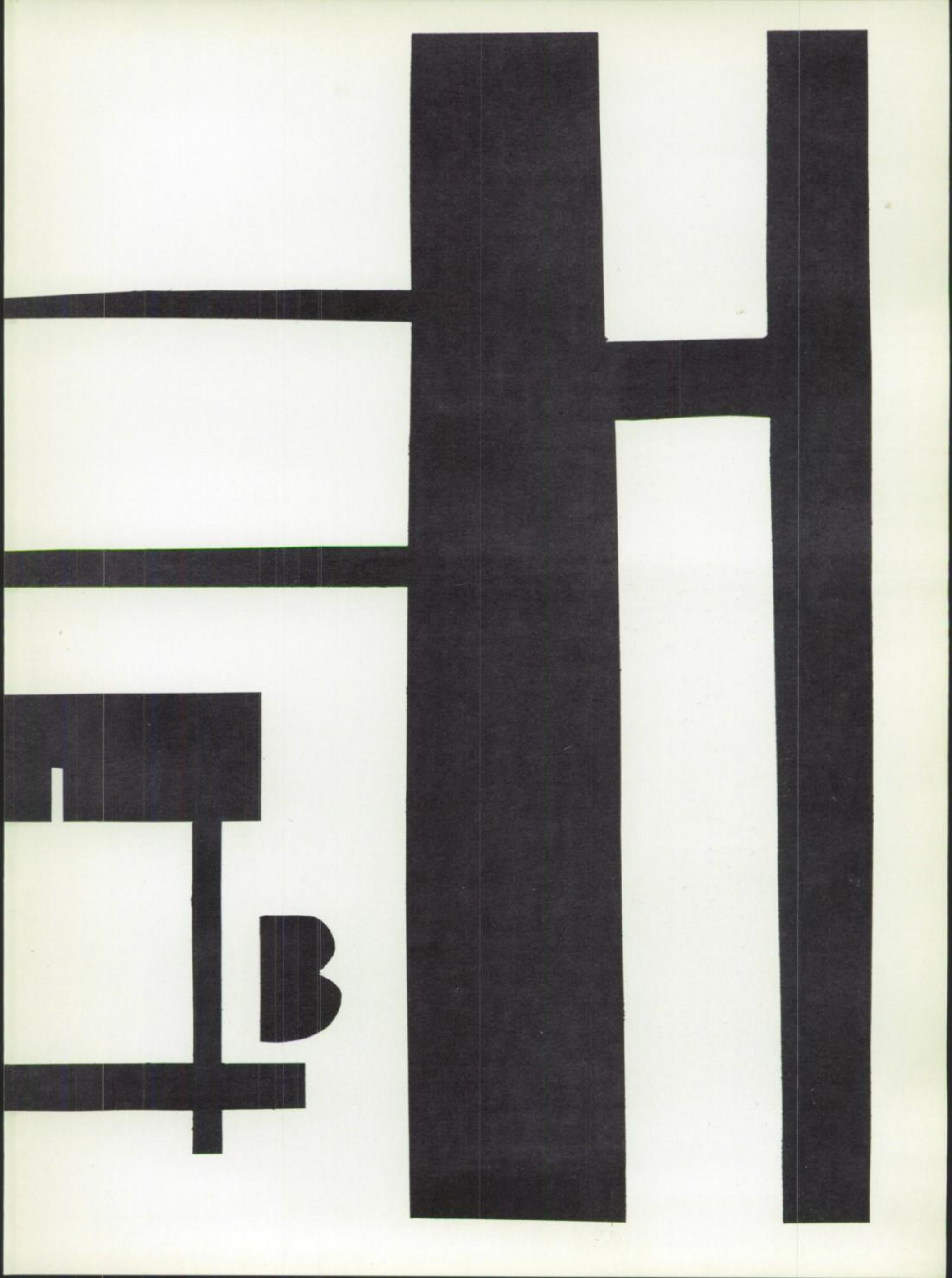
1961





The Alphabet Game









To Mrs. Kader

There are those who give with joy, and that
joy is their reward.

* * *

Through the hands of such as these God speaks,
and from behind their eyes He smiles upon
the earth.

The Prophet
KAHLIL GIBRAN



MISS ANNE CUTTER COBURN
Headmistress



MRS. SETH HAMMOND
Head of the Preparatory Department



MISS CHARLOTTE VAN HOUTON
Head of the Primary Department



MISS SUE M. BETZOLD
Latin



MRS. JAMES BIEK
Latin



MISS SARAH C. BIRNEY
English



MISS ADA G. BRUCE
English



MISS MARION CAUL
Assistant Treasurer



MRS. ARNOLD COLBATH
Drama



MISS DOROTHEA DUDLEY
Nursery School



MRS. CLIFFORD P. ECCLESTONE
Preparatory Mathematics



MRS. RUTH M. EWALD
Secretary



MISS GRACE E. FINLEY
French



MRS. ROBERT K. FOULKES
Music



MISS NANCY GEIGER
Ancient and Modern History



MRS. ROBERT J. GREGG
Preparatory Spelling and Reading

Leta A. Gregg



MISS CLARICE HAIGH
English



MISS ANNE C. HALL
Music



MRS. MERIAM C. HERRICK
Primary Art



MRS. MARY P. HIRSTIUS
Secretary



MRS. ROBERT J. HOLE
*Preparatory Mathematics
and English*



MRS. E. W. HUFFER
Mathematics



MISS JENNY JENSEN
Preparatory English



MISS ARLENE JERMYN
American History



MRS. JAMES T. JOHNSON
Librarian



MRS. JOSEPH KADER
Music



MISS HELEN LOUISE KYLIN
Grade IV



MRS. ELEANOR D. LEUSER
Grade III



MISS KATHERINE L. MADDOCK
Mathematics



MRS. LEWIS A. MCCREARY
English



MRS. FOSTER MILLER
Primary and Preparatory French



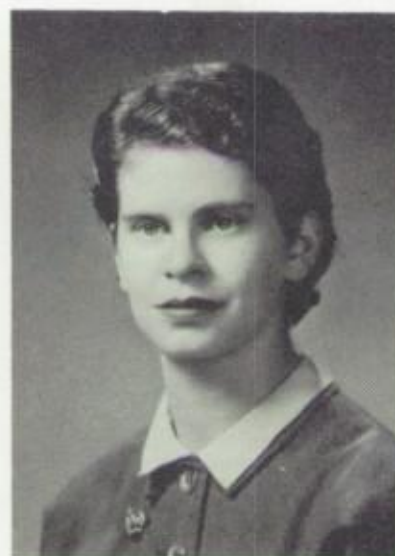
MRS. DOROTHY R. MOORE
Art



MRS. J. E. MORGAN
Music



MRS. ARTHUR MORISON
Physical Education



MISS CAROLYN R. NEWMAN
Science



MISS JANE DOROTHY NYMAN
Music



MISS JUDITH PETREQUIN
Assistant to the Headmistress



MISS MARILYN PITKIN
Grade I



MRS. THOMAS PIWONKA
Physical Education



MRS. ALVIN O. PREYER
Spanish



MISS MILDRED REEVE
Science



MRS. F. SCOTT RODGERS
Preparatory Art



MISS JOANNE ROSENBERGER
Physical Education



MRS. ROBERT S. RUTLEDGE
Head of Nursery School



MRS. ETHEL G. SHEUFFLER
Grade II



MRS. HATTIE SELOVER
Mathematics



MRS. ALBERT D. SIMMONS
Dietician and Director of Personnel



MISS MARGARET ANN STEVENSON
Music



MRS. CLARK H. STURGEON
Home Economics



MISS SALLY R. THOMPSON
French



MRS. J. PAUL VISSCHER
Preparatory Science



MRS. S. BURNS WESTON
French

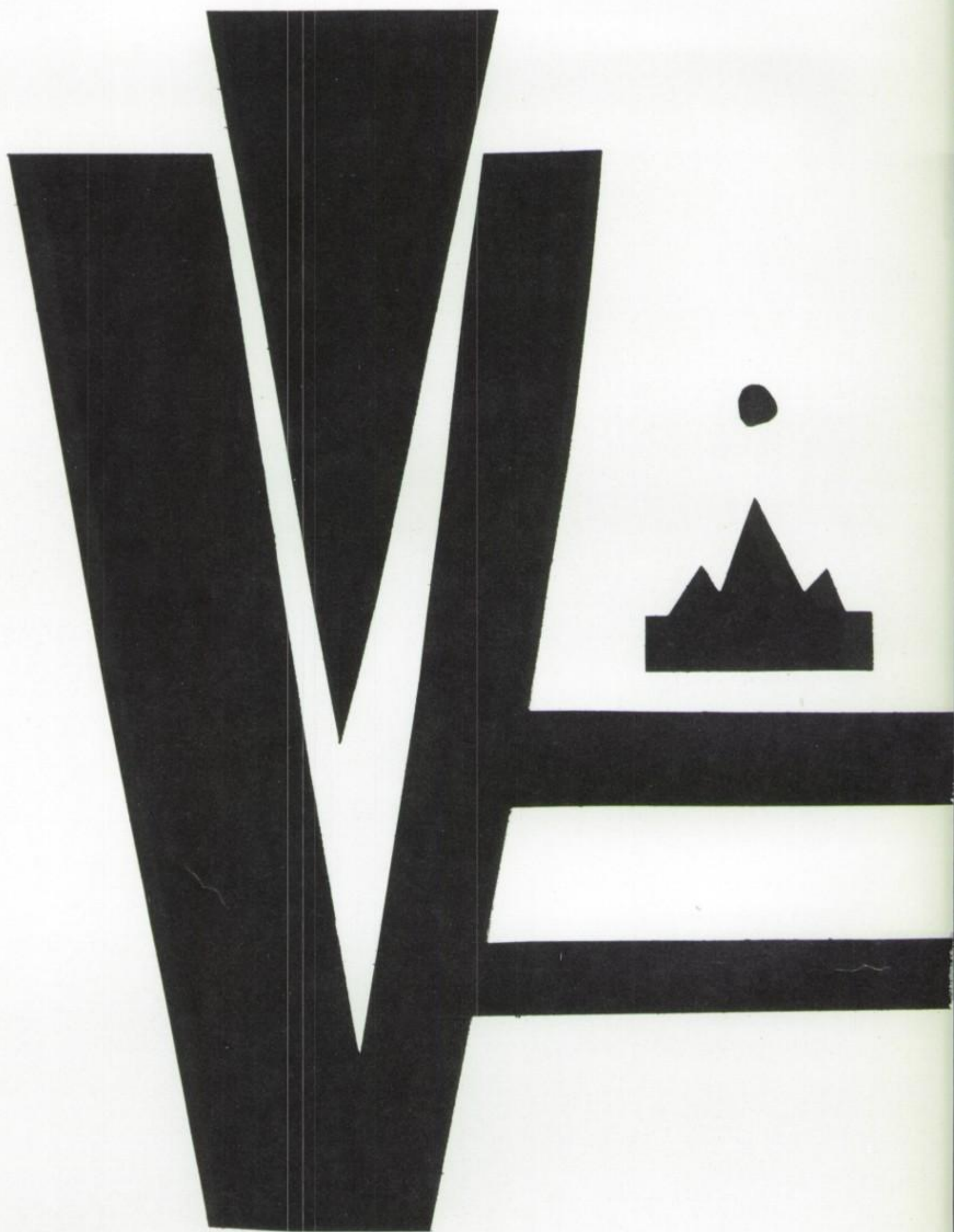


MRS. JOHN N. WILKIN
Kindergarten



MRS. DUDLEY D. YOST
Nursery School

The V I P's

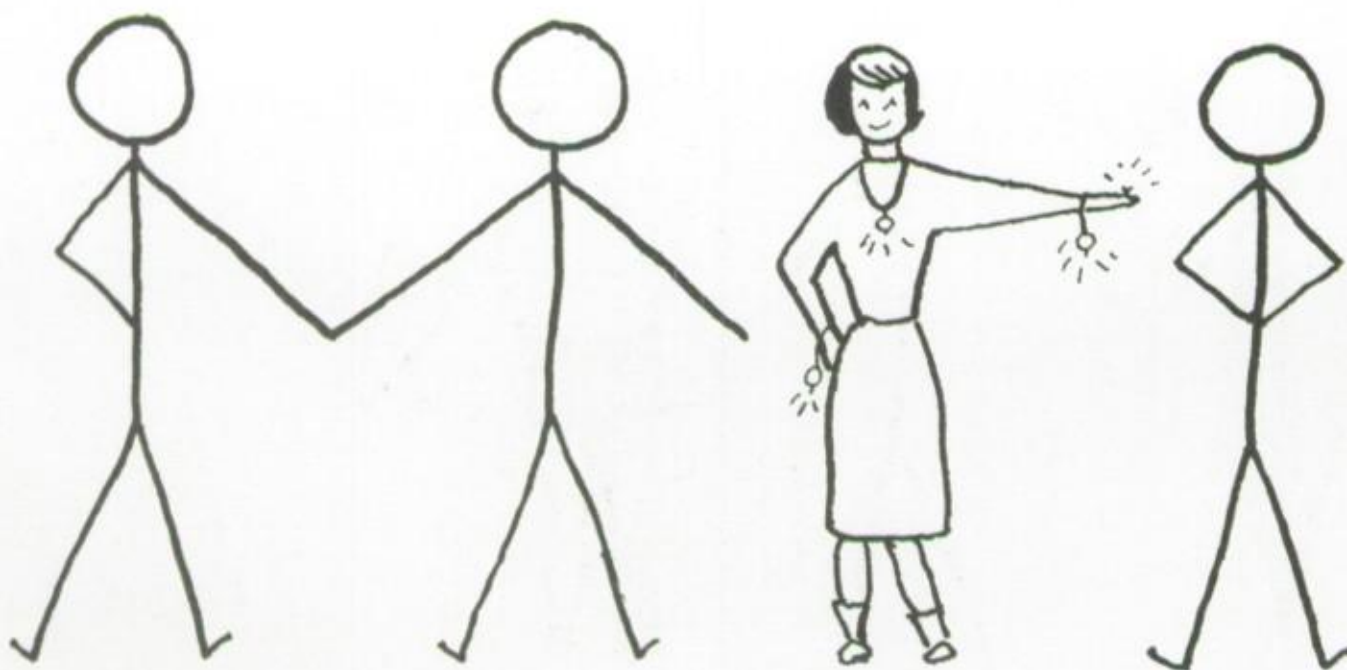


PRANK



MODERN DANCE CLUB's new discovery in her senior year . . . characteristic two-tone hair above an ever-changing set of sweaters . . . a Suky laugh that will identify her in a crowd . . . versatile Thespian with equal skill on and off stage . . . mistress of the one and only Zelda . . . ready for anything . . . a notorious ring collection . . . Canadian summers . . . "Suky, the *lights!*" . . . modeling at Milgrim's . . . effervescence . . . Suky

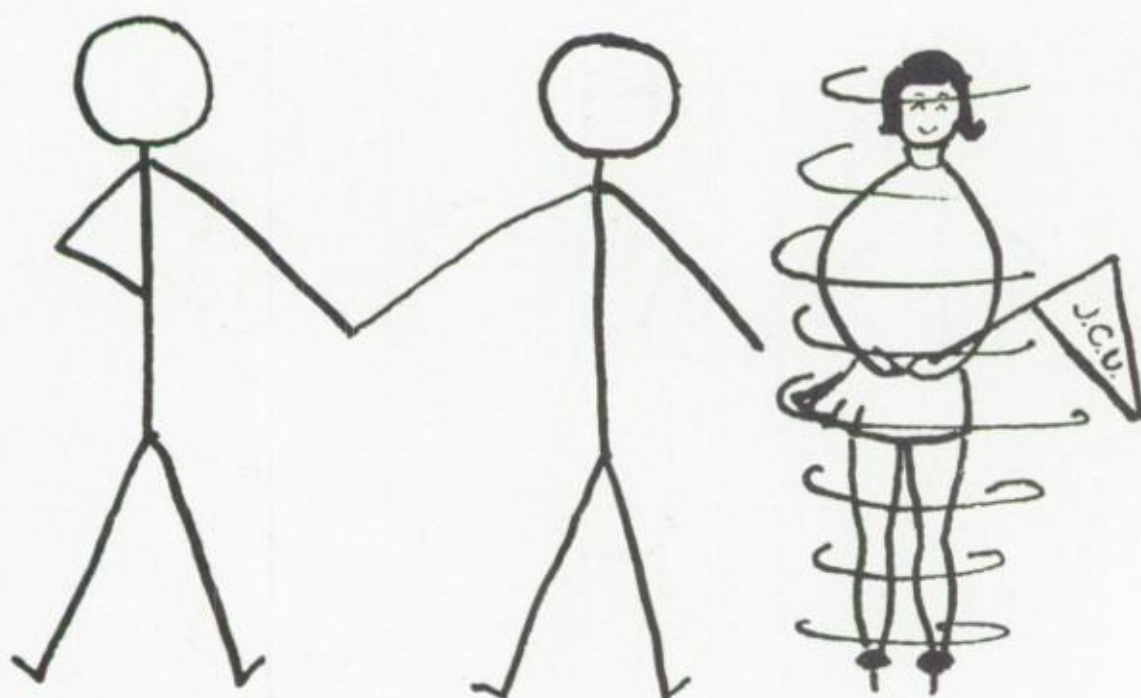
Susan Langworthy Abbott



DILIGENCE summers and winters resulting in excellence on the ice . . . "Guess what!" . . . a steady interest in John Carroll University . . . strong ninth of Ensemble quickly chosen after she joined Glee Club . . . early bird . . . one of the wielders of palette and brush . . . svelte figure acquired by the exercise of much-envied will power . . . the rare power of self-discipline and direction . . . Carol



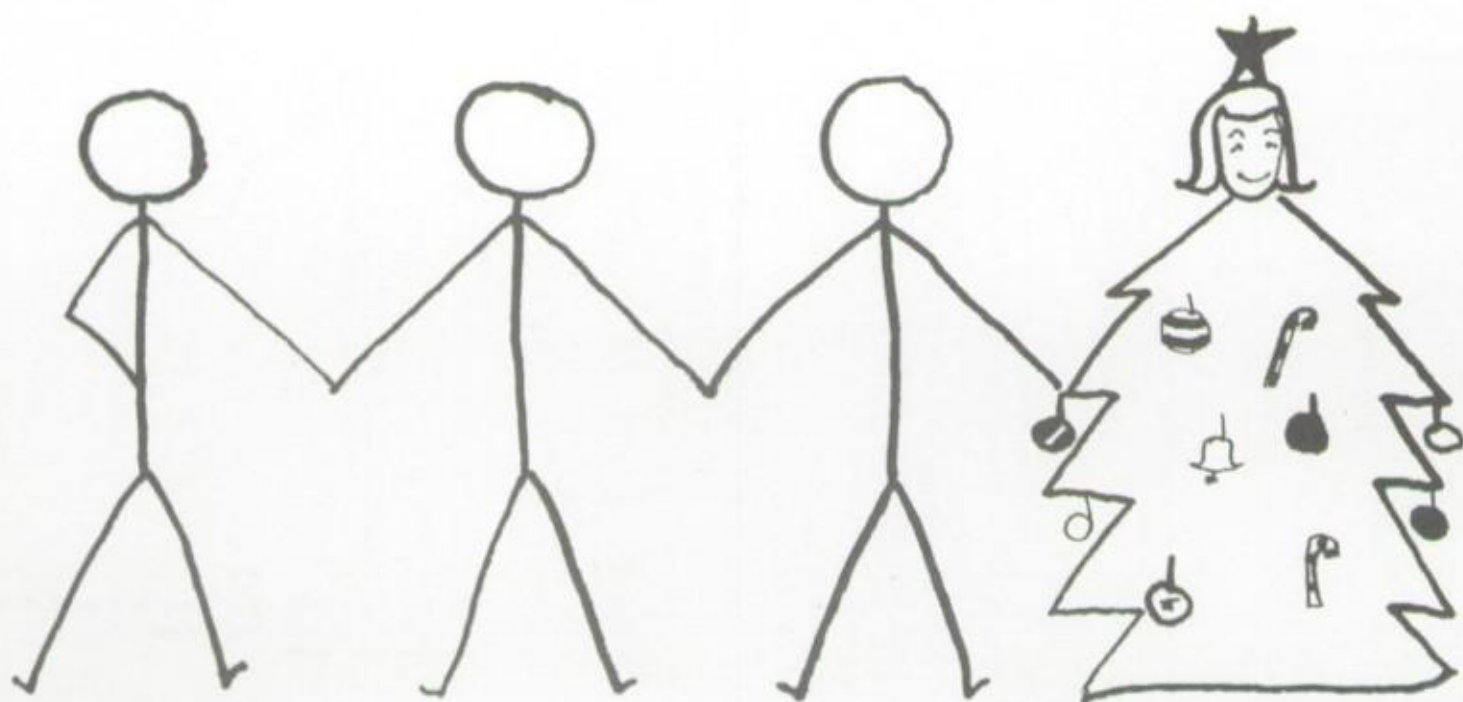
Carol Elizabeth Adams





AN INDISPENSABLE contributor to the Thespians . . . laughter at the memory of a Prep persecution complex . . . a masterly Malvolio . . . creator of the Flea Circus for the Carnival of '59 . . . modesty concerning her talent as a poetess . . . a unique sensitivity . . . a Salem girl who is free from "moochers" . . . "Easy come, easy go!" . . . the unforgettable Captain Andy of the *Belle of the Bayou* . . . unmatched tolerance and patience . . . selflessness . . . Con

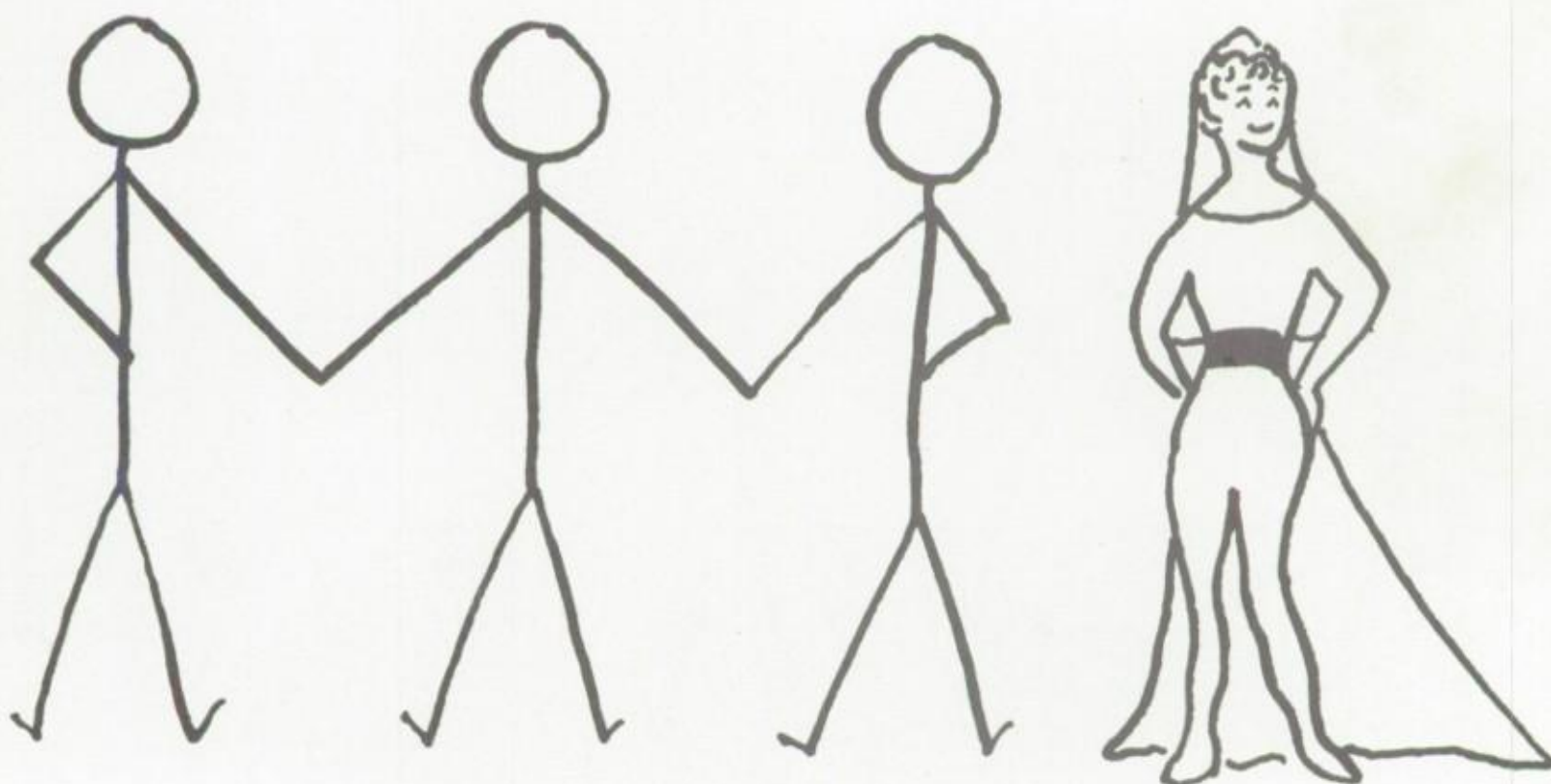
Constance Markham Berry



A MATURE INDIVIDUAL who utilizes her talents to the full . . . recipient of the poetry prize in her junior year . . . the traditional "voice" of the Class of '61, excelling in both singing and speaking . . . impressive president of Dramatic Club and our Olivia in *Twelfth Night* . . . Eli . . . sophisticated and intelligent non-conformist with a candid wit . . . "You clown!" . . . memorable trips abroad . . . always one jump ahead . . . Laurie



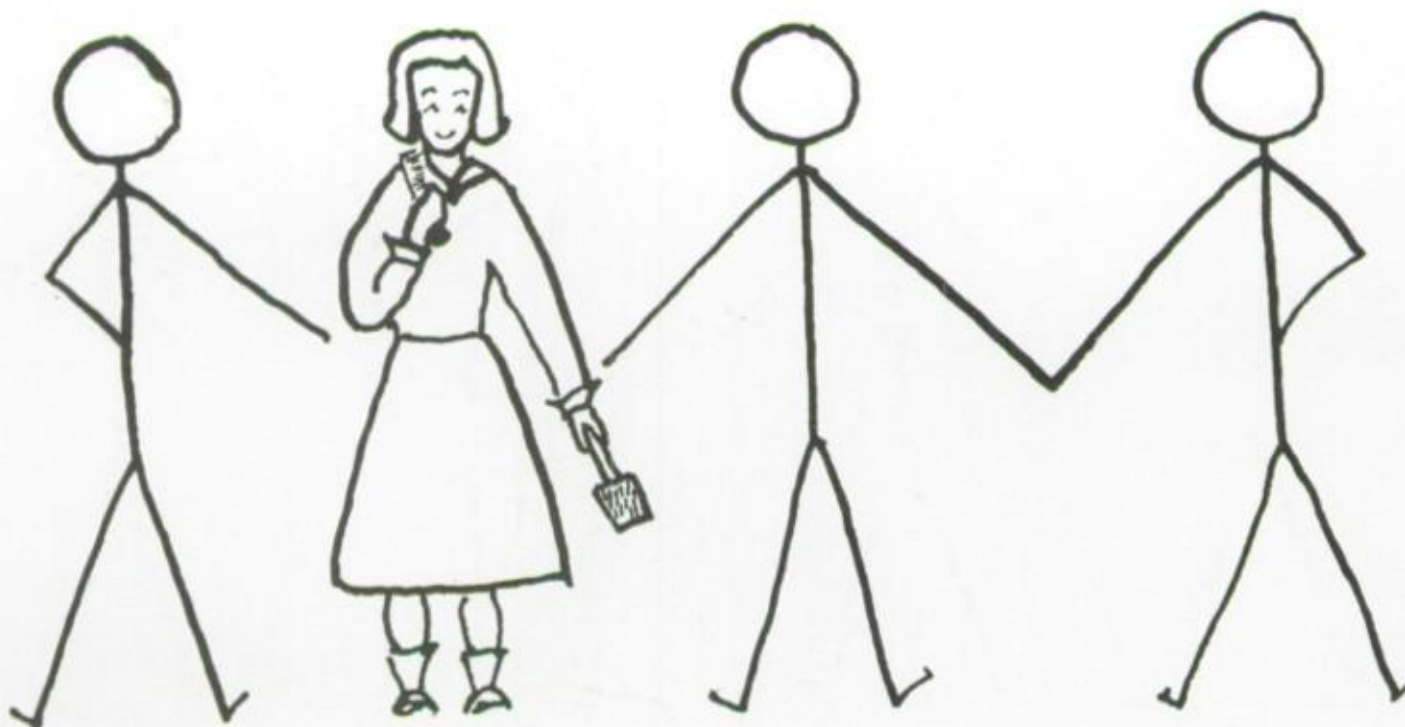
Laurel Blossom





A FRENCHY TWIST most becoming to this Spanish-speaking senior . . . a definite predilection for the big "V" . . . a graphic conversationalist . . . gay week-ends in Mansfield . . . a friend valued for her unfailing loyalty . . . poignant memories of a jeep named Buster . . . a charming "Magnolia Inn" achieved with artistic aid from her mother . . . responsibility for seeing that Raymond Hall phones are not neglected . . . sensitive independence . . . Diane

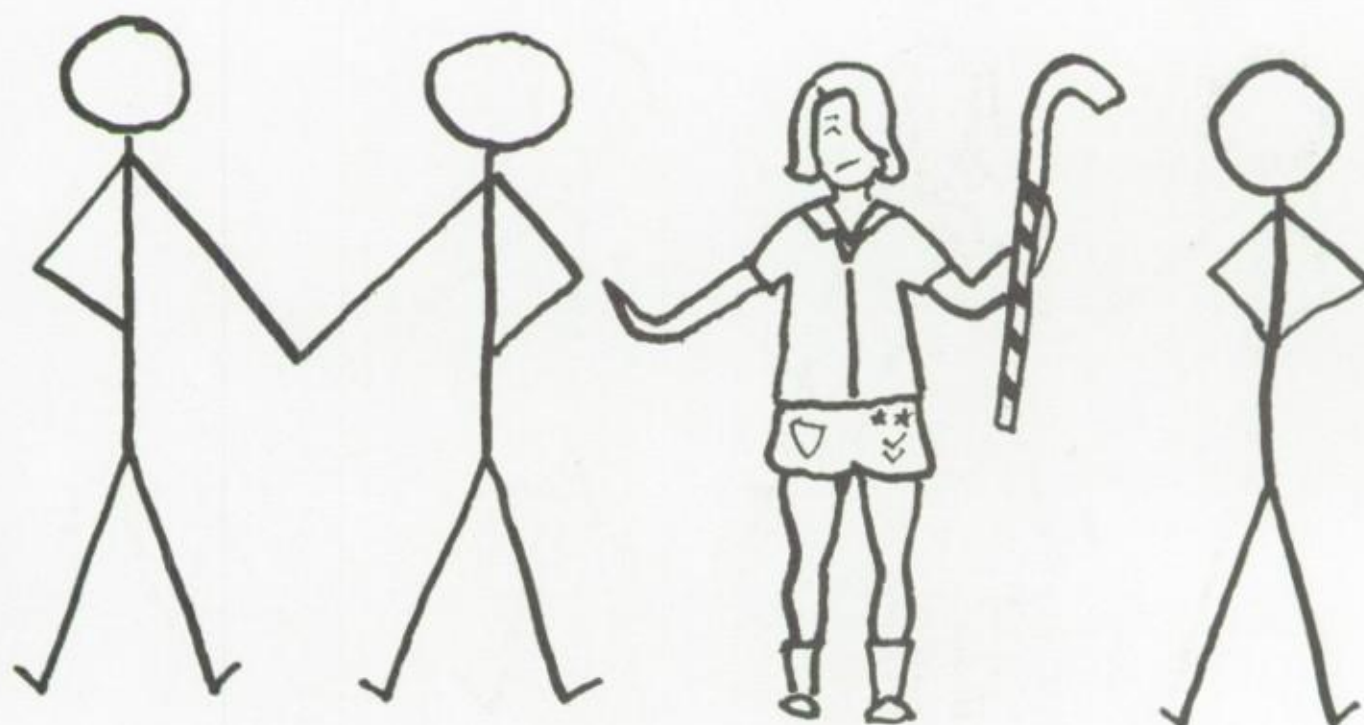
Elizabeth Robertson Brown



A BLUE SPRITE in the winter and a dragon from E.Y.C. in the summer . . . a sport who rarely misses first team at H.B. and never misses a University School game . . . habitué of the U.S. campus on other occasions as well . . . fluent vice-president of Spanish Club who found Spanish more than a language . . . member of both Glee Club and Dramatic Club . . . never-failing energy and enthusiasm . . . Chamby



Mary Louise Chamberlain





ANNUAL VACATIONS in Nantucket and Delray . . . one of H.B.'s "Ten Best Dressed" . . . leader of our Spanish speaking members . . . proud mistress of two poodles and a bulldog . . . sportswoman *extraordinaire* . . . a horsewoman with an impressive array of blue ribbons . . . frequent mention of someone named Johnny . . . infrequent mention of her own accomplishments . . . unfailingly good taste . . . Chape

Nancy Wilson Chapin



THE ENVY of all dieters . . . authority as president of Ensemble and strong support in its alto section . . . a perfect Pierrette . . . love for fine clothes and the good taste to accompany it . . . "You've got to come see our new house!" . . . continental living . . . victim of seemingly constant "type-casting" in Dramatic Club . . . "You guys, this isn't funny!" . . . helpful hints to the woebegone . . . sophisticated simplicity . . . Marth



Martha Lou Clapp





MEMBER of a vigorous clan . . . sportswoman who finds the Woods Hole waters ideal . . . Latin Clubber with an abiding interest in the tongue of the Tiber . . . Sunday afternoon skier on the slopes of the Clowes' South Forty . . . allegiance to the green and white . . . creative participation in *Spec* meetings and in Modern Dance Club . . . individuality and active concern . . . intellectual capacity with a large heart to match . . . Mardi

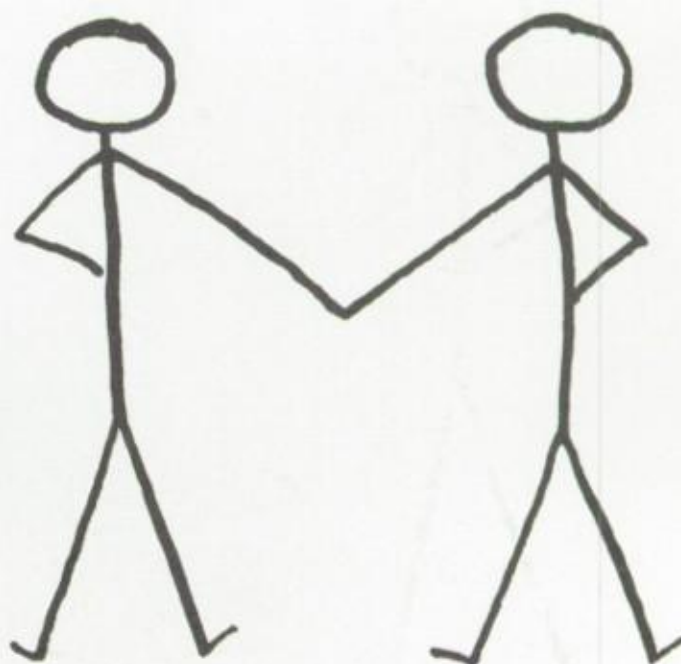
Margaret Allen Clowes



A DEEP INTEREST in music demonstrated by membership in Ensemble and responsibility for the Glee Club treasury . . . "There was a little girl who had a little curl . . ." . . . a master in the imitation of the British accent . . . a Youngstown girl who has a second home in room 25 . . . "I love men!" . . . idolization of a brother at Yale . . . conscientious work and care-free play . . . Cissy



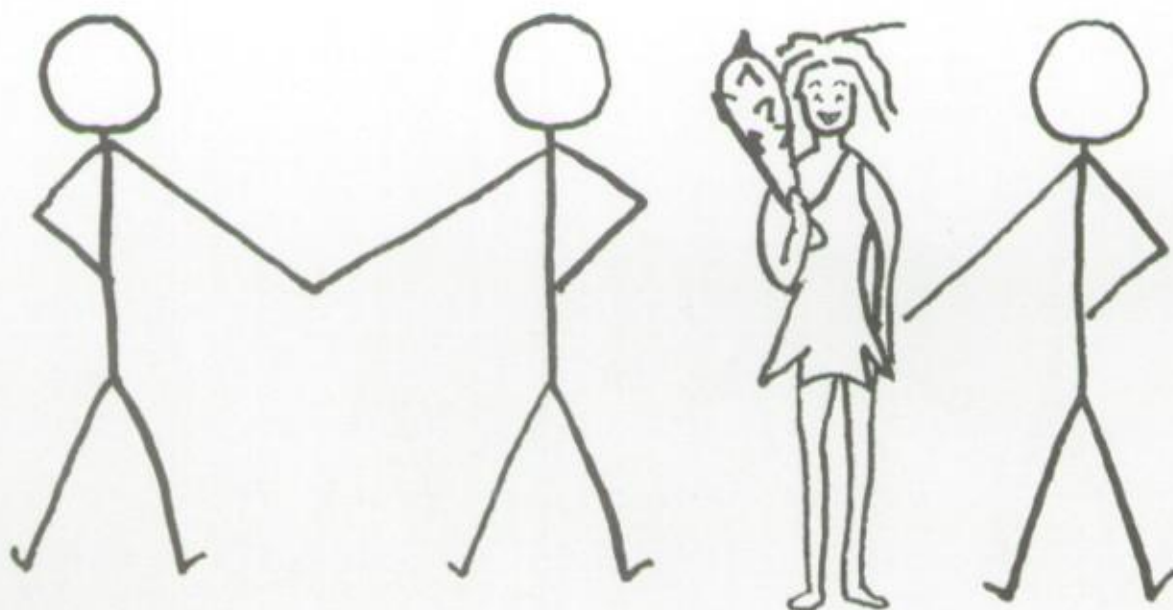
Mary Isabella Brownlee Cochran





PATRICIAN profile often crowned by a French twist . . . delighted sister to "Kit," born in her fourth Prep year . . . effective use of a leopard skin and club . . . a slow "Well-I-I" delivered in newly acquired chest tones . . . darling of the gym department . . . the art of being a good listener . . . one of two engaging guards in the Christmas play . . . a sultry laugh . . . loyalty in friendship . . . Michelle

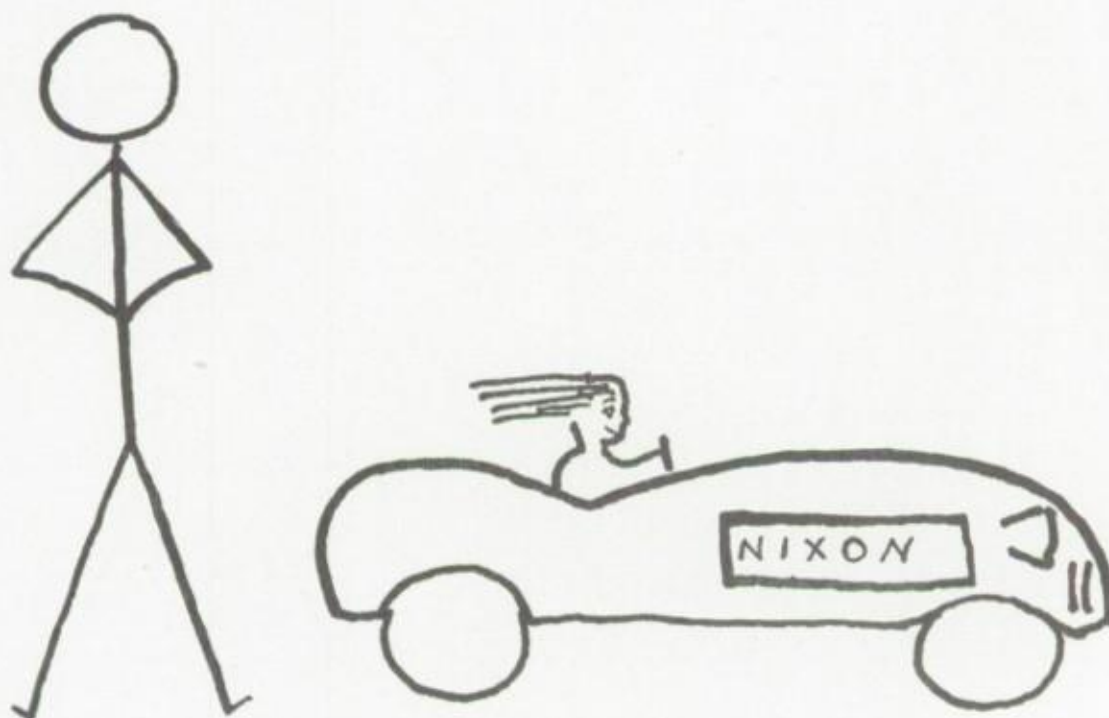
Michelle Comtois



ONE OF '61's more modest car owners . . . a home landscape ideal for a biologist . . . excellence on the dance floor as evidenced at Arthur Murray's . . . Spanish-speaking senior with exotic earrings . . . spring journeys to the "sunny South" . . . one of the talented few taking art in her senior year . . . member of the Hunt Club set . . . enthusiastic newcomer to the game of golf . . . gracious hospitality . . . Diane



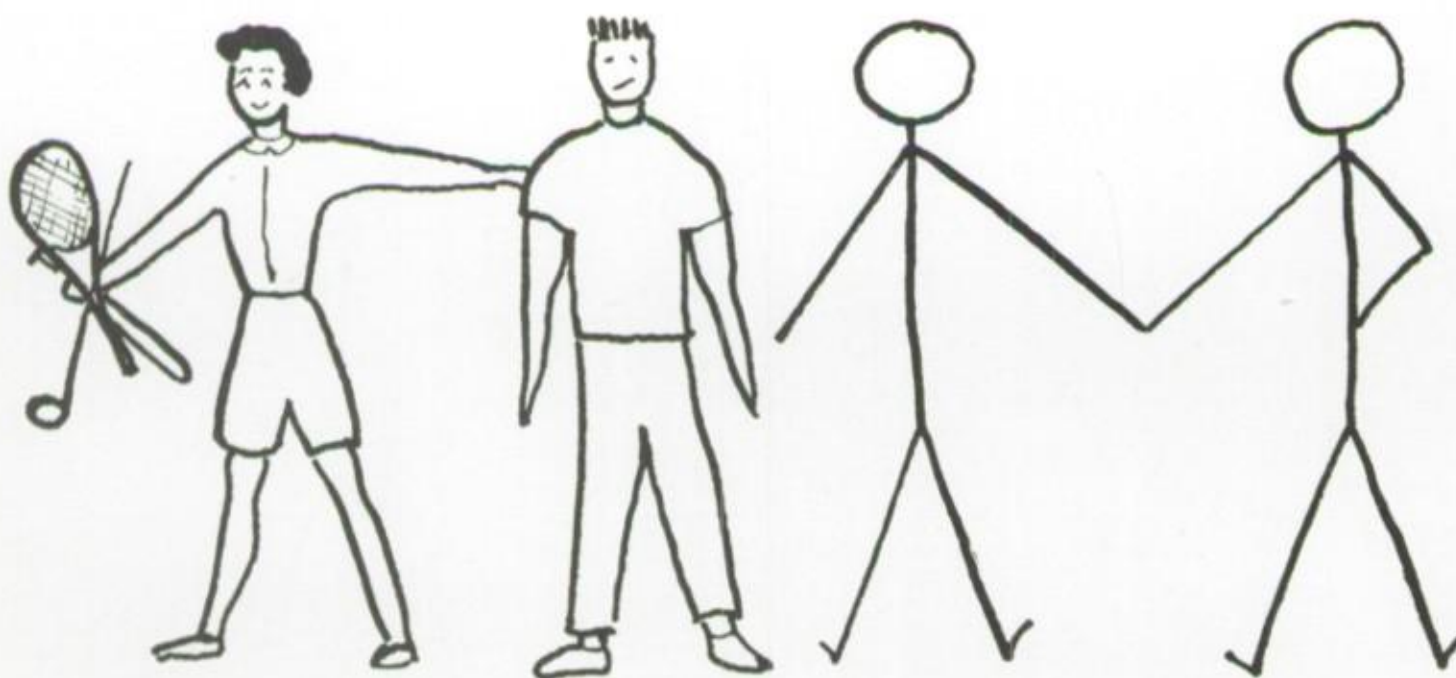
Diane Leigh Costello





ATHLETIC INGENUITY on the A.A. Board . . . enthusiasm for Glee Club . . . well-seasoned participant in the many activities of the Country Club . . . never a dull weekend . . . a ready cheer for U.S. sports . . . a songbird with a love for music . . . discernment . . . chief chorus girl in our pickaninny kick line . . . perennial first team captain . . . enjoyable summers at Cotuit . . . a woman who knows her own mind . . . Jan

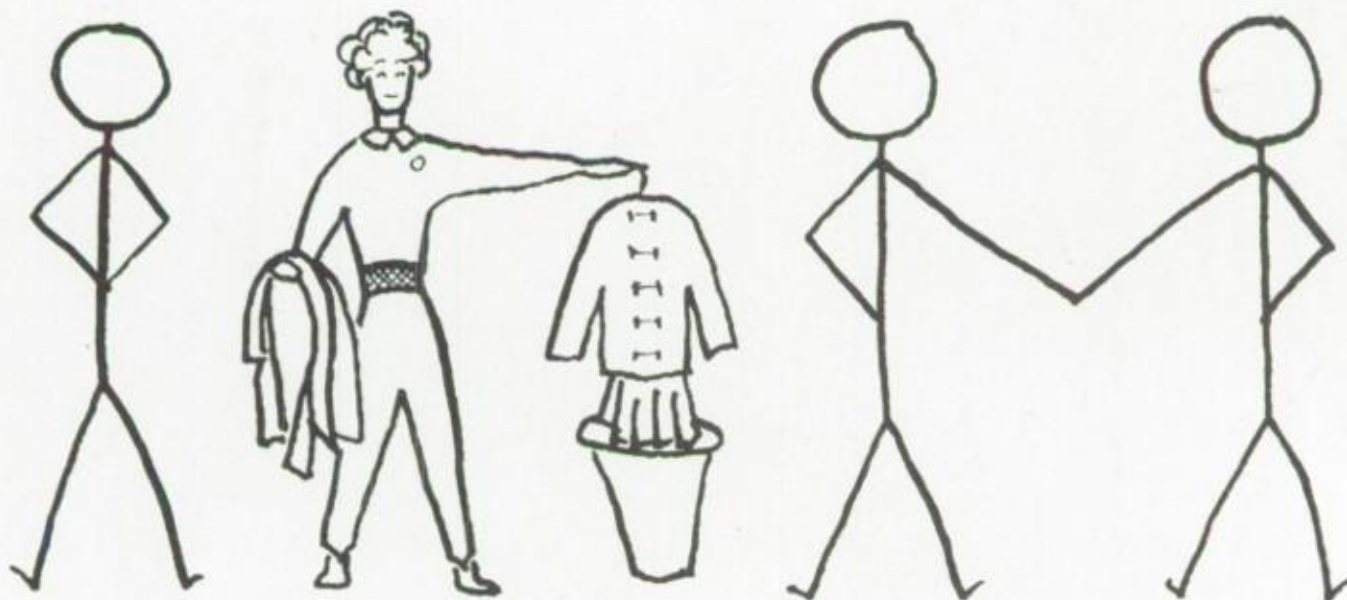
Janet Herrick Eaken

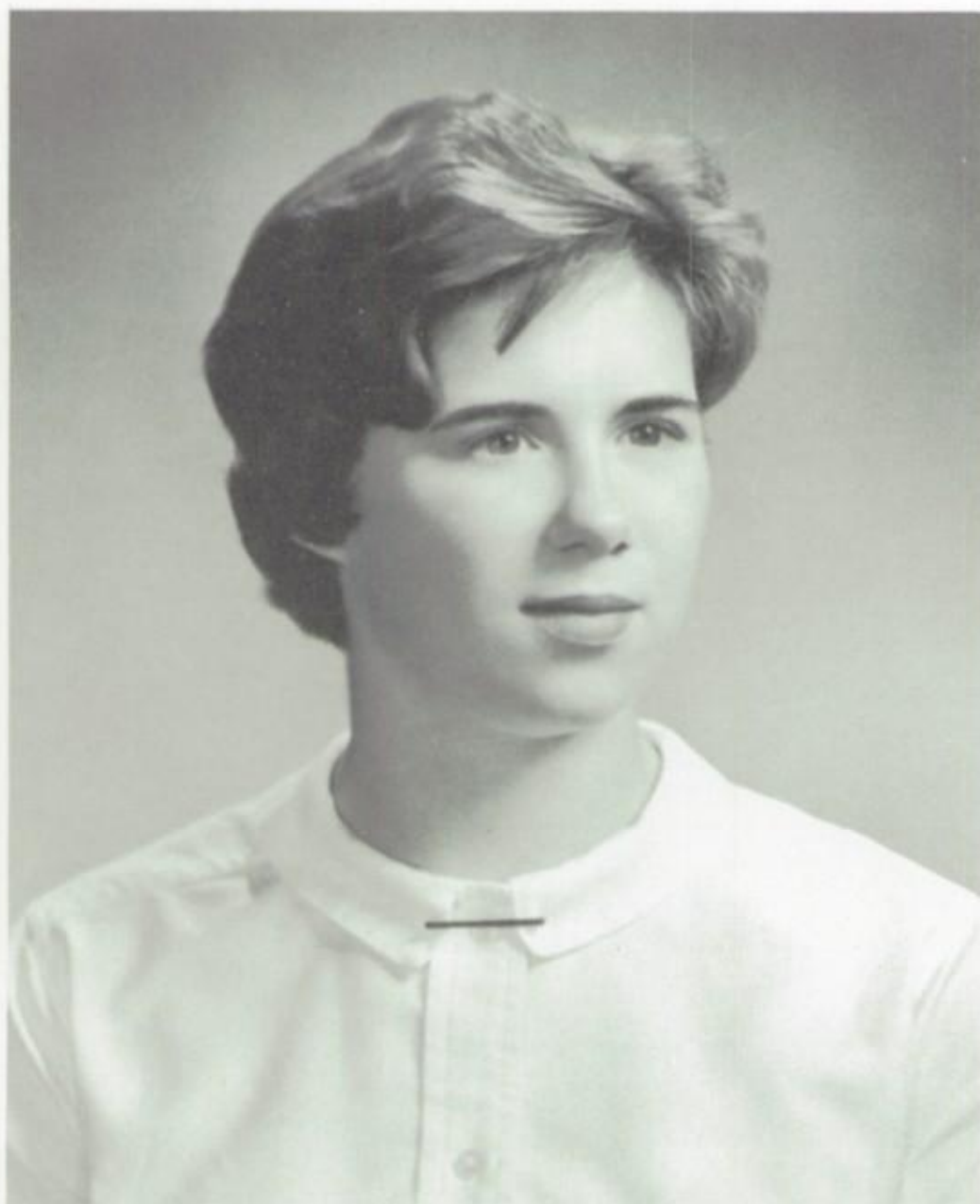


THE GIRL with the Ipana smile . . .
the most frequented locker in the
school . . . pride in a lop-sided circle
pin . . . senior class president . . . one
of those who have walked every hall
at H.B. from the prime wing upward
. . . a proved leader . . . Joseph in our
Christmas play . . . one-fourth of the
Shelburne clan . . . rivalry with H.H.
over volunteers for Swinging Swanee
. . . "Seniors, please bring in your
fifty cents!" . . . steady dependability
. . . Jude



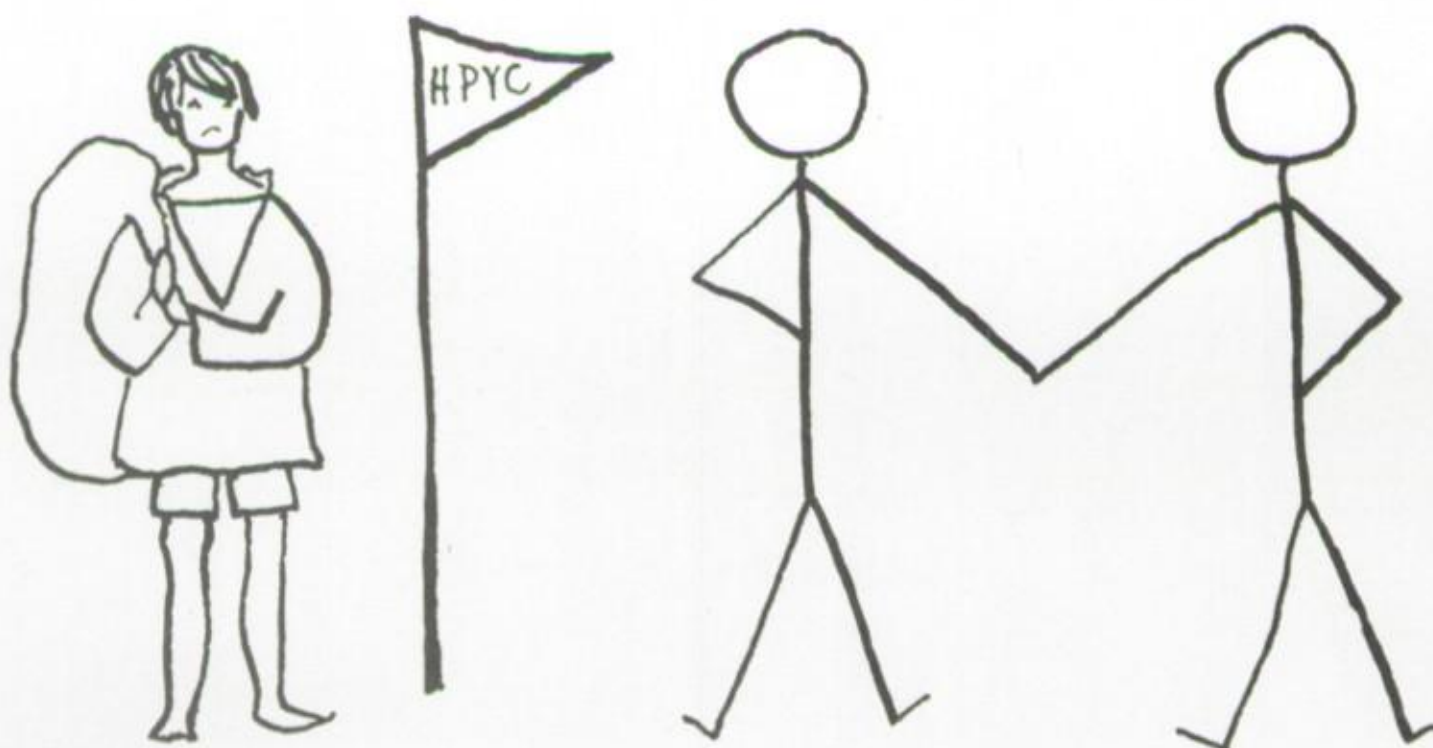
Judith King Farrington





PROWESS on the field of sport as the chief of A.A. . . . "Today Bloopers oppose Jolly Volleys' court one" . . . jazz-loving member of Glee Club . . . modern dancer with snapping fingers and infectious syncopation . . . lively summers at the Cape, evidenced by a happy, sun-tanned face . . . invaluable talent as prom decorator with a way with backdrops . . . a casual and winning friendliness . . . appealing sincerity in both gay and serious moods . . . Bourne

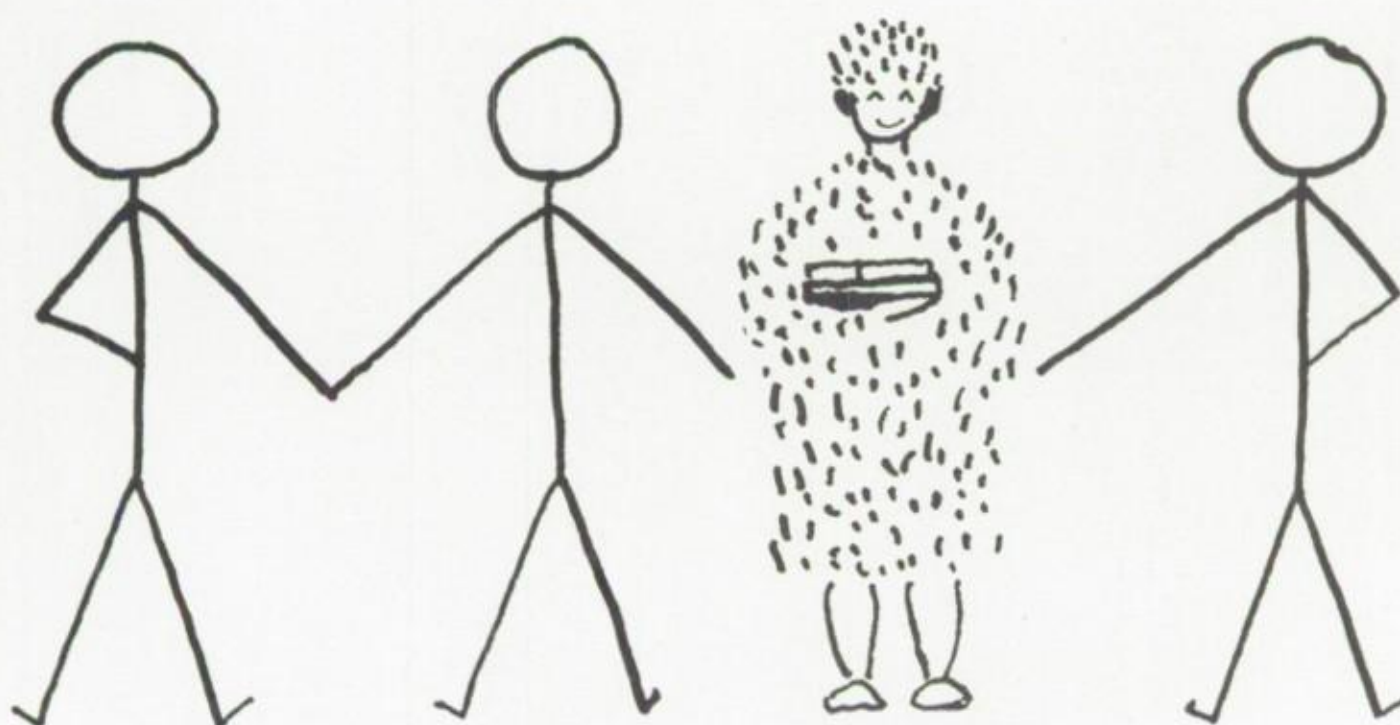
Elizabeth Bourne Floyd



AN INIMITABLE raccoon hat perched rakishly above a warm smile . . . hostess of "The party after the prom" . . . representative of Blue Lakes Farms and skillful ribbon-winner with her horses . . . a gift for poetry . . . one of Mrs. Preyer's Spanish set . . . a delicate, powder-blue T-bird . . . a welcome addition to Art Club functions . . . endearing candor and sympathy . . . Paula



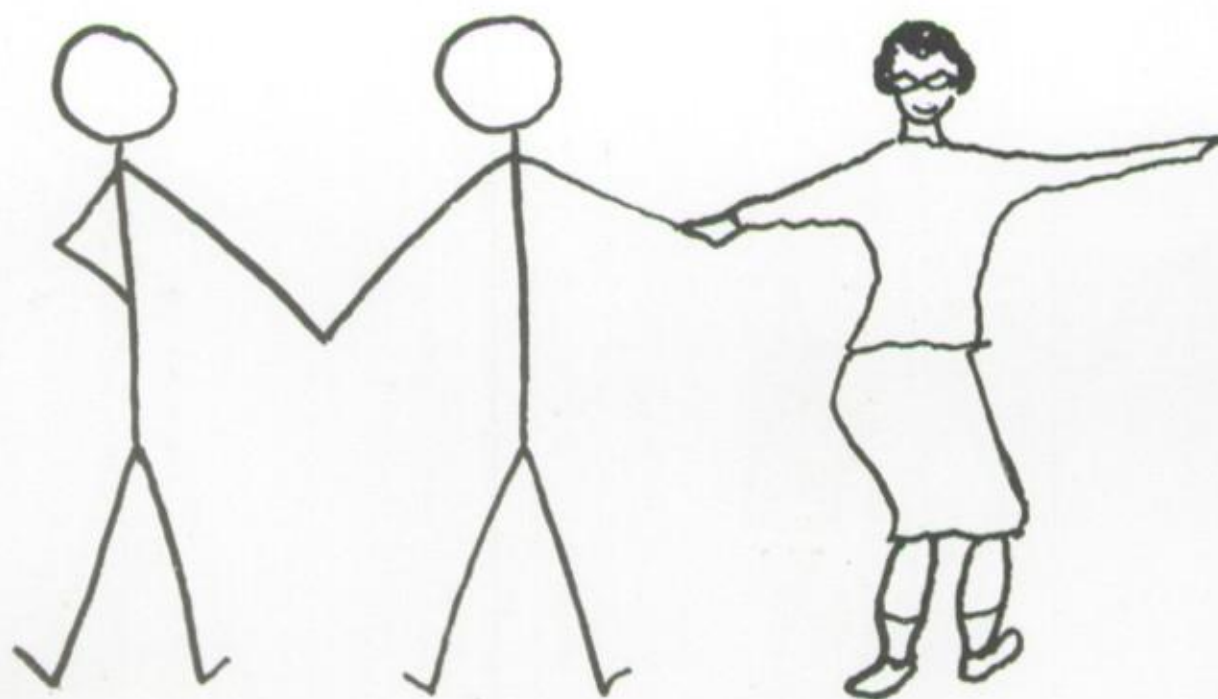
Paula Friedlander



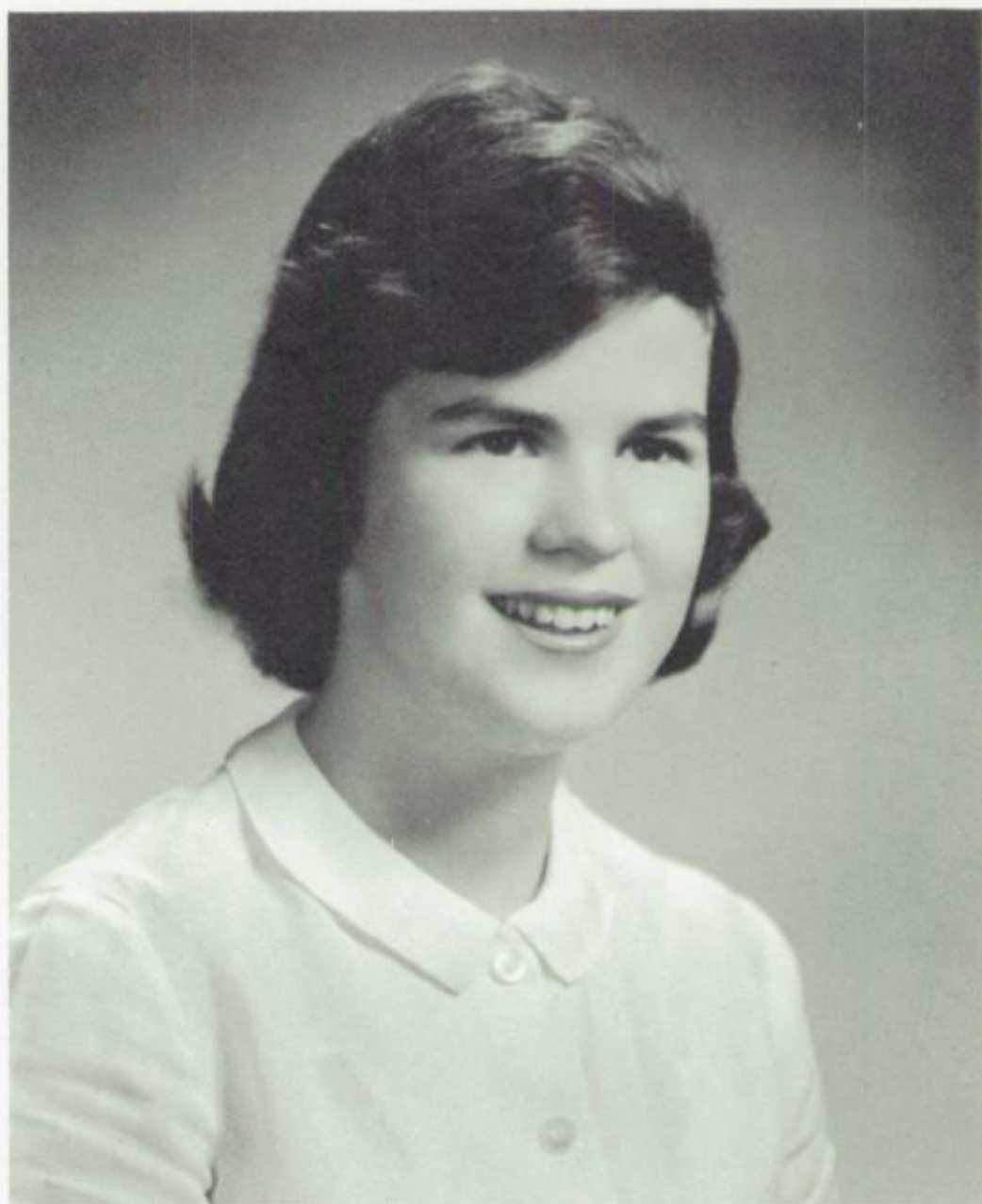


S. GREEN, newspaperwoman for the *U.S. News* . . . "H.B. Scene as Seen by Gheen" . . . continuous partying at 15750 Shaker Boulevard, everyone welcome . . . knack for unearthing blind dates for needy classmates . . . doting older sister of Ginger with an up-to-date report on each remarkable new feat . . . Glee Club second soprano . . . an artistic flair . . . care-free nonconformist with a room to match . . . a sensitive nature . . . Suzie

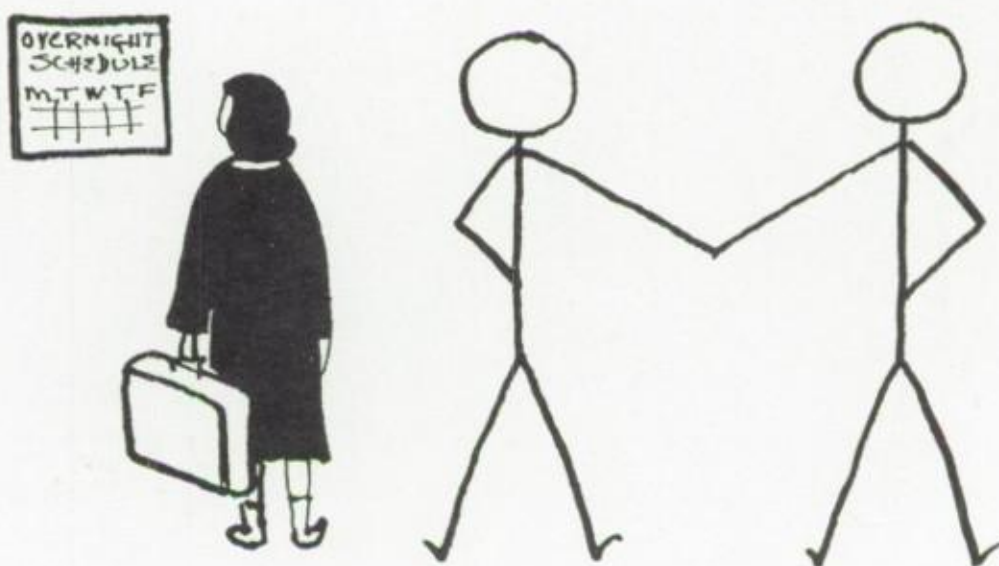
Suzanne Gloria Gheen



FAITHFUL COMMUTER from her beloved Hudson . . . Student Councilor in her third year as an upper classman . . . "I come from Washington, *Connecticut*" . . . Bell-toned reading voice which has won her many opportunities . . . inexhaustible store of enthusiasm . . . *Review* reporter with a flair for an editorial . . . W.R.A. always on hand . . . a senior Thespian . . . "Gee, that's *neat!*" . . . inspired Saint Joan with the Hudson Players . . . a warm glow . . . Paula



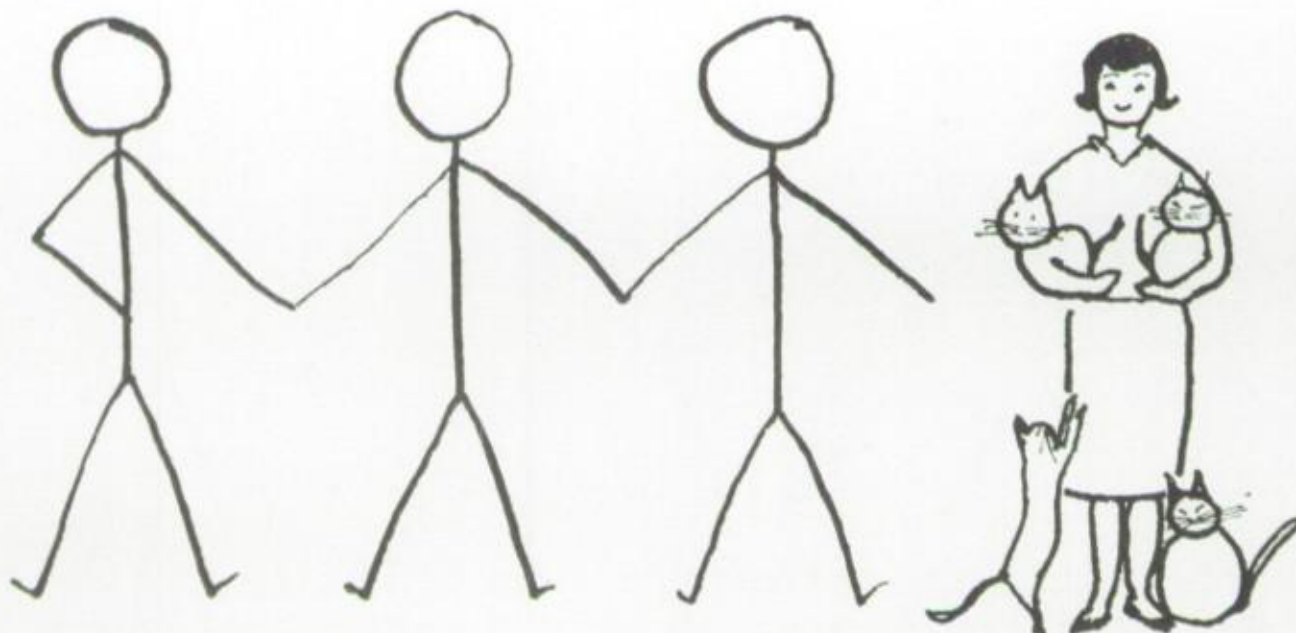
Paula Arnold Gibson





A stock of homemade puns for every occasion . . . the frazzled treasurer of the O.W.S. with an amazing repertoire of ticket songs . . . firmly entrenched Southern tendencies . . . an inherited interest in Princeton with a recent increased intensity . . . "How do, how do!" . . . omnipresent Wash 'n Dries . . . Ensemble soprano and organizer of the "Uncalled Four" . . . extensive knowledge of people and places . . . fondness for intellectual entertainment . . . warm, witty, and wise beyond her years . . . Nell

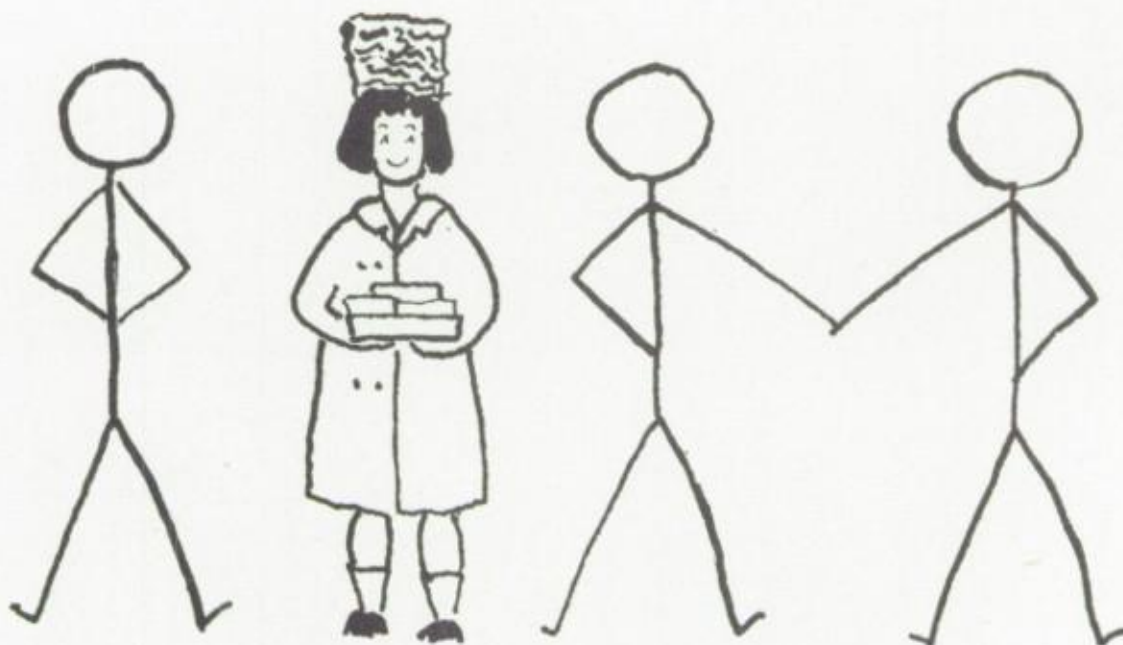
Nell Williams Gilmore



ONE SELDOM SEEN without a McMullen and a circle pin . . . the envied owner of a "country club" home . . . industrious swimmer at the Hangar . . . fascinating tales of summers in Jackson Hole, Wyoming . . . expressive gestures accompanying every word . . . owner and controller of a notorious string of cars . . . "You think you have troubles" accompanied by a big grin . . . a refreshingly frank sense of humor . . . Mary



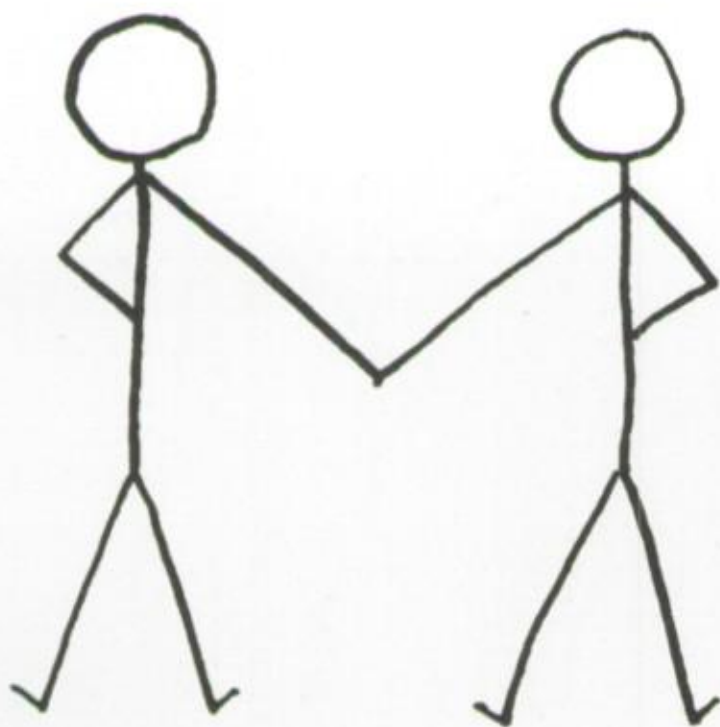
Mary Cornelia Ginn





A PETITE BLONDE with an enviable weight problem . . . "All I need to gain is one more pound!" . . . zealous ad-hunting as one-half of *Spec's* business managing team—"See if you can get a two-page spread" . . . especially fond memories of blue skies over Greek islands . . . willing taxi service in a small, gray Fiat . . . a spreading blush . . . ready conversation and companionship . . . sparkle and spontaneous friendliness . . . Carole

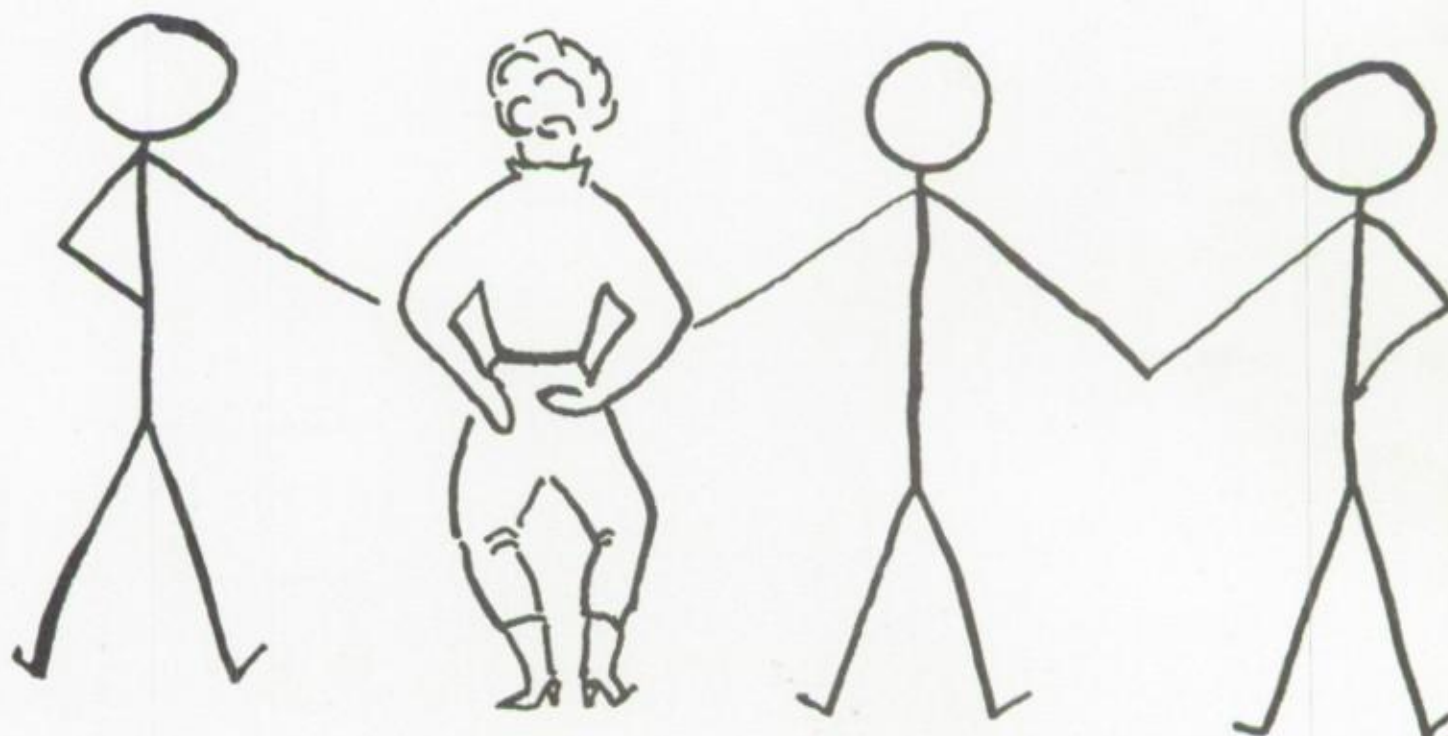
Carole Joan Hartman



CURLY CARROT - TOP with puckish green eyes . . . equestrienne first class . . . a look of gravity that often belies her inner amusement . . . poet laureate of *Review* in her junior year . . . "Well, out in Colorado . . ." . . . a Damon and Pythias friendship shared with L.K. . . . one of the chief supports of the inner sanctum of fourth team members . . . independent thinker with a wry twist of expression . . . common sense flavored with whimsy . . . Carol



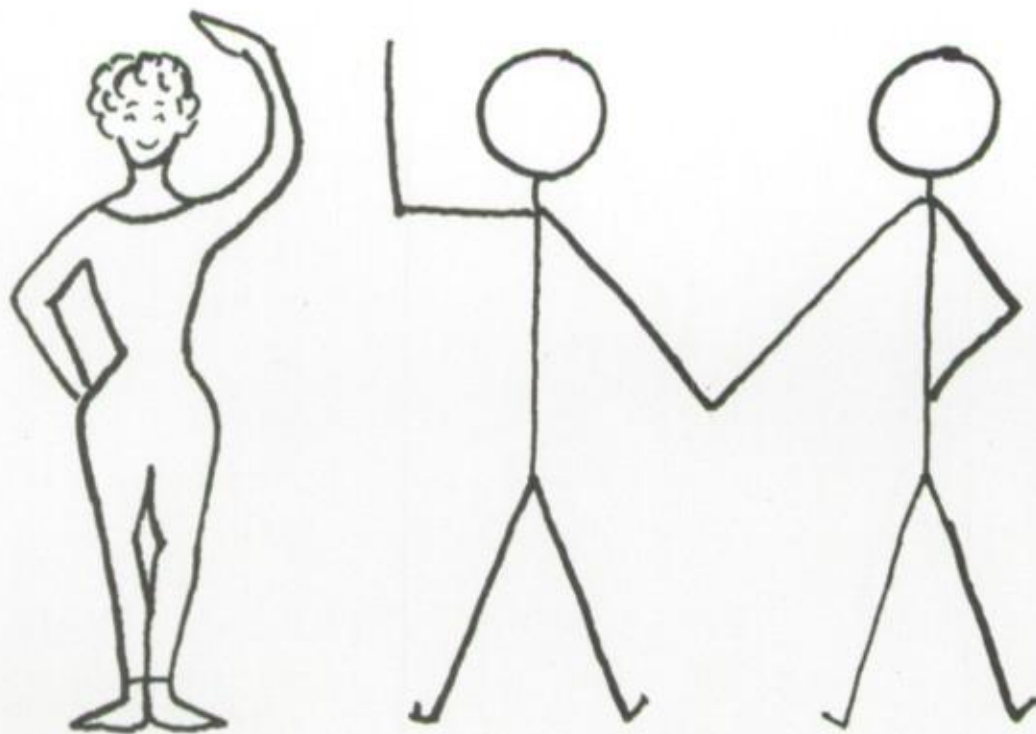
Carol Martin Hauserman



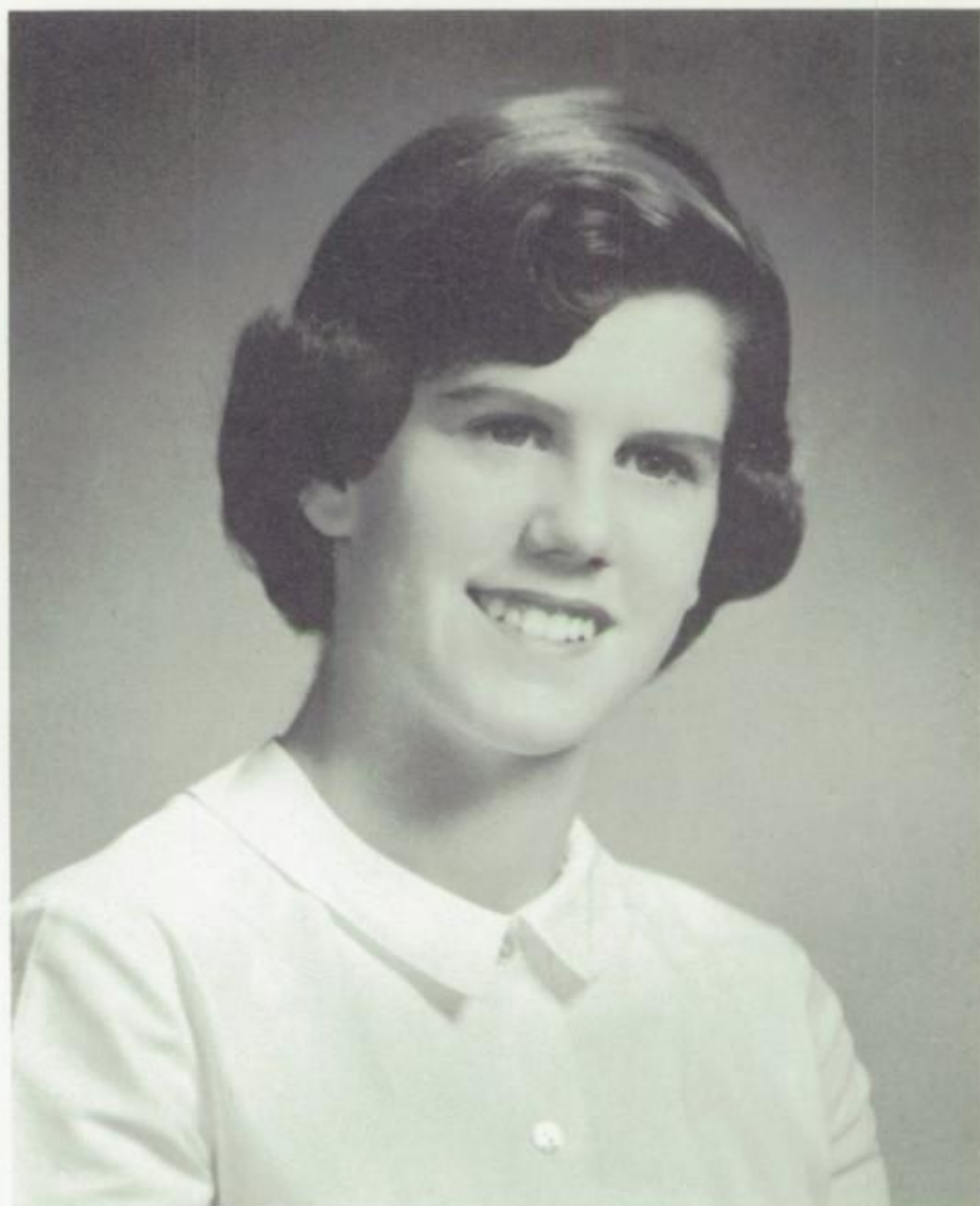


CONNOISSEUR of class parties with a memorable delight in the color lavender . . . flurry of curls in an outstanding jeep . . . ideal model for Revlon nail polish . . . modest pride in her sister and brothers . . . skill at tickling the funny bone . . . ready assistance . . . luxurious quarters in the "home with the kitchen in the middle" . . . one of the reception room set . . . originality with a charming twist . . . Deb

Deborah Perkins Hickox



FREQUENT SUMMERS and Saturdays spent as a counselor at Red Raider . . . a National Merit Scholarship finalist with an amazing ability to come up with the right answer . . . our class treasurer for the rest of her years . . . a fanatic collector of Kingston Trio albums . . . "Hey, you guys, let's go to Draeger's" . . . constant defender of the charms of her canine friend, Dart . . . overflowing enthusiasm and energy . . . Judy



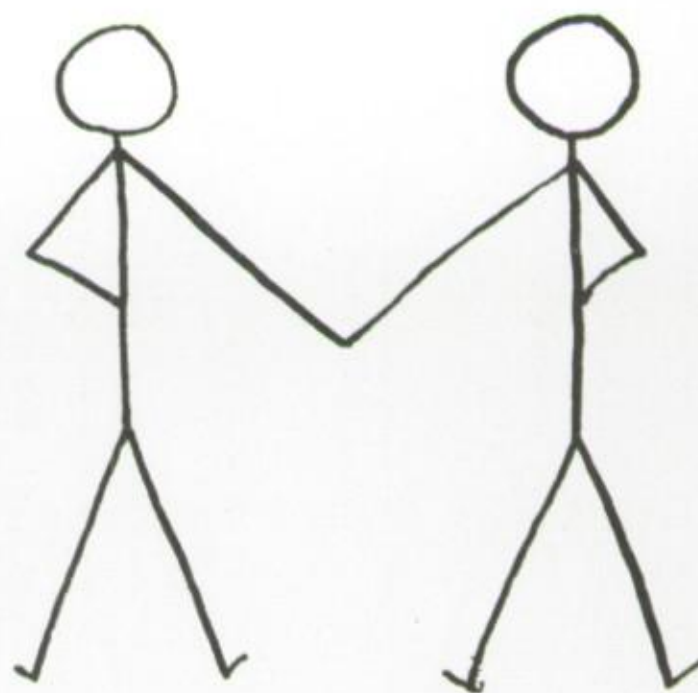
Judith Ann Hickox





A DRAMATIC CLUB member who succeeded because of her talent in pantomime . . . *artiste extraordinaire* . . . a two-year member of these "Halls of Ivy" . . . a deep voice which becomes a strong soprano in Glee Club . . . breathlessness after a sprint down the hockey field . . . loyalty to Rye . . . reputation for acquaintance with older men . . . frustrated Prom chairman . . . one of the more "shoe" members of the Class of '61 . . . inconspicuous individuality . . . Sue

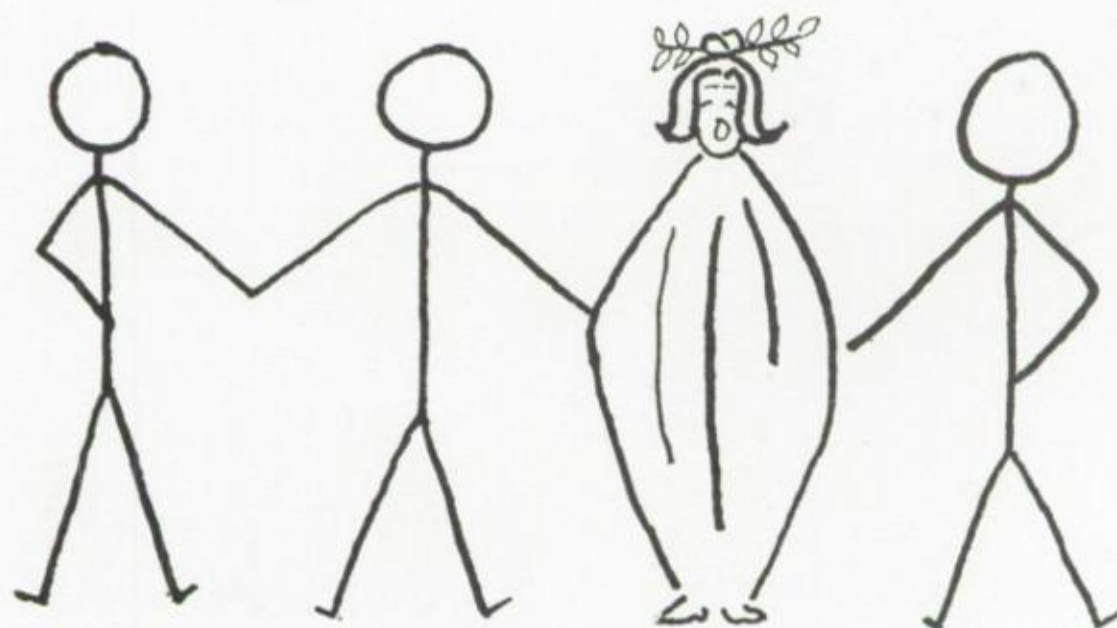
Susan Herbert Hobbs



GUARDIAN of H.B.'s hallowed halls . . . unique capacity for being there whenever she is needed . . . a desperate wail followed by "I just know I failed that test!" . . . a wonderful collapsing party after junior S.A.T.'s . . . our Mother Superior . . . "Oh, Iphigenia!" . . . one of Mrs. Foulkes' songbirds . . . our idea of Mercury in freshman mythology . . . allegiance to Germany . . . a famous crooked finger . . . a harried countenance and a peaceful heart . . . sense and sensitivity . . . Harriet



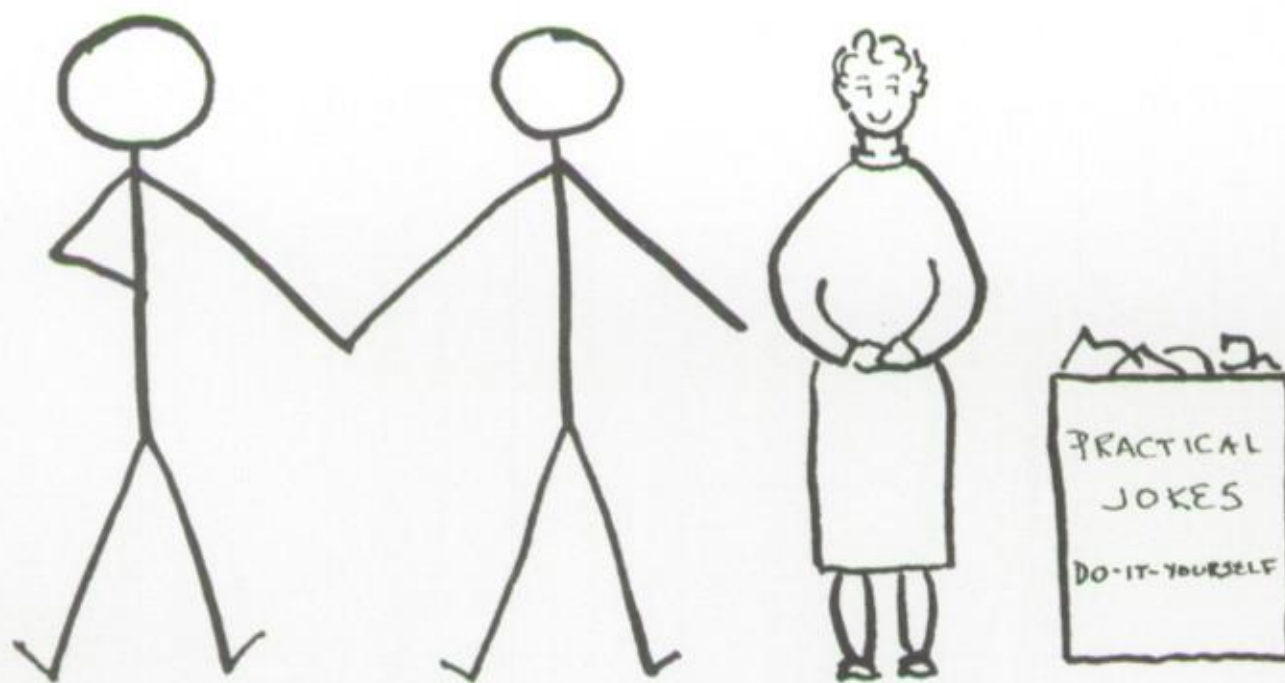
Harriet Leeds Holan





IMMENSE PRIDE in an artistic concern known as L & J Inc. . . . propounder of the theory that one's enough since her freshman year . . . constant frustrated attempts to change her D.A. . . . one of the more graceful members of Modern Dance . . . "I was so depressed I just had to buy a dress!" . . . a precedent established as first University School Home-coming Queen . . . a light touch . . . spontaneous sympathy . . . Fanny

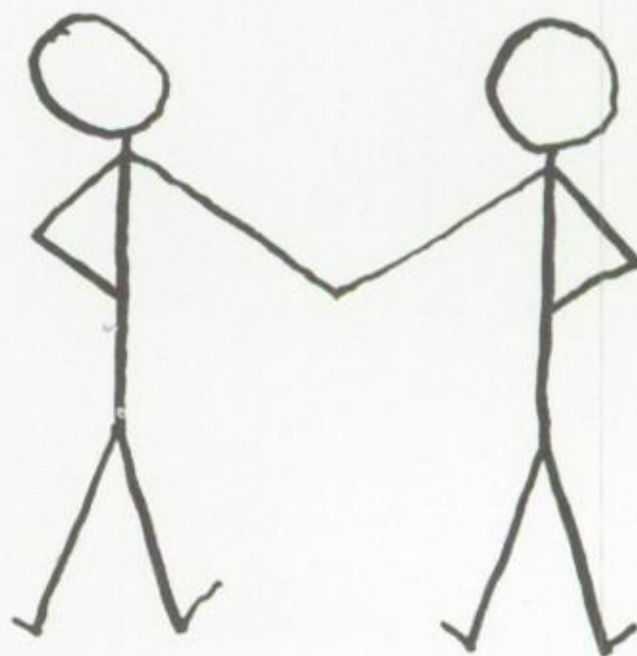
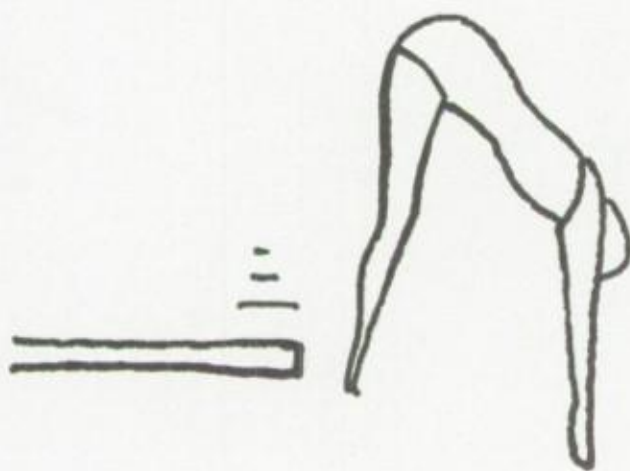
Carolyn Jane Johnson



GOLDBLOCKS . . . a senorita with an inclination toward sunnier climes . . . a notorious piece of statuary festively adorned for the Christmas season . . . pilot of a long, white T-bird . . . a home that could not be more strategically situated . . . a quiet mien . . . long summers at the club evidenced by a smooth tan and a strong swimming stroke . . . a circle pin and a smile . . . easy friendliness and companionship . . . Barby



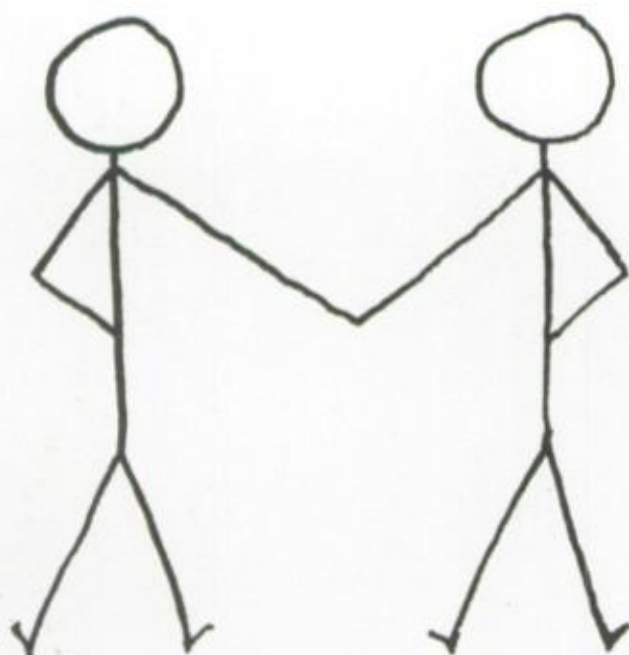
Barbara Mary Lou Keil





NUCLEUS of the U.S. cheering section . . . resident of beloved Pepper Pike . . . a contagious smile . . . coiner of expressive phrases emphasized by gestures . . . deserving hostess of "Creole Kitchen" as vice-president of Student Council, with a craving for glazed doughnuts . . . ardent spirit in all she attempts . . . "They're little green things called buffalo bugs" . . . cheerful efficiency behind the scenes . . . devotee of the West . . . considerate friend . . . admirable ability in history . . . strength of character and constant sincerity . . . Suz

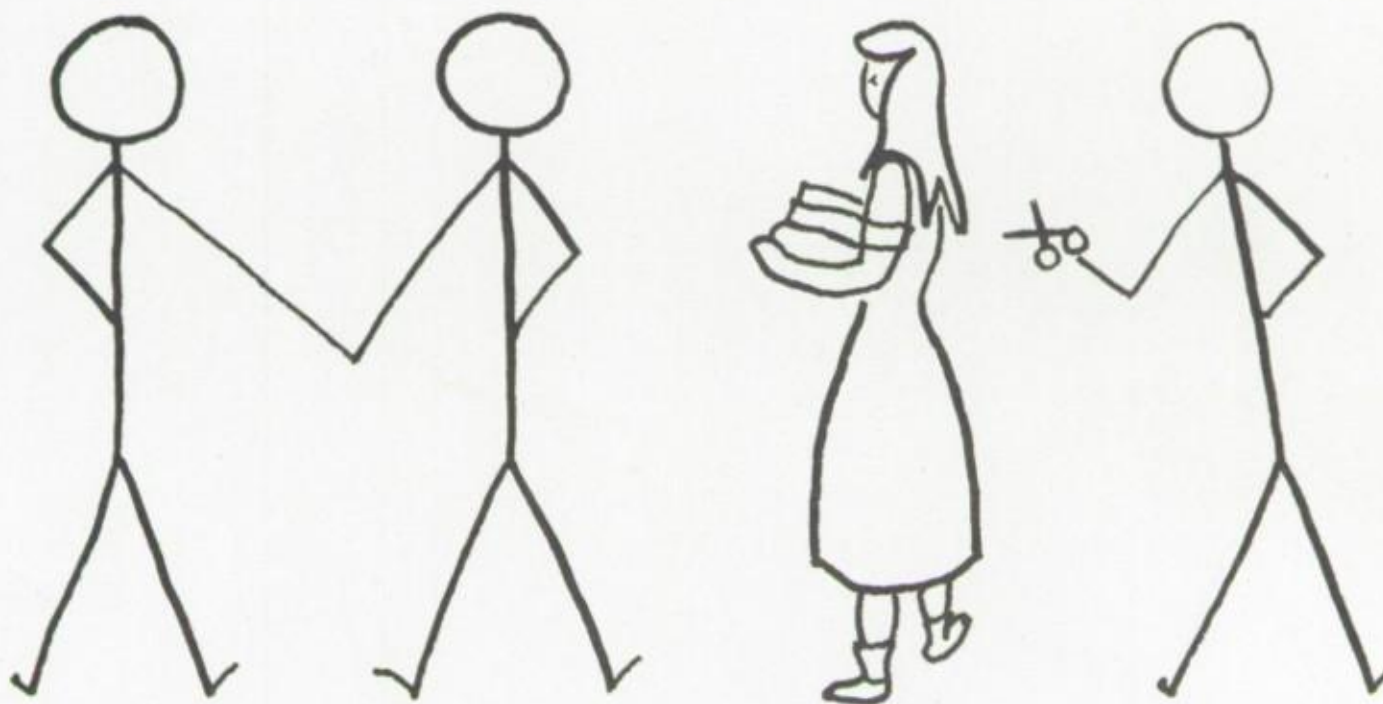
Nancy Sue Keller



A GENTLE BLONDE with a warm smile . . . wistful request for Spanish Club dues . . . "Bring in your dues? Please?" . . . lyrical late-comer to Glee Club with a one-ninth interest in Ensemble . . . creative summers with Cain Park friends . . . a skilled but always modest actress in church group productions . . . sensitive independence and outstanding thoughtfulness of others . . . comfortable companionship and humor . . . Linda



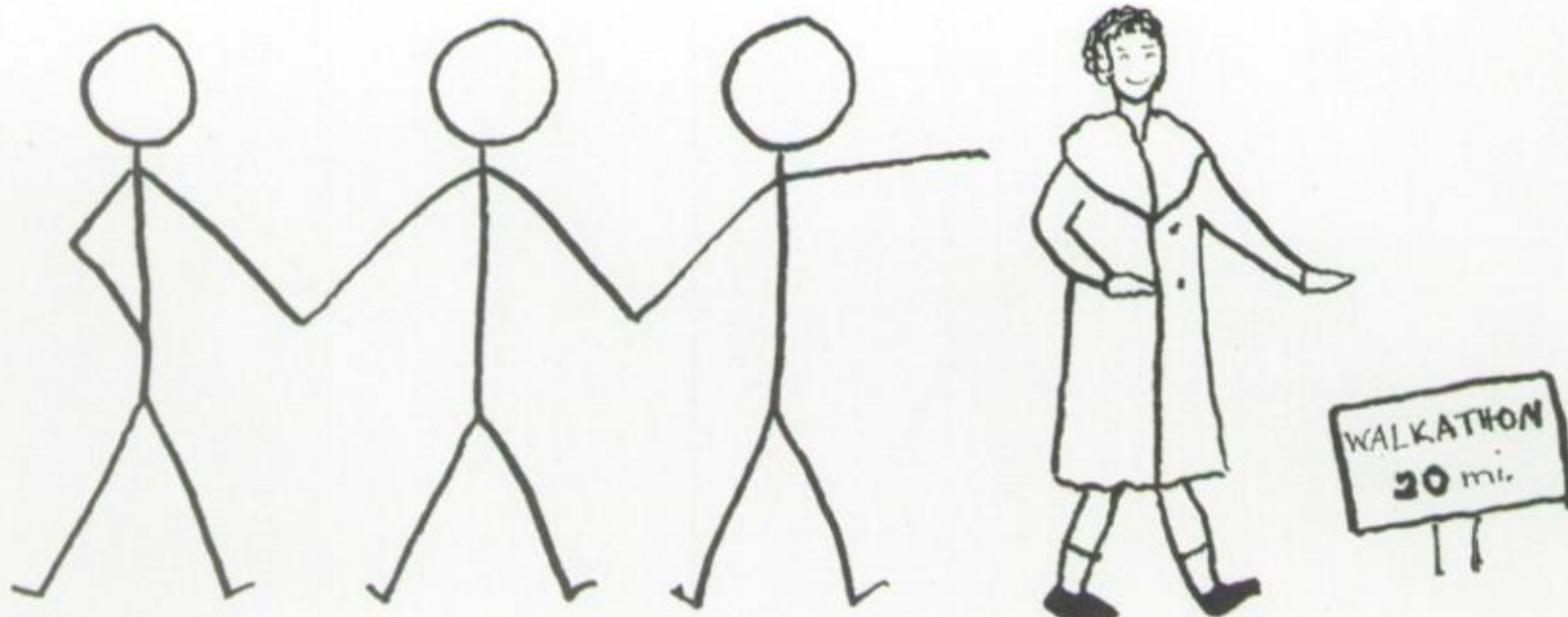
Linda Lee Kelly





Peggy Jean Latimer

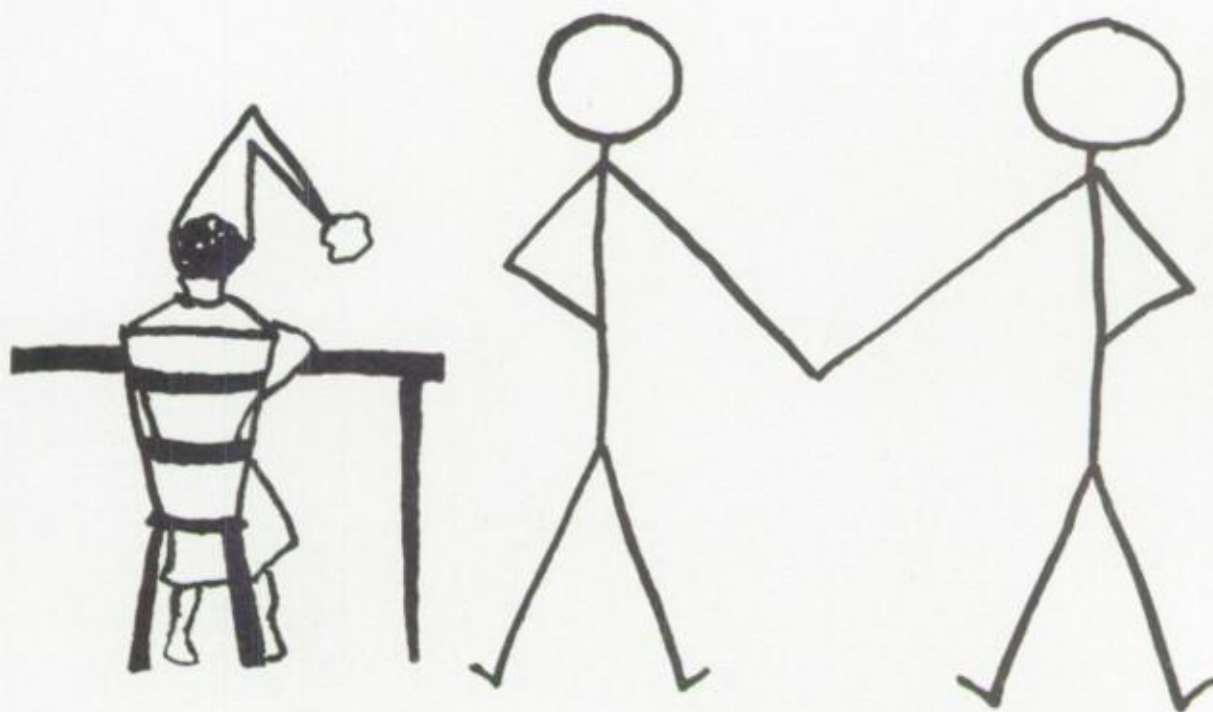
'61's UNIQUE BELIEVER in the merits of walking . . . a welcome newcomer from Heights High in our sophomore year . . . history fanatic with an amazing preparedness . . . "A few pages? What's that?" . . . official minutes keeper of J.C.W.A. . . . the perfect response to all jokes . . . faithful attendance and creativity at meetings for Mississippi Makings . . . active participation in her Youth Fellowship . . . chemistry wizard . . . warm sympathy . . . a truly genuine personality . . . Peg



PRECIOUS A.F.S. gift to the senior class . . . well-seasoned traveler looking forward to school in London . . . '61's prospective doctor . . . Latin American rhythm in dance . . . organization plus . . . "Can you imagine!" . . . tri-linguist with immense pride in her native tongue . . . acquired deftness with a sewing machine in creation of Craft Shop dolls . . . sincere gratitude . . . Panamanian smile with a spark and a burst of life . . . Gina



Gina Paula López-Jiménez





TUNEFUL LEADER of Glee Club who successfully mastered the art of directing in four-four time . . . accurate alto who loves all music . . . easy-going individualist . . . the girl who is addicted to chasing a small white ball over the Moreland hills . . . proud Auntie Faye of a small blonde . . . constancy in her beliefs . . . kindness for others and enthusiasm for their small triumphs . . . Faye

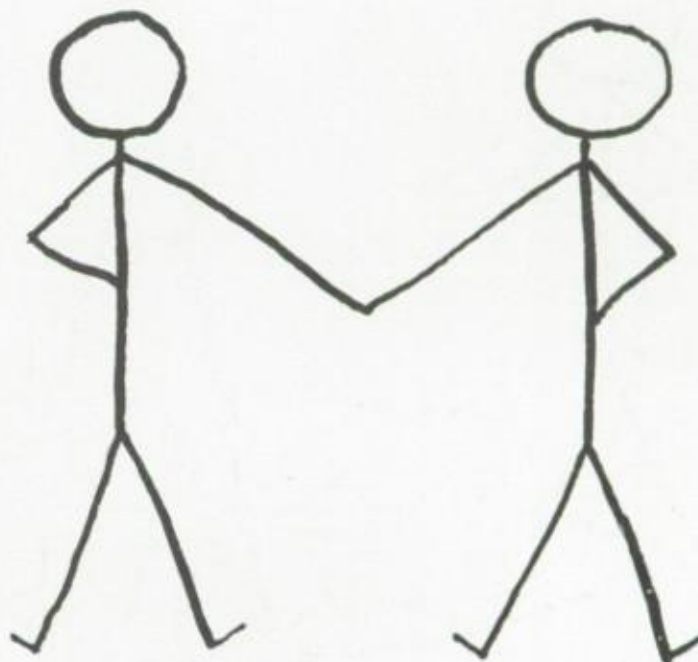
Faye Ambler Loughry



PRESIDENT of French Club . . .
“Attention! Attention?” . . . an oil-
burning dormite who “red-ily” bright-
ened her room . . . Roget’s chief
advocate . . . aspiration to achieving
punctuality just once . . . fresh en-
thusiasm for the Old West . . . ready
appreciation of others’ attempts at
wit . . . freshman class president . . .
reason for warning the scientific
world about a certain potential chem-
ist . . . sudden insight that reveals a
fine intellect . . . Barbie



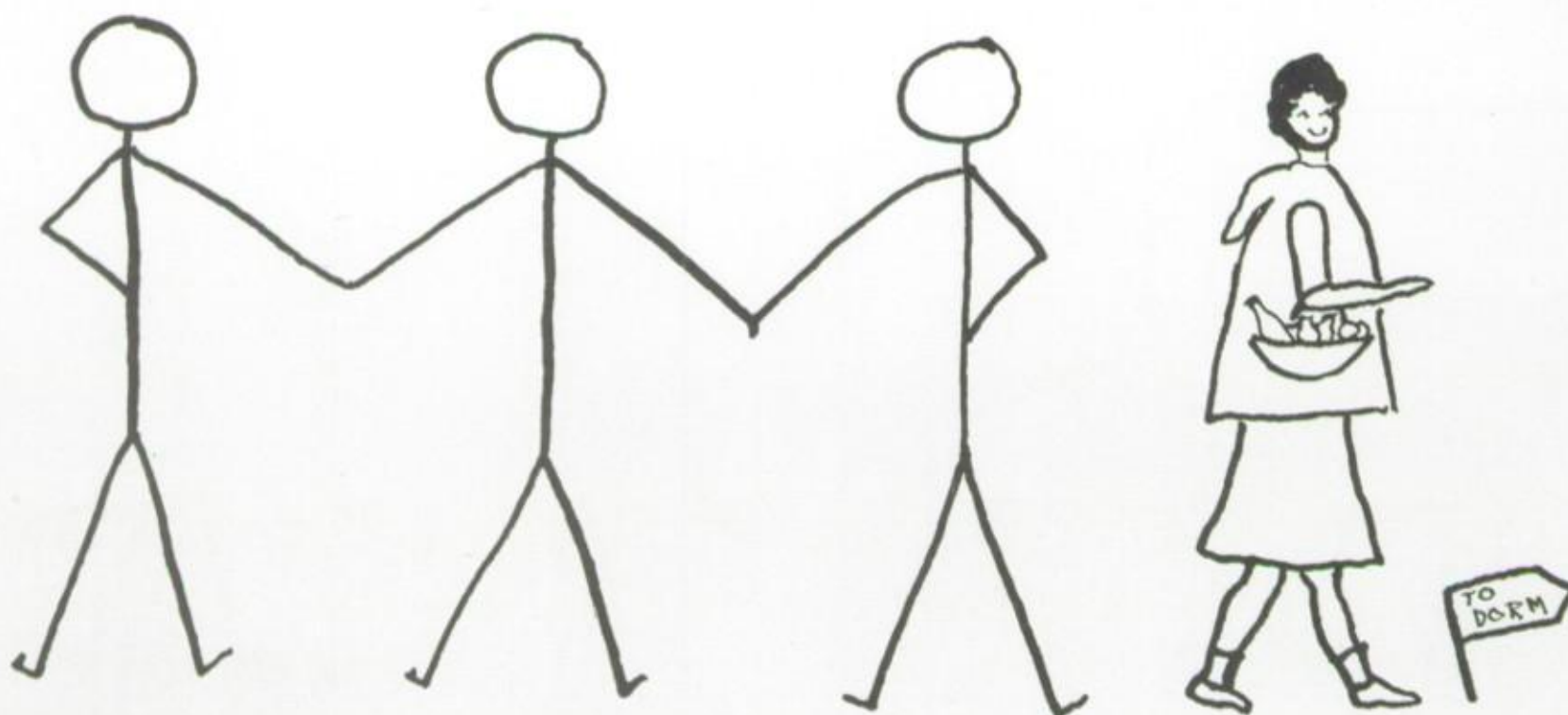
Barbara Lee Luntz





KEEPER of the Matthes menagerie . . . A.A. representative with effortless coordination . . . model for Virginia LaGarde and Milgrim's with her own modish wardrobe . . . annual winner of '61's Best Suntan Award, via trips to Florida and summers at Nantucket . . . A May Queen attendant in her junior year . . . an enthusiastic member of Mrs. Preyer's Spanish Club . . . "I agree with you perfectly" . . . boundless energy and interest in others . . . Sherry

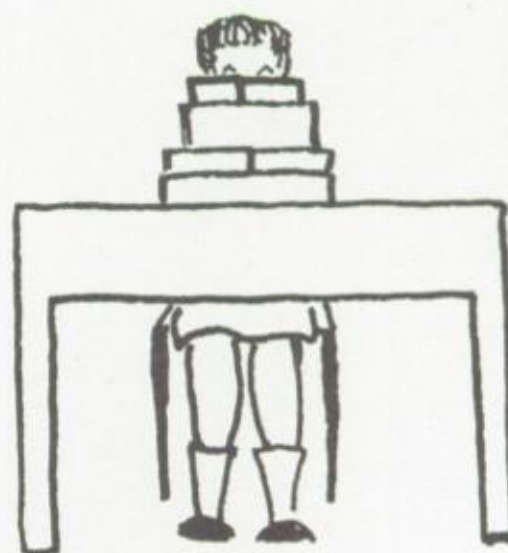
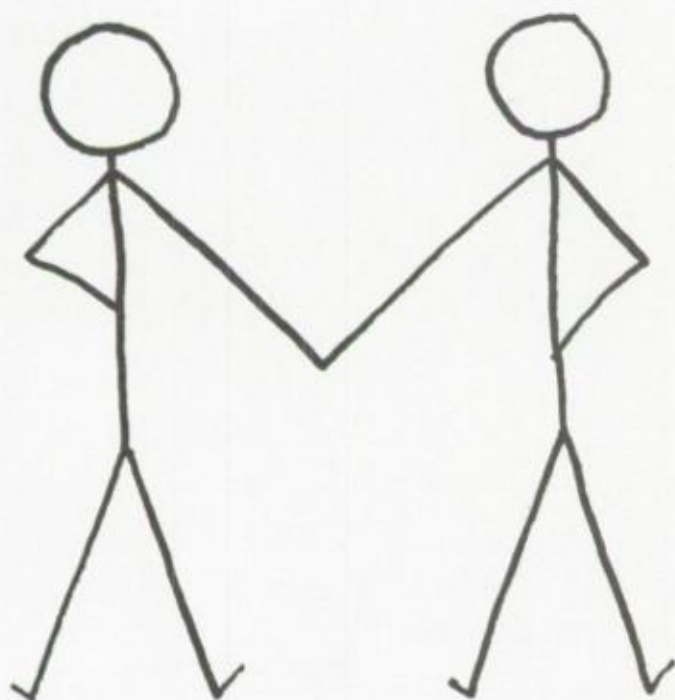
Sherry Matthes



FOND MEMORIES of Vermont which become fonder every time she tells of them . . . the "dashing" Jeb Cavanaugh of the Belle of the Bayou . . . lingering interest in her former alma mater . . . a delightful pixie chuckle . . . a raft of stories about her beloved Compton Road family . . . the able editor of the annual record of our years at H.B. . . . a philosophic mind and keen perception . . . Cleo



Cleo McNelly





A BUOYANT NATURE topped by a bubbly "do" . . . the guiding light of the Rapid riders, who commute daily from "the best side" . . . a delightful member of Glee Club in her senior year . . . consul of the Latin Club . . . firm belief that Clifton Park produces the best of everything . . . "Oh, farfuldarful!" . . . a grin, heart-warming in the early morning . . . a wonderful propensity for making friends . . . Suzy

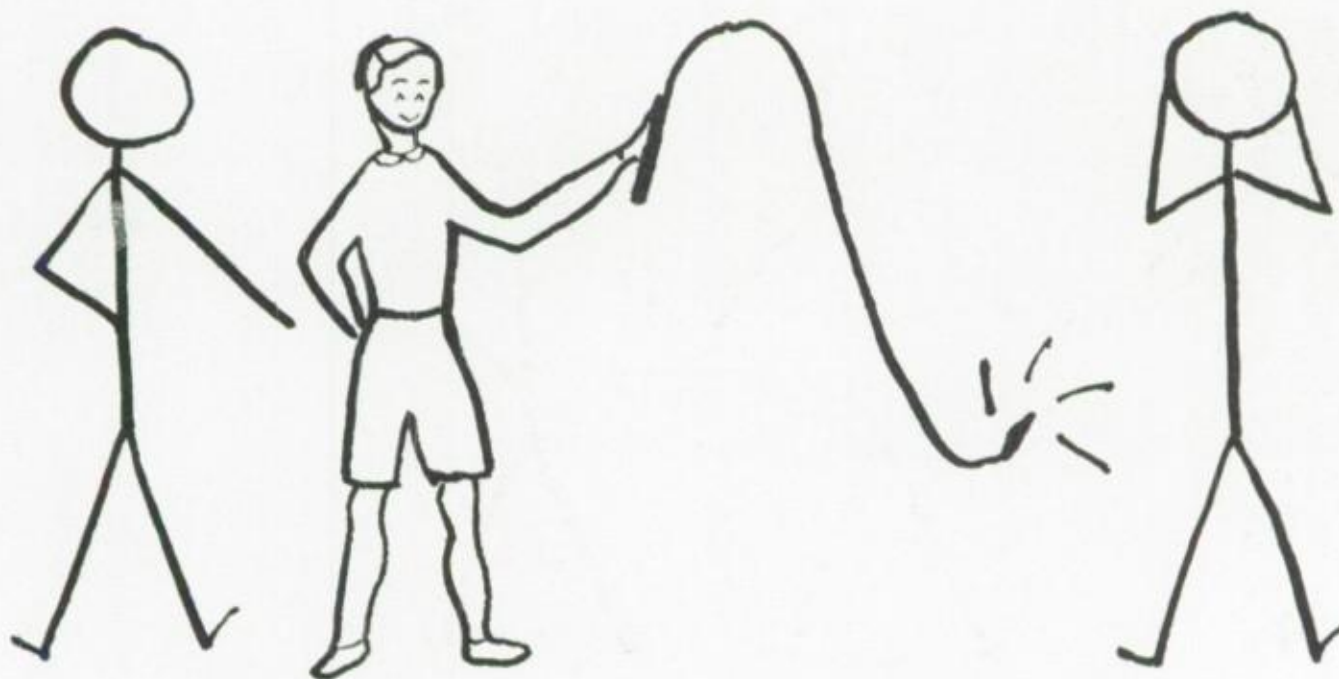
Suzanne Smith Meckes



SANDUSKY'S LOSS, our gain . . . creator of a relaxed, often riotous atmosphere wherever she is . . . the first of '61 to get a pin . . . capacity for understanding others' problems . . . clothes, clothes, clothes . . . "He's so sweet!" . . . an air of sophistication often belied by her infectious enthusiasm . . . second-quarter president of H.B. . . . easy-going dependability and friendliness . . . Hannah



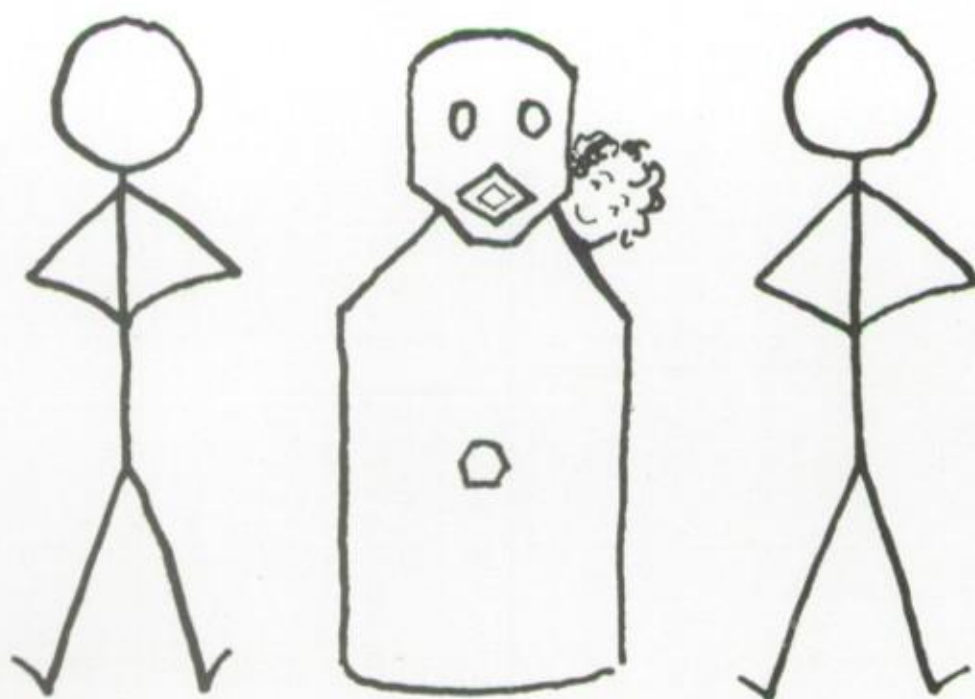
Hannah Knight Morgan





CAPABLE and interested leader of Artists, Inc. . . . imaginative innovation regarding Art Club membership requirements . . . "You're all going to have to bring in your grab bag articles *sometime!*" . . . a soft spot in her heart for the sunny California climate . . . honey-red curls and a covergirl complexion . . . fluent French and an accent acquired from summers at Ecole Champlain . . . a devilish gleam . . . capacity for long and loyal friendship . . . Francie

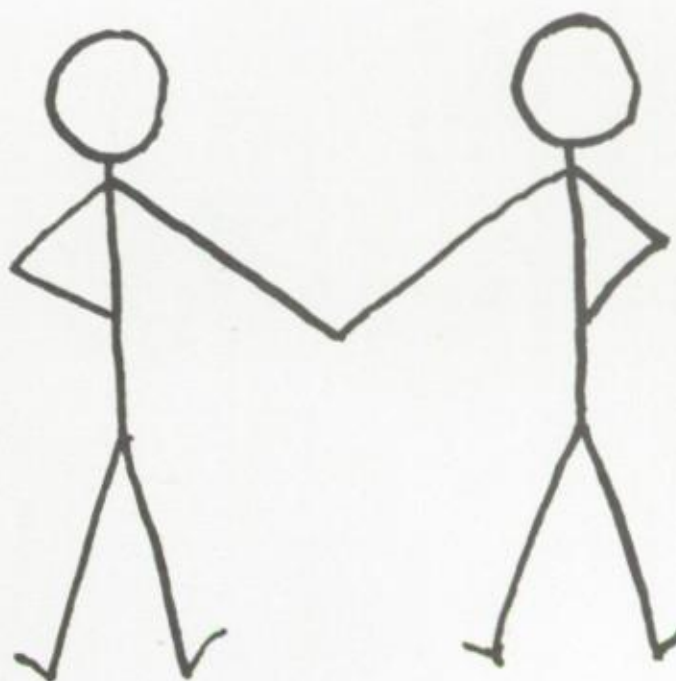
Frances Wells Nutt



AN ANGELIC SMILE that hides a devilish heart . . . a devotee of drama with a Julie London soprano . . . the leading "light" of Variety Show . . . the intellectual's intellectual . . . abundant knowledge of the arts and the artists . . . "Oh, that man!" . . . reluctant possession of the nickname of "Nat" . . . one of the courageous few at H.B. who favored Jack in November . . . half of a pair who never stop giggling . . . Nan



Natalie Louise Peacock





"HI, BABES!" . . . twinkling green eyes and a look of merriment . . . a clear alto who has graced Glee Club for four years . . . counselor at Red Raider who manages horses and riders with equal ease . . . a regal half of the pair who attended the May Queen in '60 . . . enthusiastic belle of the swinging carnival crowning her hard work as president of O.W.S. . . . efficiency and fun . . . Annie

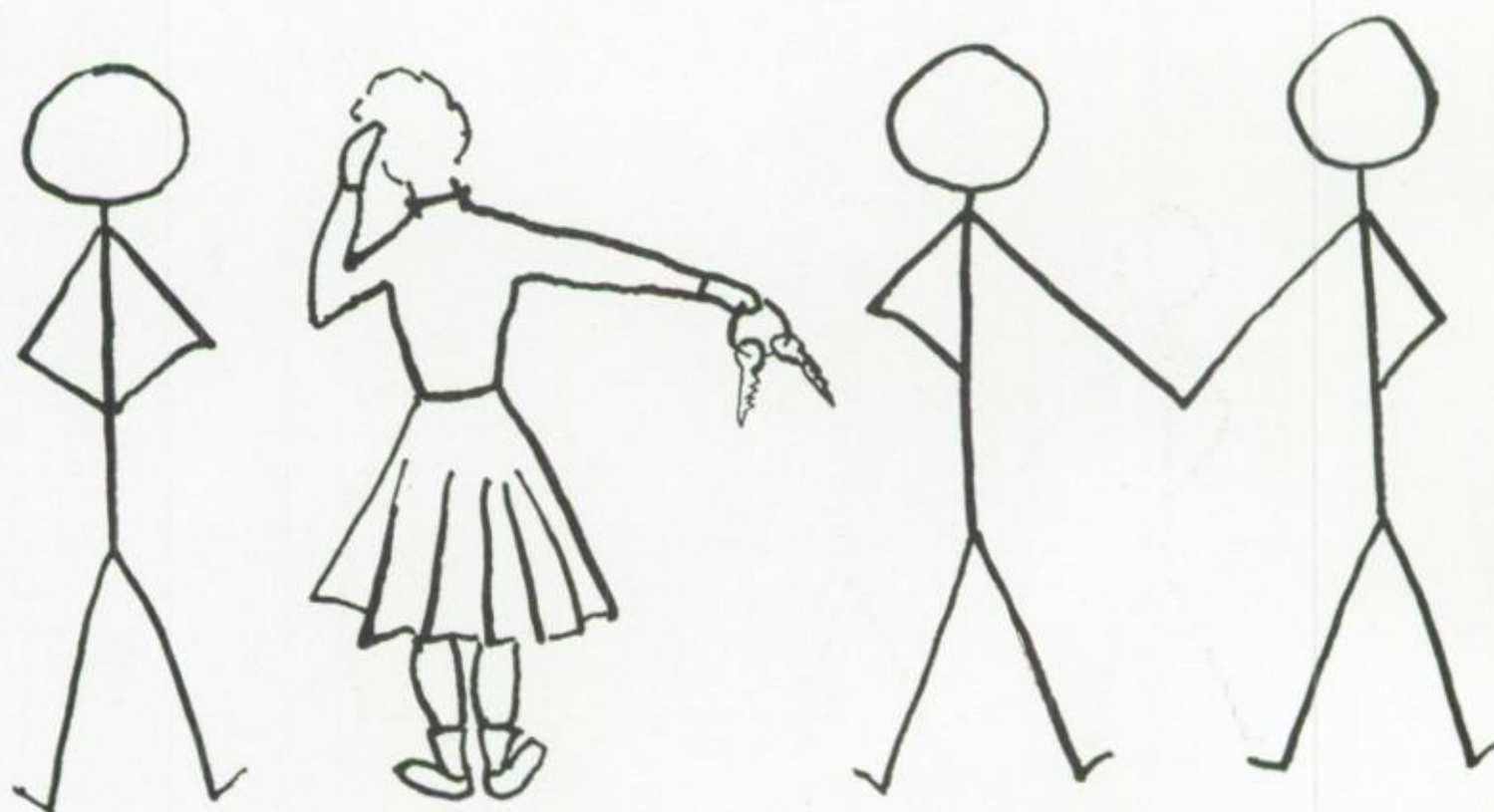
Ann Stewart Rodgers



PREDILECTION FOR POE . . . ardent fan of U.S. soccer games . . . imagination evinced through original and creative writing . . . classical scholar . . . proud possessor of a white M.G. . . . member of Art Club with an original flair . . . wholehearted interest in the problem of the moment . . . a reliable finder of practical solutions . . . a cheerful helping hand at all times . . . Judy



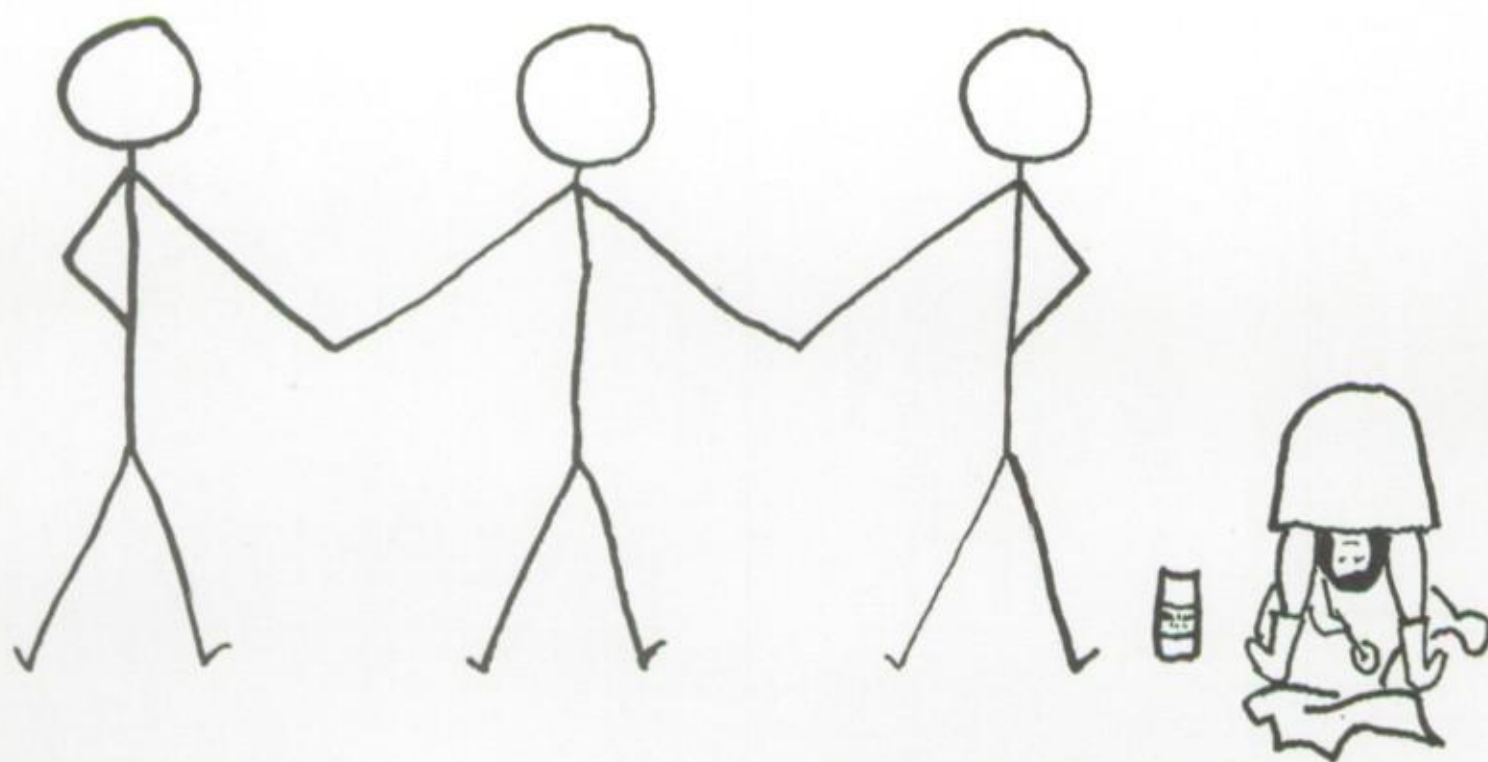
Judy Anne Seel





A RUNNING INTEREST in activities at Heights . . . a subtle sense of humor . . . art chairman for Swinging Swanee and our junior prom . . . numerous two-hour phone calls . . . Council member in her sophomore year . . . "I don't know *why* I like him" . . . one of Jack Jones' recent converts . . . fluency in French . . . a summer spent painting her room lavender . . . quick interest in others emerging from a warm heart . . . Linda

Linda Jane Shields



MRS. LAFORE's right hand girl, alias Pudge, Shiers, Marce, and Marth . . . an indomitable sense of humor . . . a new and valuable addition to Student Council rosters in her senior year . . . frustrated attempts at victory in the "Battle of the Commas" . . . genuine interest in everything and everyone around her . . . the seniors' appointed example of good organization . . . "Zap" and a mighty "Ha!" . . . Martie



Martha Elizabeth Shierson





AMONG THE WINNERS of a TV modeling contest . . . owner of the beloved Beauregard of carnival fame . . . "I got a letter!" . . . a sparkling smile . . . efficient president of her church guild . . . a much envied figure and a taffy-colored page boy . . . an enthusiast in all she does . . . several simultaneous romances . . . first soprano section of Glee Club . . . friendly vivacity coupled with deep perception . . . Mona

Mona Marie Steffen



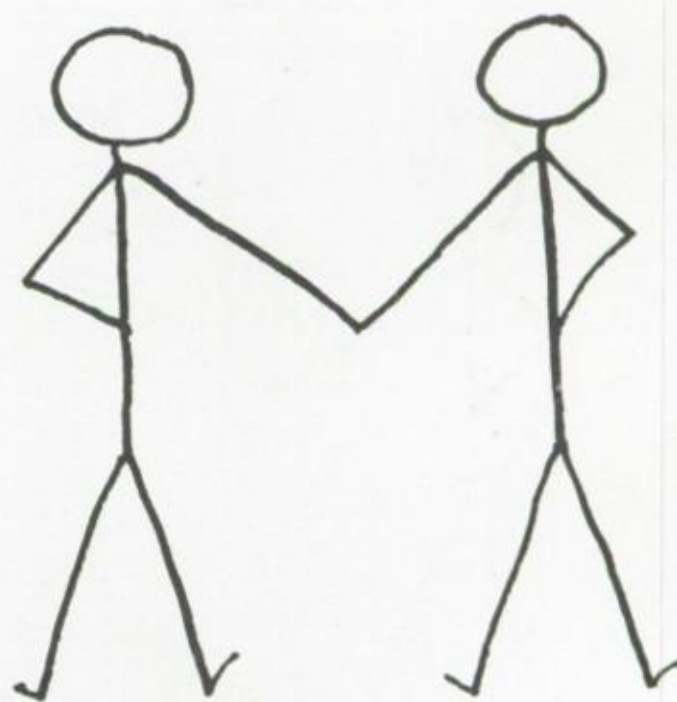
ORIGINALITY and creativity aided by an amazing proficiency with all types of needles . . . inherent neatness . . . daily reminder to absent-slip neglectors . . . Miss Stevenson's most gratifying pupil . . . summers of sailing at Chaska Beach . . . pleasant self-control in all situations . . . a pixie on first impressions . . . an unobtrusive senior worthy of much respect . . . a tiny giant . . . Marge



Margery Townsend Stephens



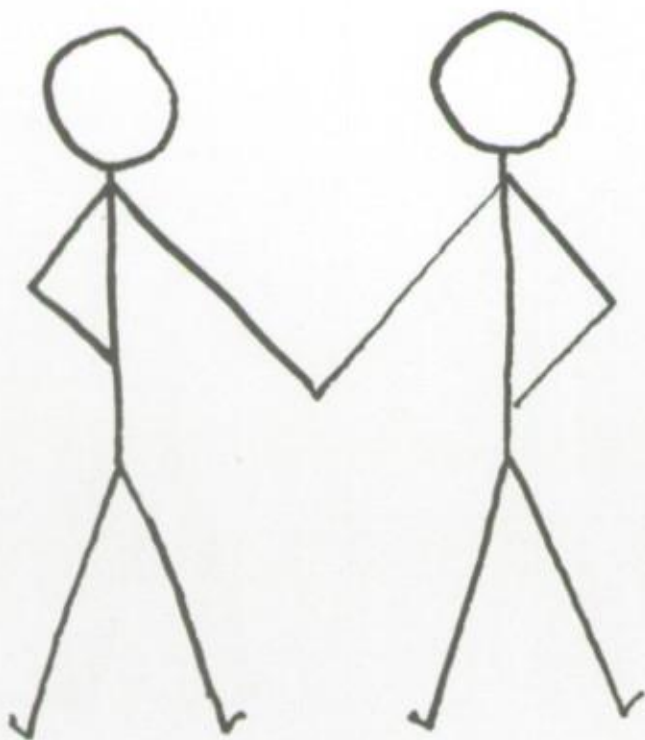
QUIET
BACKSTAGE





AN UNFAILINGLY cheerful smile at chapel door each morning . . . regular appearance on prom committees . . . vice-president of the senior class monkeys . . . a succession of highly *original* hair styles . . . a trip abroad relived in superb slides . . . bespectacled portrayal of "mother" in our carnival skit . . . a score of blind dates in Reserve . . . a most appropriate nickname . . . modesty concealing level-headed capability . . . Candy

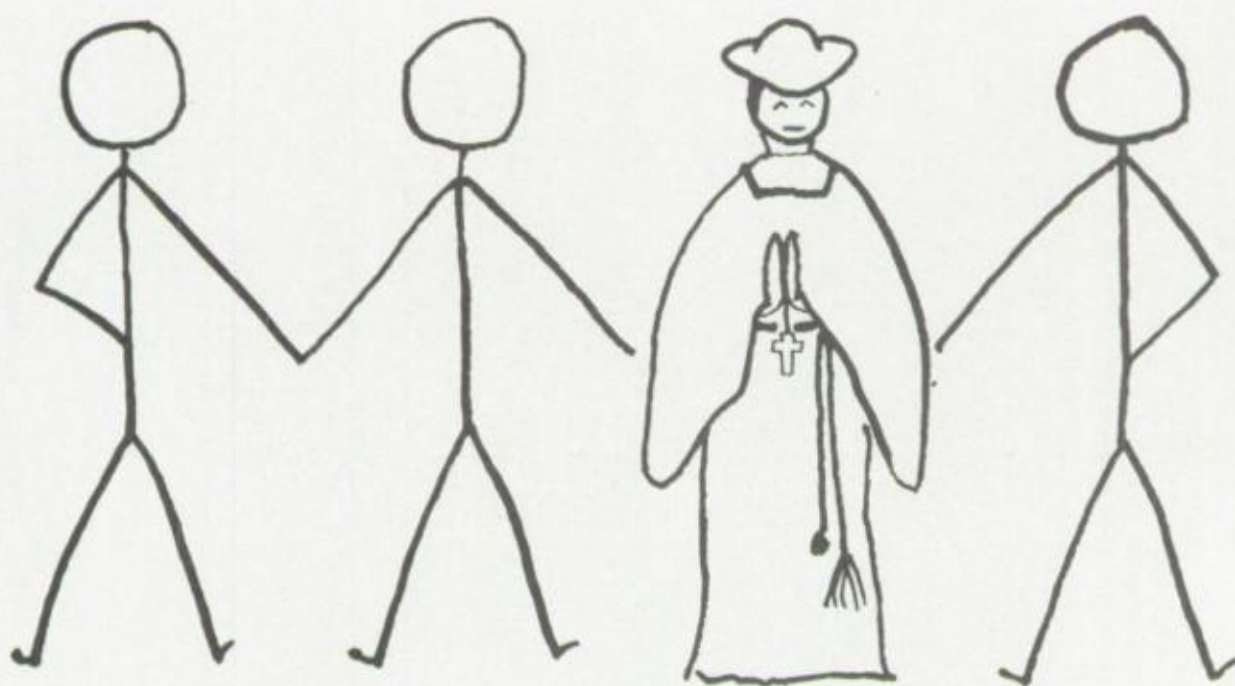
Hannah Bloomingdale Stotter



OUTSTANDING INTEREST in world affairs as president of J.C.W.A. . . . an Organization Woman . . . wonderful summers spent at Cuttyhunk as the guardian of a flock of small children . . . the well-padded goalie of first team . . . low note in Glee Club . . . enthusiasm for country living . . . a biologist to whom the ways of Mother Nature pose no problem . . . "Tsk, tsk" accompanied by the incomparable Tillinghast laugh . . . rare conscientiousness and a delightful sense of fun . . . Carolyn



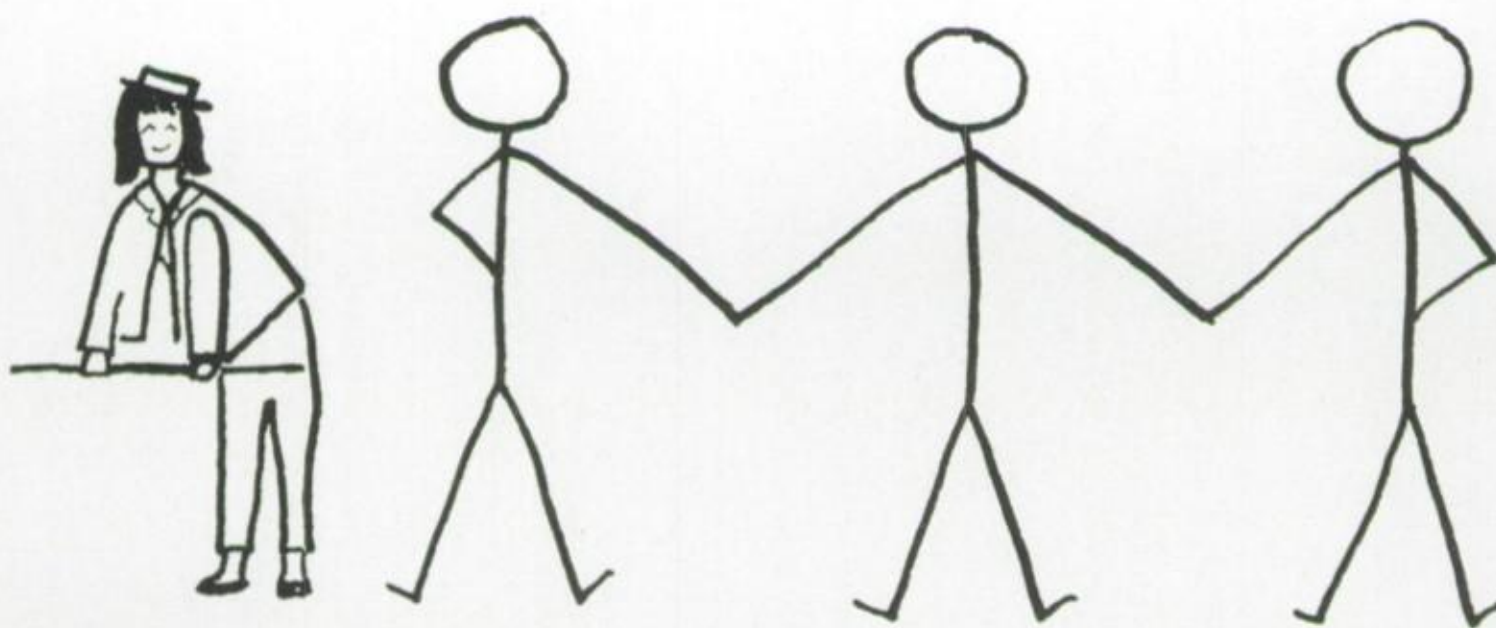
Carolyn Dodge Tillinghast





GINGHAM-CLAD proprietress of Craft Shop . . . one of the charter members of the senior Thespians . . . California bound . . . Miss Bruce's Tuesday afternoon chauffeur . . . diminutive but deft leader of Modern Dance . . . delighted pride in the doings of her brother and sisters, Panamanian and American . . . sure fingers in the creation of charming clay figures . . . business-like management of *Spec's* finances . . . a matchless match girl . . . superb soft shoe . . . her own creative touch lent to all she does . . . Wendy

Wendy Ann Welch



The Class of 1961 would like to include these absentee members
in its alphabet:

Liz Ames

Jenny Bartlett

Marcia Browne

Carol Carlisle

Holly Ganz

Sally Morris

Miggie Perkins

Nanny Perkins

Sally Seelbach

Susie Steadman

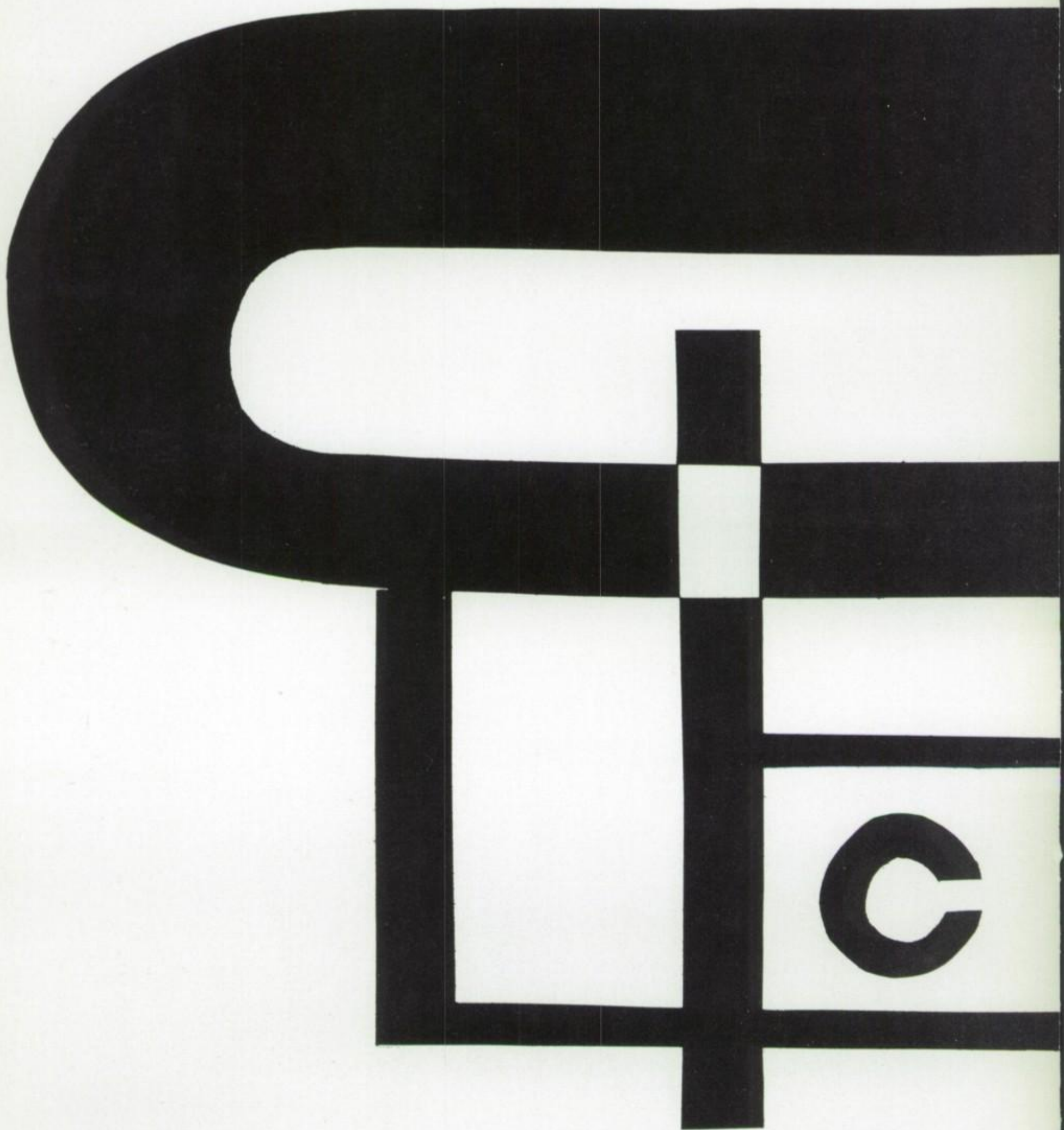
Susie Stringham

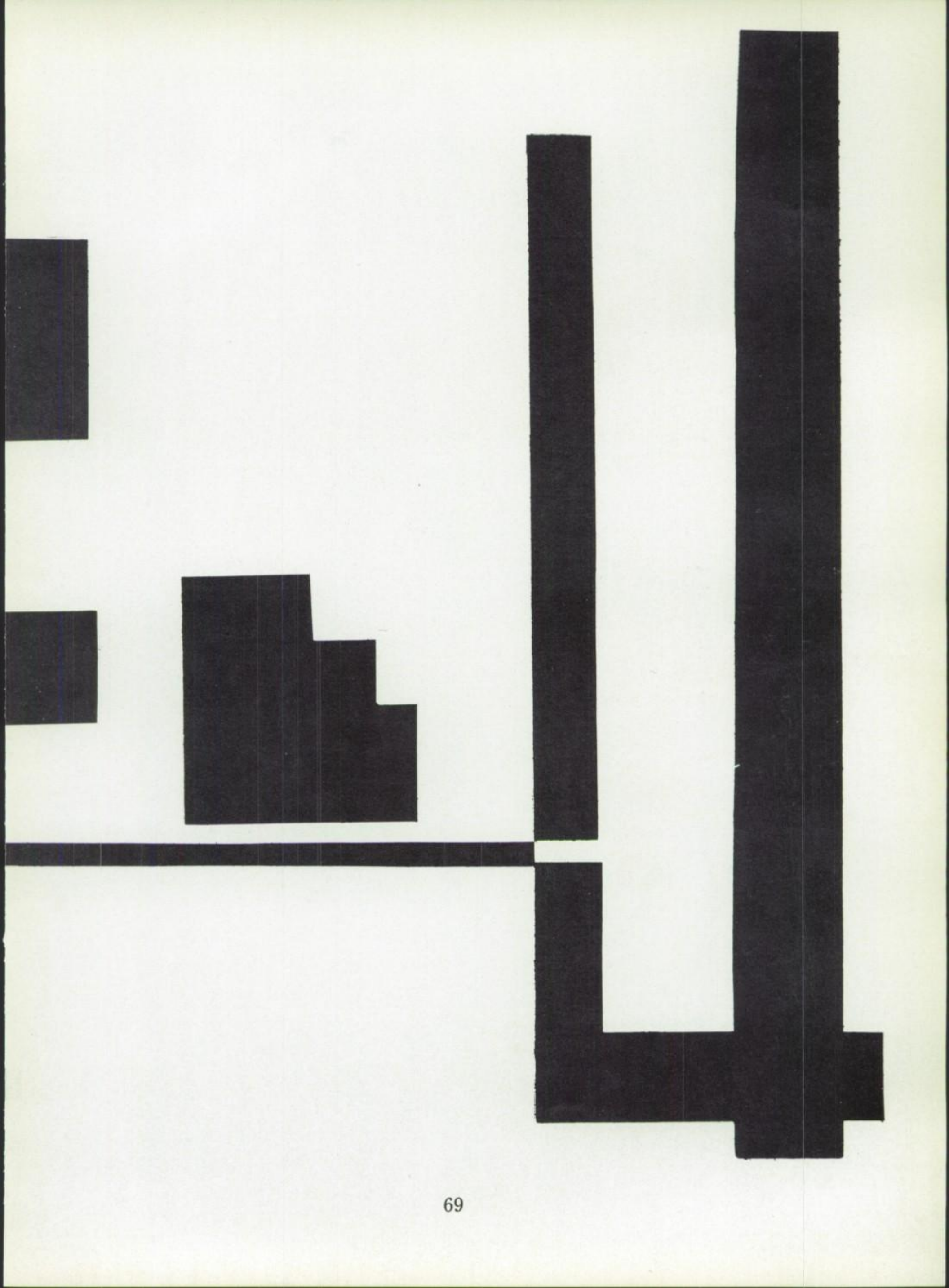
Ann Sylvester

Elise Thayer

Sue Walker

The U C's





Left to right

BACK ROW

L. Carson
S. Amor
D. Arter
F. Fangboner
J. Gillmore
J. Dalton
N. Duty

FRONT ROW

M. Brouse
C. Bowman
L. Bruner
B. Beggs
S. Berger



Class



Left to right

BACK ROW

B. Hodges
S. Luntz
K. Kline
C. Knutson
S. Glennan
S. Hoover
B. Lottman

FRONT ROW

P. Gillmore
A. Grabski
H. Lehmann
T. Kendrick
K. Halvorson



Left to right

BACK ROW

K. Sullivan
K. Weil
L. Steingass
A. Hildt
M. Stern
J. Staples
S. Tucker
D. Davidson
H. Endicott

FRONT ROW

J. Farr
P. Schmidt
M. Valentine
G. Reuter
S. Irish

of 1962



Left to right

BACK ROW

C. White
C. Meister
J. Towell
M. Robechek
L. Myers
A. Spitler

FRONT ROW

M. Young
N. Newell
A. Schofield
A. Williams
P. Vaughn

ABSENT

L. Dunlop
H. Hamilton

Left to right

BACK ROW

L. Fauver
S. Corrigan
M. Bregenzer
C. Blyth
C. Arms
N. Bigler
S. Adams
M. Feather

FRONT ROW

C. Coleman
A. Delaney
B. Ehrke
N. Belden
L. Beatty



Class



Left to right

BACK ROW

K. Klie
S. Hall
B. Kinder
J. Hubbard
M. Hall
C. Floyd
K. Garlick
B. Kalkas
S. Fitzgerald

FRONT ROW

M. Frohring
B. Frush
L. Gibson
F. Fitch
S. Holden



Left to right

BACK ROW

A. Mackenzie
S. Nulsen
D. Pritchard
A. Mielziner
N. Pendery
S. Narten
V. Nulsen
L. McKinney

FRONT ROW

A. Robinson
L. Mackenzie
S. Nave
L. Reichert
F. Mathay

of 1963



Left to right

BACK ROW

J. Turnock
P. Roos
C. Rosenthal
N. Smythe
L. Weatherhead
C. Steadman
P. Rodebaugh
P. Sarber
A. Shepard

FRONT ROW

S. Shenk
S. Stevens
N. Sorace
C. Smallwood
B. Walcott

ABSENT

S. May

Left to right

BACK ROW

H. Body
J. Andrews
N. Dalton
L. Cameron
A. Colborn
B. Bauer
S. Crocker
B. Bass

FRONT ROW

K. Cole
G. Chapman
J. Berry
L. Dalzell
S. Colebrook



Class



Left to right

BACK ROW

K. Dunlop
M. Hunkin
S. Gibson
C. Johnson
A. Garver
D. Horsburgh
J. Green

FRONT ROW

M. Davenport
G. Fewsmith
S. Effler
J. Hutton
J. Hall



Left to right

BACK ROW

G. Lumb
M. Miller
J. Maas
C. Potter
K. MacMillan
J. Nordstrom
P. Prescott

FRONT ROW

N. Moonan
D. Jones
M. Mitchell
J. Lockwood
S. Miller

f 1964



Left to right

BACK ROW

D. Regal
J. Smith
V. Prescott
B. Sloan
B. Stephens
C. Shannon
D. Smith

FRONT ROW

J. White
N. Travis
M. Thompkins
N. Spitler
S. Weaver

ABSENT

N. Davis
C. White
S. Shaffer

Left to right

FOURTH ROW

P. Ginn
P. Hay
M. Haffey
J. Caponigro
J. Buschman
E. Dunn

THIRD ROW

S. Holan
K. Cleveland
C. Campbell
J. Alspaugh
M. Barry
J. Loegler
J. Mackenzie

SECOND ROW

A. Butler
N. Houck
M. Gibson
J. Emeny
K. Hellman

FIRST ROW

J. Curtiss
B. Hobbs
S. Disbro

ABSENT

S. Booze



Fourth Preparatory Class



Left to right

FOURTH ROW

C. Poffenberger
N. Tillinghast
K. Peck
D. Vail
S. Prescott
A. Winant

THIRD ROW

C. Shenk
H. Sloan
C. Robbins
M. Upp
J. Russell
L. Meacham
P. Page
S. Meyer

SECOND ROW

S. Robeck
G. Oppman
J. North
K. Schneider
E. Scovil

FIRST ROW

J. Taplin
C. White
K. McKinney



Left to right

THIRD ROW

N. Kay
J. Clark
C. Emeny
K. Holden
S. Ainsworth
L. Berger
N. Hitchcock

SECOND ROW

M. Hudson
M. Adams
C. Keil
A. Baxter
H. Bradley
S. Klie
M. Coleman
S. Carter

FIRST ROW

J. Beatty
P. Ide
B. Jewett
M. Eakin
H. Grubb
D. Feather

Third Preparatory Class



Left to right

THIRD ROW

M. Wick
M. Lassiter
M. Lee
J. Weller
G. Nulsen

SECOND ROW

M. Sloan
P. Nathanson
D. Kuhn
W. Thomson
K. Williams
M. Swander

FIRST ROW

M. Shallenberger
S. Mayer
P. Young
R. Whittlesey
M. Larkins
B. Schweitzer
L. Meister

ABSENT

M. Magee
B. Merrick

Left to right

FOURTH ROW

W. Perkins
M. Enos
A. Prescott
M. Leppelmeier
M. Taylor
E. Hersey
P. Bassett

THIRD ROW

T. Neff
N. Hollington
P. Eide
D. Crocker
M. Bolton
L. Dempsey
N. Rau

SECOND ROW

D. Van Duzer
J. Newell
D. Dangler
L. Hills
S. Manuel
D. Floyd

FIRST ROW

M. Merriek
E. Norweb
A. Daley

ABSENT

M. Mackley



Second Preparatory Class

Left to right

THIRD ROW

J. Wierdsma
J. Russell
D. Steadman
H. Kuss
M. White
M. McCreary
L. Armington

SECOND ROW

L. Hayes
M. Van
Ordstrand
F. Sayle
D. Legros
M. Wilbur
K. Knutson
M. Allen
M. L. Morrison

FIRST ROW

M. Campbell
R. Coakley
J. Jordan
A. Knight
W. Augustus
C. Eaton
A. Wick

ABSENT

P. Frohring
P. Prescott



First Preparatory Class



Left to right

THIRD ROW

A. Thomas
M. Hitchcock
L. White
F. Sayle
V. Milestone
B. Campbell

SECOND ROW

M. McDaniel
L. Vilas
A. Addison
E. Farrington
P. Page
M. Meister
V. Robinson
E. Clowes

FIRST ROW

R. Swetland
C. Butler
C. Cronin
B. Brown
M. Nulsen
F. Tobin
D. Perkins

ABSENT

B. Burry

Fourth Primary Class



Left to right

FOURTH ROW

M. Harris
P. Virden
B. Blossom
J. Rosenthal
L. Stirn
L. Horsburgh

THIRD ROW

E. Hunkin
E. Evans
A. Rosendale
C. Costello
C. Norweb
M. McDaniel
V. Grant

SECOND ROW

H. Foster
C. Kuss
H. Veale
B. Sylvester
S. Paul
L. Ireland

FIRST ROW

E. Rogers
S. Johnson
S. Taylor
S. Rogers

Third Primary Class

Left to right

FOURTH ROW

J. Lowden
A. Ward
J. Wagenlander
A. Hickox
S. Vail
M. A. Steingass
P. Allen

THIRD ROW

M. M. Fritzsche
E. Rosendale
M. Alexander
L. Chandler
S. Smith
S. Lamprecht
J. Combrinck-
Graham
J. Hadden
C. Ireland

SECOND ROW

E. Eaton
M. Fischer
E. deWindt
L. Meacham
J. Nicholl
C. White
H. Munger
H. France
M. Simeone

FIRST ROW

P. Hughes
M. Dempsey
S. Feather
J. Whitney
C. Stevenson
P. White
C. Rhineland
C. Terrass

ABSENT

C. Tolles
S. Smythe



Second and First Primary Classes



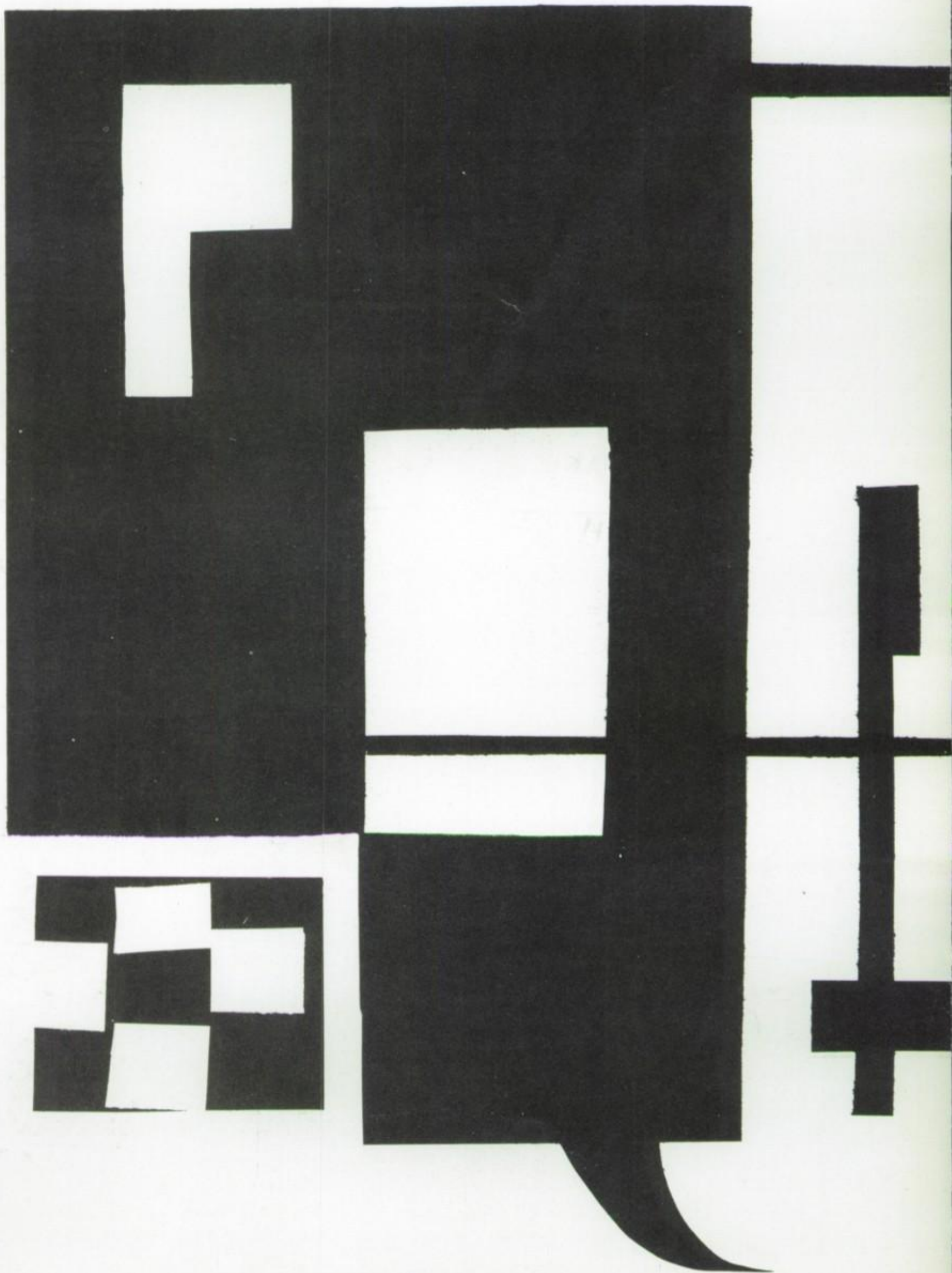
Kindergarten

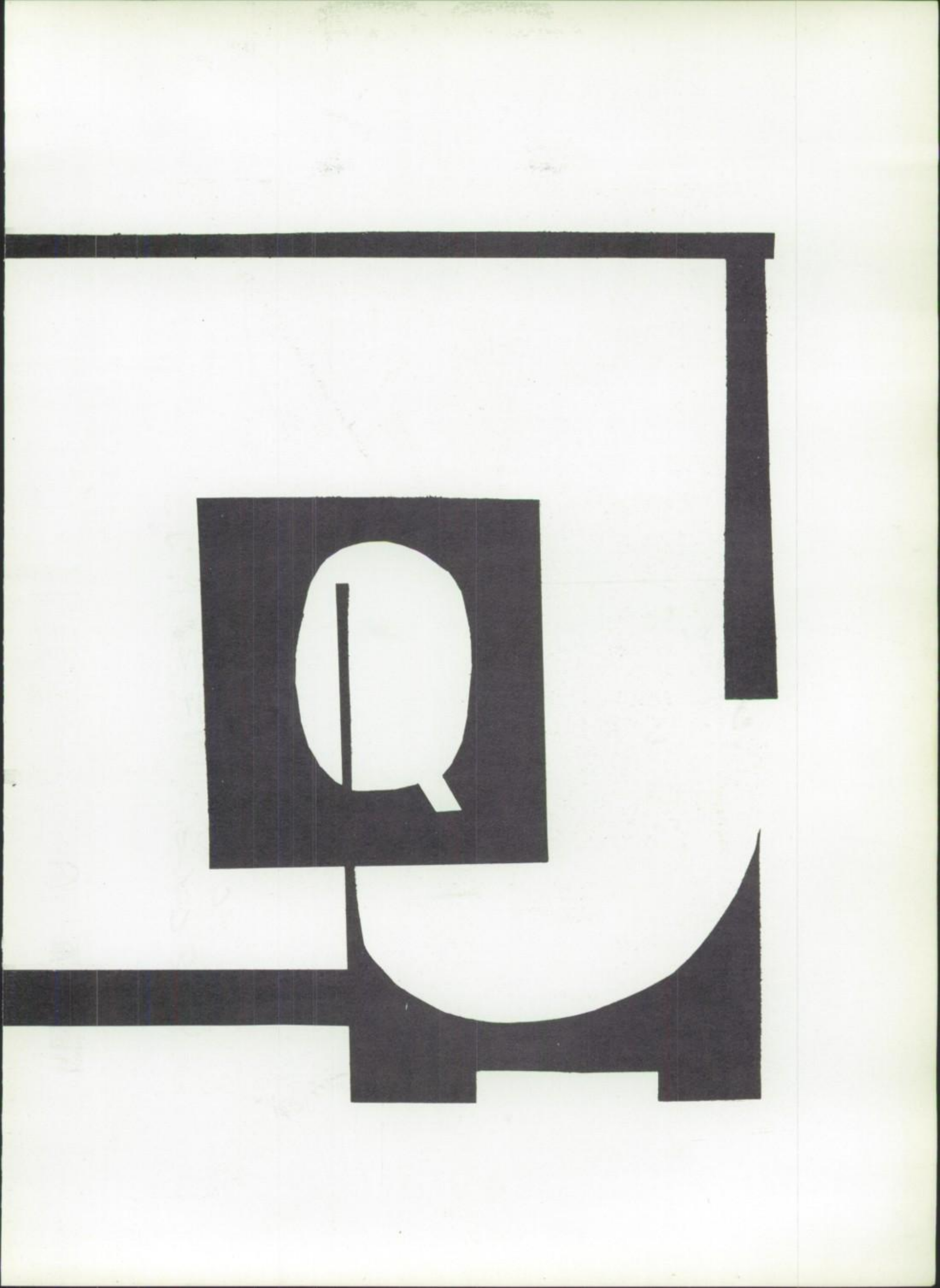


Nursery School



P's and Q's







Student Council

Staunch attempts at "constructive criticism" . . . several innovations, including a new suggestion box (with a padlock) . . . the art-for-*Spec*-ad contest . . . charter membership in the CUCS . . . impromptu celebrations . . . new friendships and a wealth of experience.

President: Harriet Holan

Vice-president: Suz Keller

Secretary: Ann Rodgers

Faculty Advisor: Miss Petrequin

Third row: J. Turnock, A. Mackenzie, D. Pritchard,
N. Pendery, Miss Petrequin, A. Schofield,
M. D. Robeck, J. Dalton, B. Hodges

Second row: A. Rodgers, S. Keller, H. Holan,
J. Farrington, M. Shierson

First row: K. Dunlop, N. Dalton, N. Travis, J. White



Order of Willing Service

Grave discussions: *Swinging Swanee* or *Swingin' Swanee* . . . pre-carnival meetings in the press room . . . "But does she know anything about popping popcorn?" . . . a ticket committee which turned its talents toward singing . . . the day the Old South rose again . . . genuine pleasure in hard work, new friends, and experiences . . . a very *Swinging Swanee*.

<i>President:</i>	Ann Rodgers
<i>Vice-president:</i>	Betsy Lottman
<i>Secretary:</i>	Connie Berry
<i>Treasurer:</i>	Nell Gilmore
<i>Faculty Advisor:</i>	Mrs. Simmons

Betsy Lottman, Nell Gilmore, Connie Berry, Ann Rodgers, Mrs. Simmons



Specularia Board

"You mean we aren't having *food* today? . . . a penchant for puns . . . frenzied financial success . . . "We can't put *that* picture in *Spec!*" . . . *Peanuts* providing inspiration for ad-getters . . . a merry, memorable year.

Editor: Cleo McNelly

Assistant Editors: Laurel Blossom, Harriet Holan, Nell Gilmore,
Mardi Clowes

Art Editor: Carolyn Tillinghast

Business Managers: Carole Hartman, Wendy Welch

Faculty Advisor: Miss Bruce

Wendy Welch, Carole Hartman, Carolyn Tillinghast, Mardi Clowes,
Nell Gilmore, Harriet Holan, Laurel Blossom, Cleo McNelly



Review Board

Our initiation into the "guzzlers" . . . constant supply of work for everyone . . . use and abuse of the Red Feather Agency . . . "Original? We haven't enough money to be original!" . . . fruitless attempts at organization and consistency.

Editor:

Betsy Lottman

Assistant Editors:

J. Dalton, S. Glennan, A. Schofield, A. Williams

Art Editors:

K. Sullivan, J. Towell

Business Manager:

M. D. Robeck

Faculty Advisors:

Miss Haigh, Mrs. McCreary

Third row: S. Irish, N. Newell, A. Schofield, A. Williams, L. Dunlop, L. Bruner, H. Lehmann, B. Beggs, T. Kendrick, H. Hamilton, S. Amor

Second row: M. Brouse, F. Fangboner, L. Meyers, P. Vaughn, M. D. Robeck, K. Halvorson, S. Berger, J. Staples, M. Stern, C. Knutson, L. Steingass, J. Farr, A. Grabski

First row: Miss Haigh, B. Hodges, J. Dalton, S. Glennan, K. Meister, B. Lottman, J. Towell, K. Sullivan, A. Spitler, S. Luntz, Mrs. McCreary



Glee Club

The sounds of music from Room 23 on Tuesday afternoons . . . "Has anyone seen my folder?" . . . successful mastery of the Spanish accent . . . lipstick and long rehearsals with U.S. . . . an impressive spring concert to finish an exciting year.

President: Faye Loughry
Librarian: Nell Gilmore
Secretary: Cissy Cochran
Faculty Advisor: Mrs. Foulkes

Fourth row: N. Newell, F. Fitch, D. Brown, M. Steffen, S. Gheen, J. Eaken, A. Schofield, A. Williams, S. Meckes, S. Stevens, M. Clapp, A. Rodgers, S. Shenk, C. Tillinghast

Third row: L. Kelly, L. Bruner, T. Kendrick, L. Shields, J. Hickox, C. Adams, L. Blossom, H. Holan, M. L. Chamberlain, S. Keller, B. Floyd, L. Reichert, B. Kinder, J. Staples

Second row: Mrs. Foulkes, S. Berger, B. Spitler, J. Gilmore, J. Towell, M. Shierson, K. Halvorson, P. Gilmore, D. Pritchard, A. Robinson, S. Glennan, L. Steingass

First row: A. Shepard, S. Nulsen, V. Nulsen, G. Lopez, B. Hodges, C. Cochran, F. Loughry, J. Dalton, N. Smythe, S. Hoover, C. McNelly, J. Turnock, B. Lottman



Ensemble

Close harmony in Room 24 on Friday afternoons . . . a giggling semicircle with a dynamic director . . . rehearsals with the Octet reminiscent of Quaker meetings . . . memorable Glee Club concert for seventeen Guys and Dolls.

President: Martha Clapp

Faculty Advisor: Mrs. Foulkes

Mrs. Foulkes, Carol Adams, Suz Keller, Martha Clapp, Carolyn Tillinghast, Harriet Holan, Martha Shierson, Linda Kelly, Cissy Cochran, Nell Gilmore



Dramatic Club

A new desire for perfection . . . a back-stage interest in every dramatic production . . . a new tryout system . . . dramatic use of club meetings . . . a beloved turtle . . . invaluable aid from Junior members . . . *ars artis gratia*.

President: Laurel Blossom

Vice-president: Martha Shierson

Secretary: Suky Abbott

Faculty Advisor: Mrs. Colbath

Second row: Mrs. Colbath, Sally Tucker, C. Berry, B. Hodges, W. Welch, F. Loughry, S. Abbott, S. Keller, P. Gibson, H. Holan, L. Blossom, M. Shierson, M. L. Chamberlain, B. Lottman, N. Newell

First row: Cleo McNelly, P. Vaughn, M. Stern, N. Peacock, T. Kendrick, M. Clapp, J. Farrington, L. Dunlop, L. Kelly, A. Schofield



Modern Dance Club

Terpsichore's H.B. darlings . . . frustrated attempts at imitation of Marcel Marceau . . . "Amy's the only one who can do it!" . . . creators of a new Little Match Girl . . . expressive interpretation of life through movement.

President:

Wendy Welch

Secretary:

Barbara Luntz

Faculty Advisor:

Mrs. Kader

Third row: M. Feather, L. McKinney, N. Pendery,
S. Shenk, C. Floyd, N. Smythe, S. Narten, P. Sarber,
A. Colburn, N. Davis, J. Nordstrom

Second row: K. Weil, M. Stern, A. Schofield, D. Arter,
K. Sullivan, S. Berger, A. Hildt, J. Dalton,
A. Williams, K. Kline

First row: M. Clowes, J. Farrington, B. Floyd, B. Luntz,
W. Welch, C. Johnson, S. Abbott, H. Morgan



Art Club

Varied and interesting imports from Cleveland Art Museum appearing from time to time in our upper hall . . . vigorous attempts at unification . . . tentative try-outs . . . aspiration to understand and appreciate modern art.

President: Francie Nutt

Faculty Advisor: Mrs. Moore

Third row: L. McKinney, M. Young, S. Irish,
A. Grabski, F. Fangboner, S. Matthes, C. Adams,
Mrs. Moore, L. Weatherhead, C. Arms, L. MacKenzie,
J. Hubbard, B. Kalkas

Second row: N. Chapin, M. Valentine, B. Keil,
M. Clowes, F. Nutt, S. Gheen, M. Clapp, S. Abbott,
B. Luntz, M. L. Chamberlain, J. Hickox, D. Davidson

First row: L. Carson, S. Luntz, C. Johnson, J. Seel,
C. Hartman, N. Peacock, M. Stern, L. Shields,
L. Gibson



Junior Council on World Affairs

A roll-call that lasts five minutes . . . active participants in an election year . . . poignant memories of Moslem women . . . fifteen pounds of everlasting goober peas . . . able representation of Panama at the Model United Nations Assembly with the aid of an expert.

<i>President:</i>	Carolyn Tillinghast	<i>Program Chairman:</i>	Pat Gillmore
<i>Vice-president:</i>	Paula Gibson	<i>Parliamentarian:</i>	Nell Gilmore
<i>Secretary:</i>	Peggy Latimer	<i>Assistant</i>	
<i>Treasurer:</i>	Mary Dow Robechek	<i>Parliamentarian:</i>	Judy Gillmore
<i>Steering Committee</i>		<i>Faculty Advisor:</i>	Miss Geiger
<i>Representative:</i>	Sally Glennan		

Mary Dow Robechek, Nell Gilmore, Carolyn Tillinghast, Peggy Latimer,
Sally Glennan, Paula Gibson

Members: C. Adams, B. Bauer, B. Beggs, M. J. Bregenzer, L. Bruner, L. Carson, M. L. Chamberlain, G. Chapman, M. Clowes, A. Colborn, C. Coleman, S. Corrigan, D. Costello, S. Crocker, J. Dalton, N. Dalton, M. Davenport, D. Davidson, A. DeLancey, K. Dunlop, L. Dunlop, N. Duty, J. Farr, F. Fangboner, F. Fitch, S. Fitz-Gerald, M. Frohring, T. Garver, L. Gibson, P. Gibson, S. Gibson, N. Gilmore, J. Gillmore, P. Gillmore, M. Ginn, S. Glennan, A. Grabski, J. Hall, K. Halvorson, H. Hamilton, C. Hartman, C. Hauserman, J. Hickox, J. Hubbard, S. Irish, D. Jones, B. Kalkas, B. Keil, S. Keller, T. Kendrick, C. Knutson, P. Latimer, H. Lehmann, F. Loughry, G. Lopez, S. Luntz, A. Mackenzie, L. Mackenzie, K. McMillan, C. Meister, M. Mitchell, N. Moonan, H. Morgan, L. Myers, N. Newell, J. Nordstrom, F. Nutt, D. Pritchard, D. Regal, M. D. Robechek, P. Roos, C. Rosenthal, P. Sarber, A. Shepard, M. Shiersen, C. Smallwood, J. Smith, B. Spitler, L. Steingass, J. Staples, M. Stephens, K. Sullivan, C. Tillinghast, M. Valentine, P. Vaughn, W. Welch, A. Williams, C. White, C. White, M. Stern, S. Abbott, L. Blossom, S. Hoover, H. Holan, M. Young, D. Brown, H. Endicott, D. Arter, A. Rodgers



Spanish Club

A Senior Spanish table long before Senior Tables . . . the club renowned for glamorous parties with particularly fond memories of a Christmas celebration complete with piniata . . . the carol-singing senioritas . . . an opportunity to meet the natives and to improve their tongue.

President: Nancy Chapin
Vice-president: Mary Lou Chamberlain
Secretary: Sherry Matthes
Treasurer: Linda Kelly
Faculty Advisor: Mrs. Preyer

Third row: B. Keil, D. Brown, P. Latimer, F. Loughry,
 L. Meyers, M. Ginn

Second row: L. Kelly, N. Chapin, Mrs. Preyer,
 M. L. Chamberlain, S. Matthes

First row: J. Hickox, D. Costello, M. Stephens

Absent: Paula Friedlander



French Club

Le Petit Cercle Français . . . Christmas program complete with berets . . . specially imported French records . . . petits fours and demi tasses . . . elegant meetings with French slides . . . an indomitable Madame President.

President:

Barbara Luntz

Vice-president:

Connie Berry

Secretary:

Carol Hauserman

Faculty Advisor:

Mrs. Weston

Fourth row: B. Luntz, Mrs. Weston

Third row: M. Steffen, H. Holan, C. Tillinghast,
N. Gilmore, C. Hauserman, W. Welch

Second row: L. Shields, F. Nutt, C. Hartman,
J. Farrington, S. Hobbs

First row: G. Lopez, M. Comtois, C. Berry, A. Rodgers,
M. Clapp, P. Gibson



Latin Club

Lofty aspirations to high living and plain thinking . . . enlargement to include enthusiastic Juniors . . . "Well, you think of a time we can all get together, then!" . . . illusions of the grandeur of togas . . . the brave new experiment . . . *Gaudeamus Igitur*.

President:

Suzy Meckes

Vice-president:

Debby Hickox

Faculty Advisor:

Mrs. Biek

Back row: S. Berger, M. Young, N. Newell, L. Dunlop,
K. Halvorson, K. Meister, B. Lottman

Front row: M. Clowes, S. Meckes, Mrs. Biek, D. Hickox,
L. Blossom



Athletic Association

Originators of eye-catching bulletin boards . . . unforgettable defeat in volleyball at the hands of the faculty . . . weekly revelries . . . innovation of spicy team names . . . a most successful Hockey Playday.

President:

Bourne Floyd

Treasurer:

Janet Eaken

Secretary:

Sherry Matthes

Faculty Advisor:

Miss Rosenberger

Back row: D. Arter, J. Eaken, B. Floyd, S. Matthes,
K. Meister

Front row: N. Moonan, Miss Rosenberger, C. Floyd,
N. Belden

1984

S.A.	still?	H.H.	Happy Hausfrau
C.A.	Circus Acrobat	C.J.	Confident Judoist
C.M.B.	Consummate Marital Bliss	B.K.	Bridge Kibitzer
L.B.	Lots of Babies	N.S.K.	Nonchalant Sock Knitter
D.B.	Diplomat in Brazil	L.K.	Linguistic Knack
M.L.C.	Major League Champ	P.L.	Perfect Listener
N.C.	Nantucket Circe	G.L.	Globe Loper
M.C.	Model for Cassini	F.L.	"Fore" on the Links
M.C.	Master of Ceremonies	B.L.	Brilliant Lithographer
C.C.	Coquette Charmante	S.M.	Siren for the Multitude
M.C.	Master's in Choreography	C.M.	Creation of Masterpieces
D.C.	Dance Canteen	S.M.	Suburban Matron
J.E.	Judge of Etiquette	H.M.	Her Majesty
J.F.	Junior-Miss Fashion-designer	F.N.	Frazzled Nurse
B.F.	Beach-combing Fishmonger	N.P.	Natty Portrait-painter
P.F.	Patron of Fillies	A.R.	Avid Restaurateur
S.G.	Saucy Gadabout	J.S.	Juvenile Storyteller
P.G.	Peace Corps Go-between	L.S.	Lucid Soothsayer
N.G.	Notable Geologist	M.S.	Mediator in Squabbles
M.G.	in an	M.S.	Midwestern Spouse
C.H.	Celestial Harpist	M.S.	Magnifico Spokesman
C.H.	Champion Horsewoman	C.S.	Competent Social Secretary
D.H.	Dilletante Hairdresser	C.T.	Congresswoman from Texas
J.H.	Jolly Hunter	W.W.	Woman of the World
S.H.	Southern Hospitality		





Swinging





Swanee





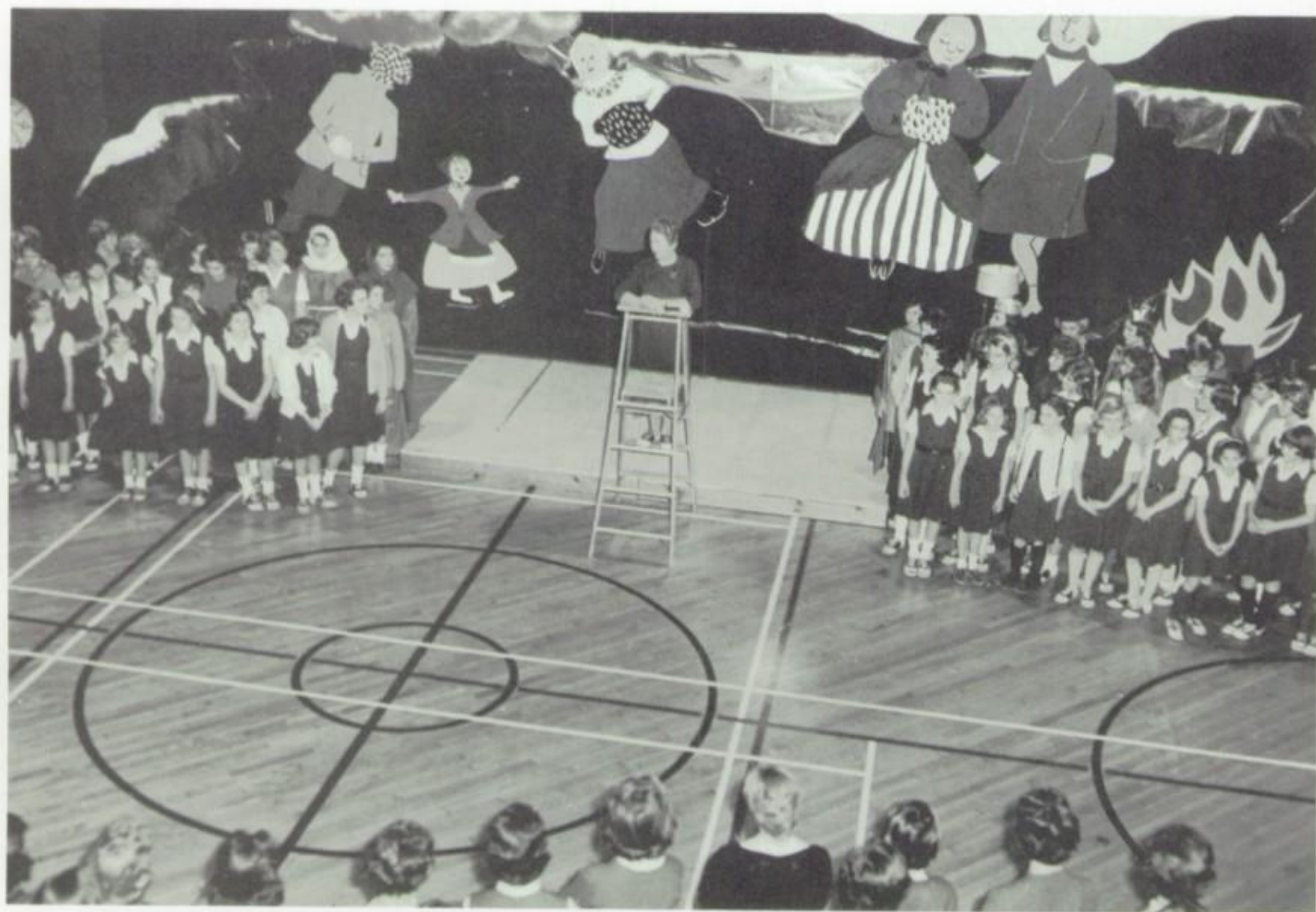
Twelfth





Night







New Frontiers

THE SCENE IS Hathaway Brown's Canaveral on the banks of the Swanee, where representatives of the Cleveland Chapter of the Venus Field Service are gathered to board Capsule Number 61. Over the loudspeaker come the terrifying chest tones of Miss LINDA KELLY as she warns the passengers that blast-off time is approaching. Stewardess NUTT, who is attired in a tasteful ensemble of orange muu-muu and tiki, and Stewardess GIBSON, clothed in an Assyrian garment of purple and gold, carefully screen the occupants of the Venus-bound capsule.

"I'm sorry, Miss HARTMAN," says Miss Nutt to a wild-eyed student, "but you'll have to leave your briefcase behind."

"But all these important contracts!" cries Miss Hartman.

"You can leave them in the capable hands of Miss MECKES, our lost-and-found supervisor. She's wonderfully capable — why, she finds almost everything she loses."

In a blue funk, Miss Hartman boards the capsule, followed by Miss HAUSERMAN, a notorious anarchist determined to indoctrinate the inhabitants of Venus with the principle "School is the opium of the people." Miss Nutt next greets the Misses COMTOIS, BERRY, and ABBOTT, who have gallantly given up their gym period for this space trip. Michelle particularly is disappointed to learn that she may be forced to forego her budding career in gymnastics for an indefinite length of time. Still the eager space explorers pour into the capsule. There is a brief scuffle when the Misses LOUGHRY and GILMORE refuse to board without their golf clubs; and their wrath increases when they learn that the Misses ADAMS, CHAPIN, and CLOWES have boarded with skates, tennis racket, and skis respectively. After the last passenger has boarded, the capsule is SEELED, and Pilot MORGAN signals to the control room that she is ready to blast off: "RODGERS and out!"

As the ascent begins, the group is silent, though an occasional popping noise can be heard. "A demerit goes to the girl who is chewing gum!" shrieks Miss HOLAN, a civilian in charge of Interplanetary Misdemeanors. This eases the tension in the capsule somewhat, and passengers begin to amuse themselves. Miss JUDITH HICKOX, a strange gleam in her eye, is figuring out class dues in light years. Miss

LATIMER is also computing, estimating the walking distance from the launching pad to Venus. Miss MATTHES, however, is a bit homesick; she misses the friendly snarl of her jaguarunda.

Finally the troop arrives at the COSTELLOation Venus. As they alight from the capsule, they note that the planet is a peculiarly barren one: not a BLOSSOM in sight. The air is so rarified that they find themselves HICKOXing aGHEEN and aGHEEN. The travelers elect the Misses COCHRAN, JOHNSON, KEIL, PEACOCK, STEFFEN, GINN, and BROWN as guides, with Miss LOPEZ as chief interpreter, since she speaks several Venusian dialects as well as a smattering of Sanskrit. But what is this in the distance? A group of three-legged, one-eyed natives in leotards cavort strangely toward the young ladies, led by a Miss WELCH, who mysteriously disappeared from the H.B. Chapter several years ago.

"Oh, I know that dance!" cries Miss HOBBS, hurrying to join them.

"How are we ever going to get *these* people blind dates for the prom?" ask the Misses CLAPP and STOTTER.

"Here is my calling card," says Miss FARRINGTON, offering a small white paper to the apparent leader of the natives.

Miss KELLER wisely suggests a class meeting to settle the question of establishing good relations with the Venusians. "First," quoth she, "it must be understood that unless we all cooperate, there will be no Friday tables."

Miss McNELLY inquires if there is a Venusian branch of Nabisco to supply "Spec" meetings, but she is interrupted by the Misses CHAMBERLAIN, EAKEN, and FLOYD, who announce that a schedule will be posted for meteor-hurling tournaments between the Merry Martians and the Valiant Venusians. Chaos breaks loose in the crowds, and Miss LUNTZ signals for silence in, it is believed, French.

Miss SHIERSON begins "I have notes for . . ."

"You're out of order!" shrieks Miss TILLINGHAST, clutching Robert's Rules of Interplanetary Order. At this Point, the expedition is deemed futile by the group, and dejectedly they re-enter the capsule, as Miss SHIELDS mutters something about another absence slip to Miss STEPHENS, who nods understandingly. Somewhere down below, Miss COBURN and Mrs. SIMMONS are waiting to welcome the tired travelers home and tell them that college admissions directors have been wondering where they were.

Calendar of Events

September 11	Opening Day	an A pple a day . . .
November 18	Swinging Swanee	B etter late . . .
November 24-25	Thanksgiving Holiday	when the C at's away . . .
December 16 to January 3	Christmas Vacation	D eck the halls . . .
January 24-27	Midyear Examinations	E ither . . . or . . .
February 17-18	<i>Twelfth Night</i>	"Wit, an it be thy will, put me into good F ooling . . ."
February 22	Holiday	G eorgy Porgy . . .
March 24 to April 11	Spring Vacation	H istory repeats itself . . .
April 14	Glee Club Concert	"I'm late, I'm late . . ."
May 23	May Day	J ust in time . . .
May 30	Holiday	K icking up our heels . . .
June 1-6	Final Examinations	L ost weekend . .
June 7	Last Chapel	M oments to remember . . .
June 8	Prep. and Prime Commencement	N ew horizons . . .
June 9	Commencement	O, P, Q, R, S, T, U, V, W, X, Y, Z End



Susan Herbert Hobbs

May Queen, 1961



Just take that half, dearie.



What, ho! Heasar!



I think I'll sit this polka out.



But, Rapunzel...



"I will cast off gross acquaintance."



Cinderella?



I'm breaking training!



You say it burned down?



At night we ride with the
ku klux Klan.



UNICEFERS



I HAVE her well trained now.



YES - I have touched
the Bachelors!



Twilight Zone



Twenty to show, but keep it quiet.



You can come out now.



Draw.



going Pross-specting



Oh, hi, Daddy!



Eli!



She turned me down.



Leave the driving to us.



You should have seen that boy run.



I'm only a bird in a gilded cage.



Fix upon Sam Snead.



The elephants are coming.



Aw, q'wan!



Our future letter men!



Another Ivy-League triumph!



The glass menagerie



Those were the elephants.



If everyone lit just one little candle...



Hey! I was there first!



Class of '61



Ah, the fresh air after lunch.



Limb along with Lumb



But he said he'd call.



New Frontiers



Ain't love grand?



Knit one, purl two.



Wait 'till they get our Room Service bill!



We're not using the high-priced spread.



She says I'm too young.



Are there any questions, man?



"Youth's a stuff 'twill not endure."



Smile!



Will the meeting please come to order?



Toot-toot!



Give me a B!



The party's over



HELLO THERE, BIG BOY!



Yes, I certainly do recommend H.A.!



What do you mean, we can't use the script?



I can't find the kitchen sink.



Gourmets, Inc.



BEES?



What does the donkey do?



Only her hairdresser knows for sure.



Gee, Dad, it's a Winchester!

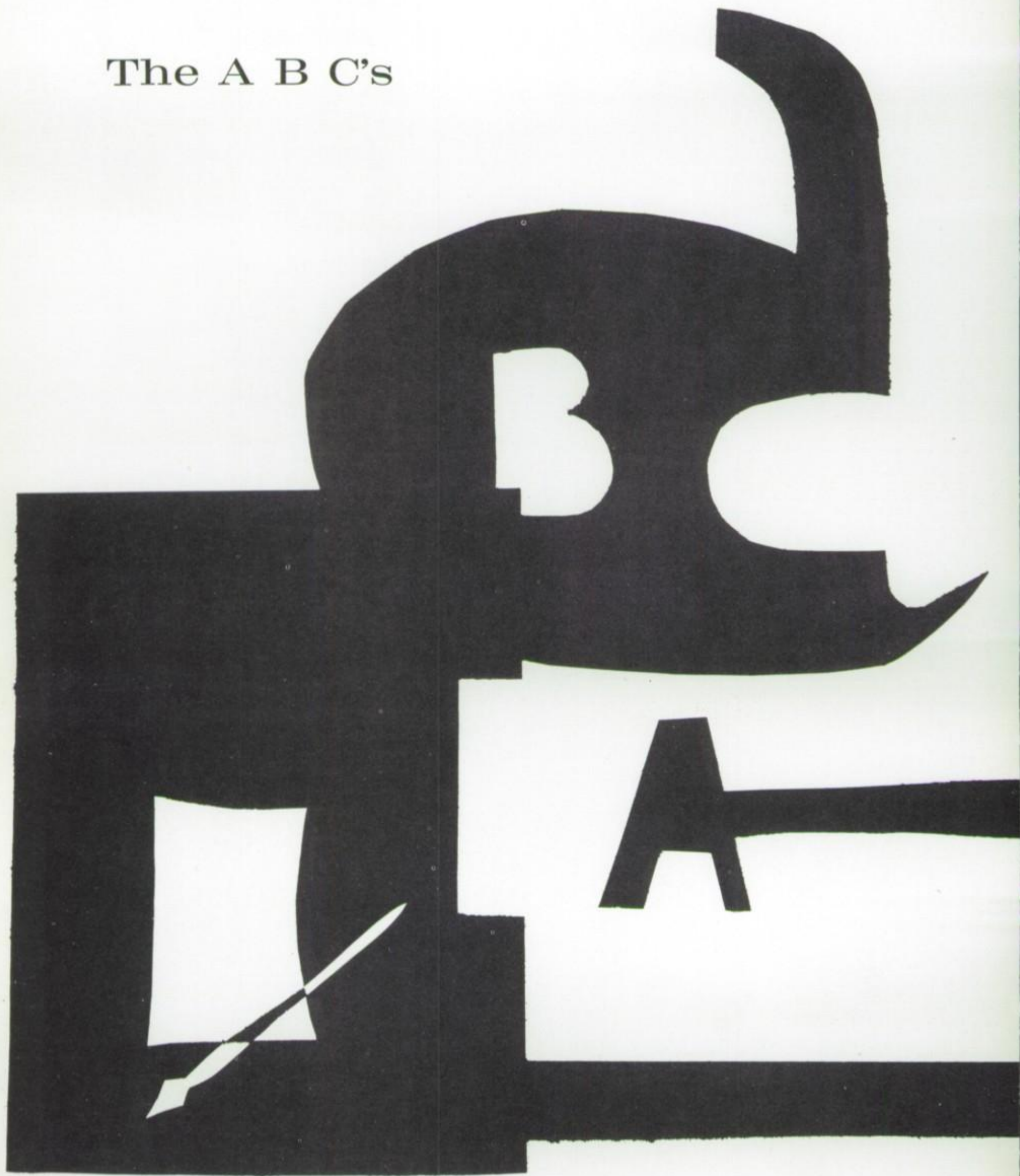


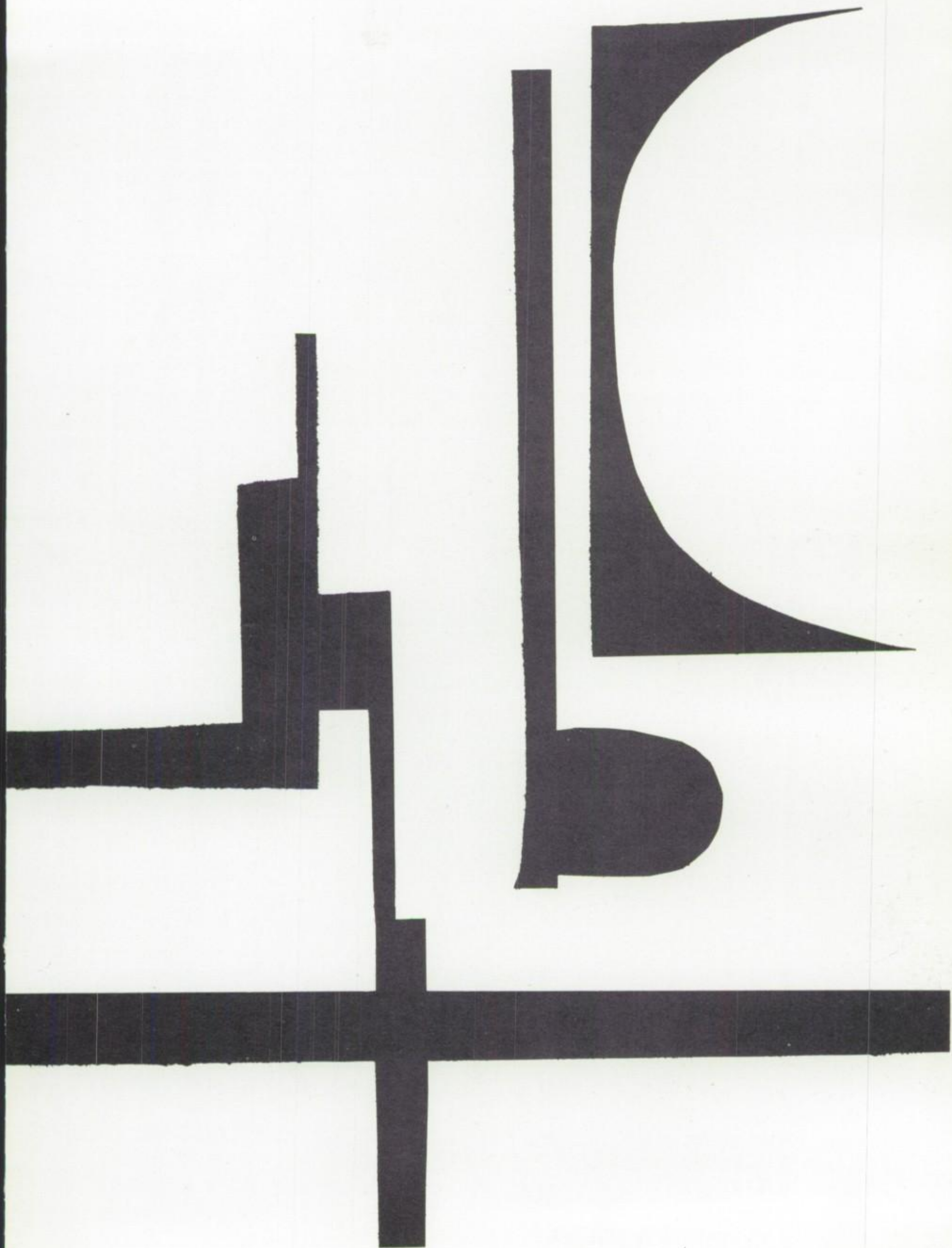
Is there room for me?



Anyone for piggy-back?

The A B C's





The Avalanche

Poetry Prize

Pebbles rolling over stones,
Down to the bottom of the mountain,
Down to the path of the village below,
Nestling at its base.
Pebbles skipping over stones,
Shoveling the dirt which holds them fast,
Until the stones begin to move,
Tumbling over pebbles that went before,
Rushing on ahead, down and down
To the streets of the city below.
Stones rushing over pebbles,
Tumbling over boulders in their path,
Loosening those boulders
Pebble by pebble,
Stone by stone,
Until the boulders rock and sway
And crash down the mountain side,
Throwing stones and pebbles out to dust,
Down, down the mountainside
To the highways of the empire below,
Crushing it in an avalanche of time.

LAUREL BLOSSOM, *Class of '63*

Hardin's Aspiration

Raymond Short Story Prize

IN THE EIGHTH SPRING of my childhood I wished to become an artist; and because I had been pampered since birth by my doting parents, grandparents, and unmarried aunts and uncles, as an only child often is, I held no doubt whatsoever that in an amazingly short period of time I would become much greater than any artist who had ever preceded me. Impatiently looking forward to the day I would be acclaimed as a great master by everyone, I searched out the most worthy subjects I could find. At first I was content to scratch onto my paper the lines of objects which were not alive, but later I became inspired to use my talents for portraitures alone. My problem became that of finding a willing subject since no one in the house had time to stay still long enough for me to capture his expression and pose. Frustrated by every failure to receive absolute attention for long, I lugged my equipment into the garden to attack my last hope of a calm but live subject, Hardin, the gardener.

Although my interest in painting soon faded, the visits I made with my paints to the garden were important to me. They seemed important to me then because I thought that they were the beginning of a great career; now I realize that they were important because they were the first things which ever made me realize that Hardin was more than a fixture which went with our house. As he would lean over the freshly turned beds, crumbling every lump of earth with hands stained almost black from years of gardening, I became aware of all the lines and shadings of his face. Before this time I had always thought of Hardin as a thing: he was the gardener who was as permanent an installment as the cracked bird bath in the orchard. But with the study of his face I began to realize that he was a person I hardly knew. In drawing the long lines of his body I did not have this feeling. His frame was familiar, and I was only coming to know it better. But his face seemed more mysterious every time I beheld it. Since there was nothing evil in it, all its mystery must have been in the fact that I knew nothing of the thoughts that had ever passed behind it.

His face was weather-beaten but strangely smooth, oval and long, serious and righteous. My first impression of him, although I had never really thought about it a great deal, was that he was just an extension of his stained gray overalls and plaid green shirt, both of which were very faded and both of which he wore every day. Now I discovered that

his deep-set eyes, for instance, were neither dull gray nor dull green, but a light brown which was constantly darkened by the shadow underneath his brow. There were lines indented in his high forehead and three creases faintly spreading from each eye. I fabricated the idea that they had been caused by fits of anger and of laughter that could have attacked him in his youth, although they were probably only from hard concentration on his work and from squinting in the light of the sun. His black and gray hair was thinning; his nose was large with a ball on the end; his ears were large also but close to his head; his chin had a crease down the middle of it; and his Adam's apple was predominant in his long, thick neck. I think that what impressed me the most about his face was that his thin lips were as delicate as a woman's except for the heavy manner by which they were drawn down at the very corners. His mouth was made so obscure by his other, bolder features that it surprised me when I realized its true shape. It was when I realized its form that I first thought of Hardin as once having a mother. This idea bothered my curiosity even more than his other features had done.

Gradually my visits to paint Hardin turned into long talks. I pestered him with questions about himself, which I asked with the keen curiosity and bluntness typical of my youth, and he answered me with the conciseness people use when they have lived alone for a long time. I never was satisfied concerning what type of parents Hardin had had. They seemed misty in his mind. Once he said of them: "They were to me as yours are to you, I imagine. They were fine people." And that seemed to be the end of the subject.

On a day when the sun was especially bright and the sky was extraordinarily blue, Hardin's serious face actually lit itself up into a big smile as he was watering a bed of tiny green shoots. Looking down on them, he said: "Every day will be like this one when I retire, Child." I felt that he was telling me something sacred; I whispered back "why?"

"Because I'm retiring to the country in which my ancestors lived, and there there is never a dark day."

"Another country?"

He nodded.

"Do you have enough money?"

He nodded again.

"Where did you get it?"

"I worked." He looked at his hands. "I worked many years." His face brightened again: "And this is the very last year: next spring I will have enough money to retire."

I became excited, asking twice as many questions as I usually did in a morning. And in his rare mood Hardin seemed to be glad to answer them. He kept all his money in a strong wooden box, he explained, which was in one of the two rooms he lived in. These two rooms and another room for tools were in a little house near the back of our big yard. The box must have had a large lock because Hardin showed me its big key which hung from his neck day and night close to his heart. In his box of money were all the dreams and aspirations of his lifetime. He told me of the cousins he would find and of the friends he would make. He had never been out of this country before, but just to listen to him one would suspect that he would soon be going home from a visit here which had continued for too long. He hoped to take upon himself the expenses of any poor relations whom he would find there. I was surprised when he stated that he was going to get married when he got there. I could not imagine Hardin married, for some reason. He did not even know whom he would marry. To my suggestion that if he wanted to get married, he should marry our maid, he shook his head. It was clear that the woman he married would have to be from his "home" country. All his dreams were planned in detail already and could not be changed.

Soon the summer grew old and lay dying in a burning fever. My fickle interests turned to activities which could be enjoyed inside the cool house more than in the uncomfortable heat of the yard, so my talks with Hardin grew farther apart and briefer.

One dreadful morning, while in a spoilt, ugly mood, I had a bitter argument with my mother about whether or not I was old enough to play with an old box of matches I had discovered. I finally ran out of the house shouting that I had found them, that I was going to use them, and that no one had a right to stop me. I rushed to an old tree at the very corner of the yard and sat down beneath it with the box in my hand.

I sat there a long time, determined to light at least one of the matches, but never quite starting to do it. Finally I took them out of their box; one by one I laid out my evil treasures on the ground. In all, there were twelve big wooden matches with blue heads. As I was beginning to stand them up in the dry earth, I heard a rattling sound and the pounding of someone's footsteps. I quickly stood up in front of the matches as Hardin appeared, coming up the path carrying a ladder. I stood watching him as he came closer. When he reached the tree, he put up the ladder against it and pulled some clippers out of his pocket. All of this time he had not said a word to me. This was

his normal behavior: he never seemed to feel the need to speak, yet he would always respond with a kind word to anything I said to him.

Today I felt an ugly feeling grow within me as I watched him. I was angry because I felt that he might know about the matches and that he might be showing his disapproval by ignoring me. With childish arrogance I glared up at his face. I could not divine what thoughts were behind it now, even though I had tried my utmost before this time to know the same thing. But *he* seemed to know everything concerning *me* without even honoring me with a glance. I did not think it was right: after all, he was our servant! After an eternity he started to speak—still without looking at me: “Child,” he began—

“Shut up!” I cried; and grabbing a handful of matches, I sped down the path on which he had come. Immediately I was ashamed, and yet I became angrier still when I thought of the fact that Hardin might have seen the rest of the matches I had left lying on the ground obviously unburnt, having been used as childish toys. I felt myself blushing with shame and anger.

The path which I was following led to the tool house. I ran into the dusty room and slammed the door behind me. But feeling that my emotions were too large for the little volume in it, I opened the back door, and for the first time in my life I invaded the privacy of Hardin’s rooms. Curiosity took the place of a little of my anger as I stepped into the bedroom. It was a dusty green in color with brown curtains at the window. The bed had a red and tan cover on it. I looked no farther. Depressed and conscience-stricken that I had looked into the room at all, I turned to leave. But I remember that just before the door closed completely, I had noticed an old wooden box with a large lock on it at the foot of the bed.

As I stepped back into the tool room, I tripped on a trowel and awkwardly fell to my knees with a crash. Anger again boiled up inside of me. Nothing had passed well for hours, and frustration at being hurt the moment following my one decent action of the day, forced hot tears to my eyes. Just out of spite I sat down where I had fallen and quickly lit one of the matches still in my hand by striking it on the trowel. I held it, watching the flame crawl toward my fingers, and I ended its life with one breath. It had been easy to light a match — without thinking about it.

Intrigued, I put down the last two matches I had and dedicated myself to building a worthy fireplace for them. I brought a broken piece of a flower pot into the center of the room. Under the worktable there was a bag of wood shavings which I sprinkled on top of this

orange chip. I struck the second match and lit them, adding new shavings as others were set on fire. A few light shavings floated up in a hot breeze which came from under the door, but their glow died in the air. And, still entranced, I added more fuel.

Suddenly the room was full of little fires! I whirled around and became paralyzed for a terrible moment. Then I was beating at the tiny but undaunted flames with anything at which my hands clutched. But the flames spread, taunting me, dancing and winking at each other. Torn between the almost uncontrollable desire to scream for help and the pulsating fear of anyone's discovering what I had done, I beat at the flames while fiercely ordering them to stop. But when they only grew greater and wilder, I ran outside almost bursting my lungs with screams. Tears choked me; heartbeats exploded within me; my eyes were welded to the collapsing building before them. But above everything else I heard a damning voice within me accusing wildly: "The box! You've destroyed his box!"

LINDA KELLY, *Class of '61*

Impressions of England "Recollected in Tranquillity"

The English countryside —
A cozy village purring in the sun,
A cottage snuggling amid the moorish mists,
A fire within, tea gurgling in a kettle;
Byways lined with hedgerows,
Tangled shrubs that wind around
The sloping hills of England,
The rolling, sloping, sleepy hills
Of England;
And rivers dazzled by the sun,
And cooled beneath the shades of willow trees
That droop along the bank
And trail their lazy fingers in the stream;
And little patchwork quilts of field,
Sewn together by threads of stone.

LAUREL BLOSSOM, *Class of '61*

The Rabbit

Honorable Mention

WHEN ELLEN ARRIVED at the station, David was already standing on the platform alone. She saw him from a distance, a small sturdy figure with a red duck-billed hat pulled low across his eyes, and felt a stab of pain as she thought of the unexpected blow that had been struck them both, the death of his mother, her sister. He was only six, hardly more than a baby and yet old enough to understand that something terrible in its finality had separated him from his mother. Berating herself for being late, Ellen hurried across the platform. David waved a little half-hesitant wave when he saw her coming, and she was so afraid of losing her composure that she only put her arm across his shoulders for a moment, saying, "Hi, darling. I'm sorry to be late, but did you have a nice trip? Did the porter take good care of you?"

"Un-huh," David murmured in his subdued voice. "He told me when to get off. I knew it was Fairfield, but I was scared the train wouldn't stop."

Ellen had to hold her head high so he wouldn't see the sudden tears in her eyes. "He's so little," she thought. "What can I say? I can't even cope with my own emotions, much less his. The least I can do is not break down in front of him. He has to have somebody strong." She found the suitcase and glanced at David, who was watching the conductor unload the mail. His mouth looked poignant and young, but the brim of his hat left his eyes in impenetrable shadow. Ellen touched him lightly on the shoulder and said, "Come and hop in the car. It's getting late and I'm hungry."

Driving home through the autumn dusk, Ellen found herself chattering inconsequentially about the farm, the sheep, the chickens, and the old cow whose milk she laboriously tested and pasteurized just for the sheer pleasure of watching the hot, white froth mount in the pail. David interrupted once or twice to ask about the animals, but he soon withdrew into silence. He yawned once or twice, and his head nodded as they turned into the dooryard.

"Tired, Davy?" Ellen asked brightly as he clambered up the steps.

"I guess so," he said. "Are we going to eat first?"

"Sure thing, darling. We've got fresh eggs, and I saved the brown ones for you."

She had to raise the seat of his chair with a stack of books to bring

him up to the level of the table. From this perch he watched sleepily while she made supper. Unused to cooking for two, she felt clumsy and slow. When at last she had time to sit down, she saw that David was hardly eating and his yawns were becoming more frequent. The thought of putting him to bed gave her a sinking sensation. Both would be at their most vulnerable at bed-time, and she was afraid of betraying herself.

"But I don't *want* to go . . ." A gigantic yawn cut David's protest off and left him hanging a little sheepishly. Ellen grinned in spite of herself as she watched his elaborate preparations. He delayed the final moment as long as possible, dragging up the stairs, taking great pains over the ritual of toothbrush and teddy bear. Long after he was ready he went on chattering about his new pajamas. When Ellen finally turned out the light, a tense silence descended on them both. The shadows in the room emphasized the childish roundness of David's face and the purple marks of strain under his eyes. Pain struck Ellen as a physical blow.

"Oh, no," she thought desperately, "I will not cry in front of him." With a kiss and a good-night she left the room.

After that night the days gradually fell into a pattern. The mornings began when Ellen went out to do the chores in the barn. David usually went with her, his striped jerseys and blue jeans contrasting strangely with his tight, solemn face. Sometimes he carried the milk pail for her, and often he scattered corn in the henhouse or pulled clover for the rabbit. By the time she had finished he would be wandering aimlessly around the house or have gone back inside to read the two battered comic books he had brought. Ellen spent the rest of the day doing the odds and ends that seemed continually to crop up on the farm. She managed to keep David in sight as she worked, but she hesitated to intrude upon his aloofness. Occasionally he held the nails or the paint can while she repaired or asked her for something to do, but he stayed quiet and slipped like a shadow through the house.

One morning Ellen rounded the corner of the barn and found him sitting beside the open rabbit hutch holding the small brown rabbit in his arms. He was stroking it and talking softly into its long, velvet ears, which twitched under his breath. She paused a minute to watch. "Having fun, Davy?" she asked in delight.

He jumped as if she had caught him off guard and put the rabbit down. "Yeah, I guess so," he said. "Nice rabbit." But he turned away and went toward the house. A vague feeling of trepidation went

through Ellen, and she frowned as she followed him in.

The sense of inquiet grew through the day. David seemed even more remote than he had before. Ellen found herself longing to hear him laugh, or clatter down the stairs, or give any indication of being a healthy small boy. After David had been settled in bed without incident, she sat up for a long time, struggling with her own sense of inadequacy and trying to discover the answer to her worry over David's behavior. The image of his tense face hovered in her mind. There was something wrong. Surely a child would heal faster than an adult if the wound was sharp and clean. But David's wound was festering, and, Ellen thought with sudden knowledge, so was her own. She felt at a loss and thought with sudden bitterness that her sister would have known what to do. She always knew. Ellen spent hot, scorching tears that left her exhausted.

In the morning David was at the barn ahead of her. He was waiting with the milk pail in his hands, and there was a little crinkle of worry between his brows. She smiled at him questioningly and took the pail, but he promptly disappeared. In a moment he came back with the brown rabbit in his arms.

"Aunt Ellen," he said, "the rabbit's sick. He probably caught a cold when it rained last night."

"Rabbits don't usually get colds, Davy, but let me see him. Won't he eat?"

"No, and he acts all funny."

Ellen took the rabbit in her hand. It lay quite still except for its rapid breathing, and its eyes were dilated with pain. When she set it down, it tried to hop, but finally it just crouched on the floor.

"Get a box from the cellar and take him inside," Ellen directed David. "He does look sick."

They put the box beside the kitchen stove and gave the rabbit a dish of water. Ellen found herself ridiculously concerned over the animal, probably, as she reasoned, because it kept her from worrying about David. David too seemed relieved to have something to do. They stayed near the box all day, Ellen excusing herself by cleaning all the kitchen cabinets. After dinner when the rabbit gave a feeble hop in the direction of the water dish, Ellen watched in delight, David beside her, both of them exclaiming, "Look, he's better!"

Ellen sat on the edge of David's bed that night and suggested names for the rabbit. When she had exhausted her imagination, David announced with finality, "His name is Mopsey."

"Like Mopsey in *Peter Rabbit*," she remarked, and glanced at

David in time to see a quiver pass over his face. She railed against herself for awakening a memory. Of course, his mother would have read *Peter Rabbit* to him often. It had been their favorite when they were little, sitting in bed with the well-worn book spread out on their knees, reciting it to each other while they turned the pages. Ellen took a firm grip on her memory before it slid under a whirlpool of emotion. David's face had closed again into a mask, with only the poignant droop at the corner of his mouth to indicate that he had been brushed by tragedy. The weight of sorrow clung to Ellen too as, too exhausted to puzzle it out, she went to bed.

In the morning the sound of David's bare feet on the stairs woke her early. Remembering the rabbit, and guessing the reason for his hurry, she put on her robe and went down after him. The floor was cold with the chill of night, but the light of morning had already filled the house. Through the kitchen door Ellen could see David's back and the small curl at the nape of his neck as he bent over the box. As she watched he recoiled with a little cry. She was running before she identified the fear that gripped her. She knelt beside the box, knowing what she would see, but appalled still at the rabbit's stiff body and glazed eyes. David did not look at her, nor did he move. He only said, "The rabbit is dead."

Ellen sank back. This new hurt cut like a knife through the wall of her restraint. Pulling David into her arms, she let her tears come freely, first for the little death, then for the greater one.

David relaxed against her. "Oh, Aunt Ellen," he whispered, "I want Mummy back." Together they cried the quiet tears that heal.

CLEO MCNELLY, *Class of '61*

The Triumphal Arches

Like the rainbow,
Which arches its colors to the heavens
And then dips gracefully into the sea,
Autumn's mountains offer their beauty to God
And to man on earth.

ANN DELANCEY, *Class of '63*

Graduation

Honorable Mention

I laughed at the furious gusts of angry winds;
I clapped my hands in glee at spring rains' rumblings.
Then anxious voices called me in,
And storms were distant—forgotten toys,
And still I laughed.
New delights I found, new joys at every turning:
May mornings, and secrets shared with Emmie,
Hooting owls, and ship sails in full breezes.
Loving eyes watched every new discovery,
And wise hands led me laughing homeward when darkness fell
And cold winds blew around me.

I laugh no more when branches groan.
Rain strikes my face unkindly, and I turn away.
No one beckons from a sheltered doorway;
No one takes my hand and leads me home.
Strangers live in Emmie's house.
I stand at the water's edge, scanning the gray waves
For answers I cannot find on shore.
Playful ripples tease my feet; I laugh no more.
Night winds blow new sounds to me, and evening
Wraps my world in darker, more forbidding shades.
I will not laugh till morning.

NELL GILMORE, *Class of '61*

The Player

Playing the tunes of life, multiformed Present
Dances across the fresh hours forever,
Brushing so lightly those patches he crosses,
Patches that make up time's bright countryside.

Playing the tunes of life, multiformed Present,
Please, will your feet never bless one hour twice?

LINDA KELLY, *Class of '61*

The Blue Vase

Honorable Mention

ROBBY STOOD in the darkness and the chill of the winter air, trying to think of something that he could give his mother for Christmas. He listened to her voice beside him singing joyously the carols which were so familiar to him, and he felt the warmth of her arm around his neck. He tried to think of something that would be worthy of that voice and that protecting arm. As he watched the snowflakes drifting down before his face, he thought of the mat he had made for her the year before: it had been bright red, and he could still remember the care he had taken to make the snowflakes in the corners and to write "Merry Christmas" so that it would look just right. He had promised himself then that he would make her a mat every year until she had eight in all, but now he thought himself too old to give her anything that he had made himself, and besides, he could not make anything that would be wonderful enough for her. This year his present had to be something special.

He was not worried about his father or his sister, June; he had bought both their presents already. And they were less important than Mama. But the next day was Christmas Eve, and still he had found nothing for her. He did not know exactly what it was that he wanted to give her; but when he dreamed about it at night and when he thought about it during the day, he got a swelling in his throat and a heaviness in his chest that he knew he would feel again as soon as he saw it. He closed his eyes and concentrated, but even the sound of his mother's voice beside him and the warmth of her arm around him did not help. All he could see in his mind was something that shimmered through a haze, something that glittered and sparkled and shone, but had no shape.

He felt his mother's arm leave his neck, and then the sound of her voice dispelled the misty image in his mind. "Come on, dear. We want to sing for Jerry before we go home. He's down at the corner all alone, hoping to get a little business from last-minute shoppers. But it's getting late, and if we don't hurry, he may have left by the time we get there."

Robby smiled. Even her voice was warm. He put his hand in hers, and they walked together to the next house. "The First Noel," "O, Holy Night," "Jingle Bells," "Merry Christmas," house after house, neighbor after neighbor calling out his thanks behind them, and all

the while Robby was thinking, searching his imagination for the gift that would most please and thrill his mother.

Finally they reached the corner. The little store looked bright and cheerful in its Christmas wrapping, and the windows were filled with gay and colorful gift ideas. Again Robby heard his mother singing beside him, and he searched the displays for something that would do that singing credit. His eyes skimmed over the pots and pans, the tea sets, the guns, the dolls; and then in the corner, almost buried under the artificial display snow, he saw it. The lump came to his throat and the heaviness to his chest. He had pored over these windows time and time again, and yet he had never seen it until this moment. It was a little blue vase with a slender neck and little air holes that looked like bubbles rising from its base. Blue was his mother's favorite color, and the vase was just dainty enough to please her. It almost looked like her it was so perfect a gift for her. Robby edged closer to the window so that he might see the tag which hung around its throat. But the delightful heaviness in his chest congealed as he read it, and the lump in his throat dropped on his heart like a hammer. Four dollars. Robby had seldom seen as much money as that. And he knew he could not have more than a dollar in his wallet after buying his other presents. Where could he ever get three dollars by the next afternoon? It was essential that he have the money by then, because the next day was Christmas Eve, his last chance. Maybe he could earn it by washing the dishes when he got home. But his mother would send him straight to bed, because it was already past nine o'clock; and besides, he could not earn three whole dollars by washing dishes. Maybe he had three dollars in his bank. He had been saving all his extra change since September; maybe . . .

Robby was anxious to get home when the family had finished carolling outside Jerry's shop. He and June ran all the way, but still it seemed to Robby that it had never taken him so long to reach his front door. He kicked off his boots and almost threw his coat on the hanger in his hurry to get upstairs to his room.

He ran breathlessly over to his desk and pulled the bank down from the shelf above it. He went over to his bed and began to shake the coins out of the hole at the top. The jingling inside did not sound very loud, but he hoped and prayed that there might be three dollars in it. He remembered putting quite a few quarters in the bank, and, after all, it would take only twelve of them to make enough to buy that wonderful blue vase. He shook and shook; and when all the coins had fallen onto the bed and there was no more jingling inside the bank, he dropped

it beside the money and began to count the coins. One fifty-cent-piece, three quarters, six dimes, and four nickels. Two dollars and five cents. Robby counted again, but the number stayed the same. Two dollars and five cents. That meant that he still needed at least ninety-five cents, counting what he had in his wallet. It was better than needing three dollars, but it was not good enough. Maybe he had been wrong about how much he had in his wallet. Maybe there he had more than a dollar. He put his hand into his back pocket and pulled out his little blue and red wallet. Hopefully he opened the change purse and emptied the contents onto the bed. Again he counted, but the coins only added up to three dollars and two cents. He picked up the coins, put them into the wallet, and laid it on the desk. As he dressed for bed, he felt hot tears in his eyes, tears that blurred the haunting image of the little blue vase. What was he going to do? More clearly than anything else he could see before him the tag which hung around the throat of the vase and the bold black letters glaring out at him. Four dollars. He lay awake long hours, while the smell of his mother's breath and the warmth of her good-night kiss plagued him. He did so want to give her something that would show how much he loved her. He had found the something wonderful that would do it; but how was she ever going to know that he had found it?

The next morning Robby sat silently at breakfast, still trying desperately to think of some way to get ninety-five cents. He listened only half-consciously to the conversation around him, and the cheerful voices sounded discordant on his ears. His father opened the kitchen door and stuck his head in. "Dotty, I want to get some gas for the car. Have you got a dollar or two I could borrow?" The words "a dollar or two" penetrated like an electric shock to Robby's brain. He heard his mother say, "Yes, dear, I think so. Look in my purse. It's on the dresser," and then he heard himself almost shout, "I'll get it!" He jumped up from the table, almost spilling his milk, and before his mother could stop, he was out of the door and up the stairs. His mind was in a turmoil as he ran into the bedroom; but as he put his hand on the pocket-book, he hesitated. The idea that had struck him so hard had been little more than a feeling, a flicker of relief, a flash of hope. As he was running up the stairs, he had no clear idea about what it was he intended to do; but as his hand grasped the latch of the purse, words came to his mind, words that were unmistakable and definite. The relief of being able to buy that vase would be wonderful. Should he give in to that hope which was at this moment so very bright? In his mind he could see the blue vase sparkling as it had in the window, and

he pictured his mother's face as she opened the package and saw it there, nestled in tissue paper. He could see the gleam of the vase reflected in her eyes and the blueness of its color transmitted to them. And he thought of the pride and satisfaction he would feel then. Such pride and happiness were hard to come by. His hand moved swiftly and drew a dollar bill from the wallet. Almost before he had time to stop himself, the bill was in his pocket, the purse was closed, and he was running downstairs with it.

"You took a long time, dear."

"I couldn't . . . find it," he stammered, handing his mother the purse. He sat down in his seat, and staring at his cereal, he said, "Mama, I'm going over to Gary's to play for a while after breakfast . . . unless you have something for me to do here."

His mother laughed at the tone of the last part of his sentence. "No, dear. I haven't anything for you to do. But be home in time for dinner, because you and June want to get to bed early tonight."

"I will. I'll be back long before then."

Robby dressed and left the house quietly. He wanted to avoid his mother as much as possible now. As he walked slowly down the street toward Jerry's store, he thought of the little blue vase in the window and of the dollar bill in his pocket with which he was going to buy it. When he reached the corner, he looked in the window at the vase. He stood looking at it for a long time. It was a wonderful vase. His mother's face flickered again before his mind's eye, and again he felt that surge of pride and satisfaction. There was a new feeling mingling with it now which had not been there before. He opened the door and walked inside. The Christmas bells rang cheerily as the door closed behind him, but Robby's heart was too heavy to respond.

"Good morning, Robert," said Jerry. "What can I do for you today? Some last-minute shopping, I expect, eh?"

"Yes, sir. Could I see that blue vase in the window, please?"

"Why, certainly." Jerry went over to the window and brought out the vase. He placed it on the counter for Robby to admire. "Sure is a pretty vase, isn't it, Robert? You buying it for your mother?" Robby nodded. "She'll like that. Now, let's see. Four dollars. That's a lot of money for a young lad to be spending for a Christmas present, even if it is for his mother. You sure you have four whole dollars, Robert?" He looked at Robby jokingly; but when he saw that Robby was not laughing, he again became serious and business-like. "Well, now, let's see. With tax that would come to about four dollars and six cents."

Robby opened his wallet and dumped the coins onto the counter.

Then shyly he reached into his pocket; and glancing at the vase to reassure himself, he placed the dollar bill beside the rest of the money.

"Let's see," said Jerry. "One, two, three, four dollars . . . and two cents. That's four cents short, Robert. Have you got four more cents?" Robby looked up at him, shocked. Four cents more! Oh, no! He looked again at the vase which stood on the counter so near him, so nearly his, and his voice quivered as he said, "No, sir. That's all I could . . . get."

"Well," said Jerry sympathetically, "I guess I can do without four cents. Don't be upset. It's Christmas. It's a time to be happy. Here, take the vase. This will do."

Robby blushed. "Could you . . . could you wrap it for me?" He was embarrassed to have to ask that on top of everything else.

"Why, I think I could manage that. How 'bout some nice blue paper to go with the vase? O.K.?" Jerry picked up the vase and carried it to the back of the store. Robby could hear him whistling as he wrapped the package.

"There," he said, as he emerged from behind the curtain that screened the back room. "How's that? Looks pretty good, considering it was a man's hand that did the work, don't you think?" Robby nodded his thanks. "Well, thank your family for that pretty concert they gave me last night, and have a Merry Christmas, Robert."

"Thank you, Jerry. And you have a Merry Christmas too." Robby carefully took the little square package from the shop-keeper's hands and put it under his arm. The hardness of the package and the blue of its wrapping reassured him; and now that the worst was over, now that he had gotten rid of the dollar bill and had the vase safely with him, his heart grew lighter. He could almost forget what he had done and could concentrate on the joy he would give his mother when she opened his gift. But still his happiness was tinted with regret, and the thought of his pride was darkened by a hint of shame. And the nearer he drew to his home and to his mother's face, the deeper grew that regret and shame, until, when the lights of the Christmas tree shining from the living room window came into sight, an aching desire tormented him, a desire to have the morning back, the morning, before . . . and the hardness of the package in his side began to hurt rather than to comfort him.

Robby's mind was torn by conflict. He wanted to hurry Christmas in its coming, and he wanted to hold it off. He wanted to see his mother's face when she opened the little blue package, and he dreaded seeing it. He hid the gift as far under the tree as he could, both because

he wanted to save the best for last and because he wanted to keep that nagging dread as far from his mind as possible.

The rest of that day and night passed too swiftly and yet not swiftly enough for Robby. When he walked into the living room on Christmas morning with his family, he could not help being thrilled by the grand array of gifts that were waiting for him under the tree, and yet he could not forget the little blue package that was hidden somewhere behind them. Only a few of his gifts had been left unwrapped, and he had to take turns with his sister opening the others. The pile dwindled rapidly. Not soon enough, and yet too soon, the little square blue package was plainly visible. Hesitantly, Robby handed it to his mother. "Merry Christmas, Mama," he said in a voice that wavered between joy and remorse.

"Thank you, dear. Isn't this pretty wrapping!" Slowly, too slowly and yet not slowly enough, the wrapping fell to the floor and lid came off the box. Robby waited longingly to see the little blue vase that would bring his mother such happiness and bring him such pride and joy. He stared at the package. Carefully the tissue paper was folded back, and the vase was brought from its resting place. Robby stared at the vase incredulously. Where was the sparkle that it had had in the store? Where was the lovely blue that had shone in it before? He heard his mother's voice say, "Why, Robby, it's just lovely. Thank you, darling." He looked up at her. There was no sparkle reflected in her eyes, no blue transmitted to them. He felt her kiss on his cheek, but there was no warmth in it for him. Desperately he looked again at the vase. But it was true. The vase had lost its sparkle and the blue seemed a cold, rigid, ugly color. And where was that joy and pride that he had waited for? He heard Jerry's joking voice in his ears, "That's a lot of money for a young lad to be spending for a Christmas present, even if it is for his mother. You sure you have four whole dollars, Robert?" A hot blush rose to Robby's face, but on his heart there was an icy coldness.

LAUREL BLOSSOM, *Class of '61*

Tomorrow

In the happy hour I have today
Ticks a clock of coming sorrows
That neither hastens nor delays
The tears that wait me in tomorrows.

JAN HUBBARD, *Class of '63*

My Ponies

Honorable Mention

Far over the windswept fields
To a place where the land met the sea,
I went to await the sound of swift hooves
As my ponies came flying to me.
The whole earth resounding
With the ring of hooves pounding,
My ponies came flying to me.

Far over the windswept fields,
I rode on a swift pony's back,
My face buried deep in its rippling red mane
And the wind screaming shrill in my track.
The whole earth resounding
With the ring of hooves pounding,
My ponies came flying with me.

Far over the windswept fields,
In a frenzy we galloped along,
Racing the wind and shouting with joy
At the heavens' most wondrous song.
The whole earth resounding
With the ring of hooves pounding,
My ponies came flying with me.

Far over the windswept fields
And to the city's broad gate
I went, leaving my ponies behind,
And silently now they must wait.
The whole earth is silent,
The ring of hooves quiet.
My ponies are waiting for me.

Far over the windswept fields
Someday I'll return to my home,
And when I go back to the ones that I love,
Together once more we shall roam.
The whole earth resounding
With the ring of hooves pounding,
My ponies will come flying to me.

GRETCHEN EFFLER, *Class of '64*

The Weekend

“I’LL TELL YOU one thing; if you ever want to be asked back, there is only one way to act.”

I studied the intense face of the girl seated opposite me. It was not a particularly striking face, but it now seemed oddly alert. The girl it belonged to was tall and rather large boned, though not actually heavy. Her hair was medium long, black, and quite casually curled. She wore simple, almost too easy clothes and loafers. I looked uneasily down at my new dress and freshly polished black heels. My eyes turned toward the window; and as I watched the familiar countryside slide by, I thought about our trip together thus far. It seemed strange, but when we had first boarded the train earlier that morning, I had found it rather difficult to talk to her. The moment I had mentioned my misgivings toward the forthcoming weekend, however, she had seemed to brighten up and to talk very fluently.

Kay Barton and I attended the same high school, but I had never known her well. As a senior, she usually associated with one group, while I, a junior, had different friends. We had not even known until that morning at the train station that we had both been asked to the post-exam weekend at Stratton College. There was one thing we had in common, however. Neither of us had ever been to a college weekend before.

“The worst possible thing you can do,” she continued, “is to let them know that this is your first. That way they have the upper hand from the beginning.”

“But maybe that’s better,” I ventured. “I mean, suppose your date does know that you’ve never been on a weekend before. Isn’t he likely to realize your strangeness and understand your mistakes?”

“Heavens, no, Judy! When a boy invites a girl to a college weekend he expects her to know all the ropes and to impress his friends. If she doesn’t, she fails, the date fails, the weekend fails. Believe me, I’ve heard!”

“But what do you do? I don’t see how you can go to a strange place, among strange people, and act as though it’s all old stuff.”

“Well, to begin with, nothing, absolutely nothing, should appear to impress you. Secondly, you must be game for anything, but always act as though you know exactly what’s going on. Above all, remember, college men are completely different from the boys at home and

expect a great deal more of you."

"But"

"Look, isn't the most important thing that you impress this Bill Bensen so that he asks you back again?"

I didn't have a chance to answer because a friend of Kay's entered our car and the two began to chat. I fell to thinking of my fast approaching adventure. Bill Bensen and I had just met that Christmas, and my parents had allowed me to go only because the son of one of their friends knew him well. I too, felt vast misgivings, and I began to wonder why I had let the "oohs" and "ahs" of my friends over a college weekend impress me so. The more I heard Kay talk, the more uneasy I felt; for though I was sure that what she said was true, I doubted whether I could ever act that way.

As her friend left, Kay turned to me again. "She's a nice kid, but I pity her on this weekend. She doesn't know the first thing about boys, let alone college men. Now, where was I? Oh yes, now take my date, Mike, for instance. He knows all types of girls, and when he invited me, he took it for granted that I'd know just how to be. Your date is the same, no doubt."

As I stood in the Stratton Station, looking anxiously for Bill, my knees actually shook. I saw other girls meeting their dates whom they seemed to know so well, and I had a sudden, panicky desire to get on the train again and go right back home. Then I saw Bill.

"Hi, Judy. Gee, I'm glad you could come. I hope you're not too tired, because we have to rush if we want to get to the game on time."

For the next few hours I didn't have time to feel nervous. We literally raced to the football game, arriving just in time for the kick off. After we found Bill's friends, and he had introduced them to me, we sat down and proceeded to cheer wildly for the Stratton team. We didn't talk much, but Bill seemed terribly engrossed in the game. Towards the end of the second half, I happened to notice Kay sitting below us in a different section. I felt a pang of envy as I saw her gayly chattering to all the boys around her and paying no attention to the game. Was I starting all wrong? I sat for a few moments and finally came up with some ridiculous statements which I tried to say casually to Bill. To my disappointment, he acted a little annoyed. I sadly sat back, and we watched the remainder of the game in silence.

Bill picked me up for the dance at nine o'clock. Five minutes before he came, I heard a knock at the door; and when I opened it, I found Kay still in the clothes she had worn on the train. As she walked past me into my room, I thought I detected the smell of beer.

"Kay, aren't you going to the dance? It starts in five minutes."

She flopped down on my bed and made a half moaning, half giggling sound. "Sure I'm going, but my date can wait awhile. It's not good to act anxious."

"Wasn't the game wonderful?" I said, trying to change the subject. "Where have you been since then?"

"The game was a bore! I hate them! We've just been to a cocktail party at Mike's fraternity house, though. That was fun."

"That's nice, Kay, but listen, Bill should be here any second, and I'm not quite ready. I'll see you later, okay?"

"You mean you're actually going to be on time?"

"Yes."

Kay shrugged her shoulders and left the room.

I had a wonderful time at the dance. The gym was decorated in blue, even blue lights, and the band was excellent. Bill and I danced, and talked, and laughed; and though no one else asked me to dance, I sensed that he was enjoying himself. I saw Kay several times, always with a different boy and giggling loudly. It was not until the end of the evening, though, that I had a chance to introduce Bill to Kay; and when I did, I certainly regretted it. She seemed so different all of a sudden, so terribly sweet. They talked, for what seemed hours, about the strangest things and both seemed to laugh often. Finally, after dancing with him, Kay went off to find her date. Before I could say anything, Bill suggested that we go over to his fraternity house, where a party was going on.

I think the trouble began even before we got there. As we came up the walk, I could see that a great deal of the house was dark. Something inside me seemed to leap. As we opened the door, I felt almost bombarded with noises. From one room came the steady beat of a popular rock 'n roll record, while to my left I could hear slow music coming from another record player. Smoke hung heavily everywhere; and of the throng of people that filled the hall, I could not find one that did not hold a drink. There seemed to be a steady stream of people going to and coming from the basement, which, I learned later, housed the bar. Everyone looked terribly old to me and talked and laughed so easily. I felt something building up inside me; and try as I would to get under control, it suddenly snapped, and I froze.

"Would you like something to drink?"

I managed to shake my head; and Bill, not realizing how I felt, disappeared to get something for himself. Suddenly, I was surrounded by three boys. I held myself stiff as a rail, trying to keep from shaking.

The boys had obviously had too much to drink, but tried to be very nice, asking me who I was and where I came from. I was terrified. I slid away from them and somehow found the lavatory. I don't know how long I stayed in that lavatory; but when I came out, I saw Bill standing where I had been, anxiously asking if anyone had seen me. He looked relieved to find me; and when I explained just what had happened, he laughed. "I guess I'd better take you back to your room. I should have known better than to introduce one of these parties to you on your first weekend."

I feared that he was being sarcastic, but I was so relieved that I laughed weakly too.

While we were walking home, I was just beginning to feel comfortable again when I realized that at the door Bill might want to kiss me goodnight. I liked Bill very much, and I longed to be like Kay and to slide easily into his arms with a soft laugh. But I knew unhappily that for some reason I couldn't kiss this boy, whom I was just getting to know. When we reached the door, I clumsily fumbled with the key and said goodnight. To my surprise, Bill took my hand and said, as though he'd been thinking about it a long time, "You know, Judy, you're a lot different from your friend Kay. I had fun. Good night." And he was gone. I walked wretchedly into my room, too exhausted to cry, but knowing that the weekend had been a flop and that I would never be asked again.

The next two and a half months were the hardest that I can remember, and I remained very engrossed in my school work. I saw Kay in the halls every so often but only to say "hi" to. Occasionally I thought of the weekend, but it always seemed to bring me such a feeling of chagrin that I would quickly put it out of my mind.

You can imagine my surprise when, upon returning home from my Easter vacation, I found a letter from Bill Bensen, inviting me to the big spring weekend at Stratton. I could hardly wait to get to school the next morning to tell Kay that I too had been invited. However, when I got to school, Kay couldn't be found. After lunch, I sought out some of her friends to find out where she was. To my puzzlement, when I asked for Kay, the entire group remained silent, passing strange looks among each other. Finally one girl said simply, "I guess she's sick or something." Then they began uneasily talking about something else.

That evening my curiosity and excitement over the invitation got the best of me, and I called Kay's house.

"Hello, Mrs. Barton. This is Judy Miller. Is Kay there?"

There was a pause.

"I wanted to tell her that I'd been asked to the spring weekend at Stratton," I continued hastily, "and to see if she has been invited yet."

"No-o. I know she hasn't been asked yet, Judy." Mrs. Barton's voice sounded strange and she paused again. Then, "As a matter of fact, Kay hasn't returned from her vacation yet. She — she won't be back for awhile. No, Judy, I don't think that Kay will be going to another college weekend for quite some time."

JANET EAKEN, *Class of '61*

Caterpillar

A tiny ugliness in spiked and hairy armor
Lay clinging to his soft green leaf
That strained to leave its mother twig
And float upon the wind.

Six-legged and twelve-eyed this creature fiercely clinging,
A steadfast knight who knew only himself
And gloried in his solitary post
And gravely watched his leaf.

A gallant splash of light in furry, spotted armor
Inched slowly up and down his wayward greenness,
And thoughtfully he nibbled its edges
And thoughtfully he moved.

A tiny ugliness on his lonely watch
Felt a wisp of silkness brush against his leaf
And struggle blindly with its brilliant wings
And shimmer in the air; and when the sun went,
Fall senseless to the ground.

The ugliness looked down and saw the wings
Dead and beautiful and buried in the grass.
His tiny thoughts were troubled and foreboding.
He wondered.

LEN WEATHERHEAD, *Class of '63*

The Awakening

INSANITY, like poverty, was completely apart from me. It was as alien to me and my well-adjusted family as anything could be. I looked at it distantly with repulsion and distaste. My conjecture was that it was a nebulous world in which emptiness, loneliness, and hopelessness formed a powerfully cruel triumvirate. It was in the minds of people whose lives were blank slates erased by rough hands too many times. It was a caged world; the wildness of insanity had to be fettered. To me the people in this frightening sphere of abnormality were like an estranged species of animal. They were not to be laughed at, but they were not to be understood. It was as if I had said, "Here are people who are not really people because they are not like anyone I know. No one I know would ever be caged." I knew these people existed, but I did not recognize them as really living.

It was suggested that the Glee Club sing Christmas carols at the Turney Road State Hospital. In curiosity I went.

Our entrance into the women's ward was pathetically fearful. The long, acrid-smelling room held a milling crowd of women of all ages. We stood together, we the sane ones. We sang, though my thoughts were not of the lovely "Silent Night, Holy Night," but rather of the constant lonely night these women suffered. The woman directly in front of me never once looked up to discover the origin of the music. As she sat there with her hand sporadically pressing her forehead, it struck me with tremendous impact that here was the first person I had ever known deaf to any human communication. I felt very much as if I were going to cry. All the women were unkempt, unattractive people who wandered blankly through the room. Some listened. One answered as I asked hopefully, "What is your favorite Christmas carol?" The room was dark; the atmosphere generated a feeling of lack of purpose and animation and vitality. A few were literally bodies without souls or spirits. As our guide led us to the communal dining room for men and women, I noticed the same strange look of emptiness in the eyes of the men. One young boy will never be remembered without a pain of sadness. He ate, while we sang for him. His expression resembled that of a puppy who has been beaten until his master and all other human beings have become objects of hostility. I wanted him to look up, to see that we were singing glad songs for his sake. He never did. But one man did listen. At the end of the carols, he cried, "God bless

you, God bless you all!" He had recognized our purpose. He had been touched. A tiny light of day had flickered into his endless night.

These people I had seen were made of flesh and blood. They were not animals, but products of misunderstanding and confusion. They were lost and wandering and suffering. They had once, perhaps, known life as a decent, good place in which to live. They were human. Some had even retained a little hope of communication. As the man had said, "God bless you," so could I have said to him, "Thank you for showing me that you are a part of the family of man." Somehow these people were an obligation to every person whose life was happiness. They were alive in darkness where we knew light. If someone had taken their hands and led them, they might not now be spending their days in those musty, dark rooms looking at nothing, looking for nothing. I might have helped when I had shunned. No longer was it possible to say so dispassionately, "They are not concerned with me," for I knew they were human beings, alive and very ill. They could have been saved if someone had cared.

I knew then that in some way I would emerge from my own well-warmed home to help distressed people to live their lives with joy. Perhaps I might save one small girl with large, strange eyes from living in a cage. If I can help, if I do help, I will feel I am truly living vitally. Not wholly for love of people do I give myself, but with the knowledge that only in giving can one find true happiness.

SUZANNE BERGER, *Class of '62*

Look Not Back

She stands alone in the biting winds,
Alone in the howling snow,
Her cheeks ice-glazed with frozen tears,
And she beckons me to go.

And I follow, stumbling through the cold,
The lonely path we track.
On either hand we see quiet homes,
But she bids me look not back.

JAN HUBBARD, *Class of '63*

On Humility

"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Pity me, Thy little child.
Make me *humble* as thou art,
'Tis to Thee I give my soul and heart."

HOW SIMPLE and wonderful that prayer used to seem! How infinitely complicated it has become now! Complicated, all because of one short word, the word *humble*. When I first learned the prayer I could never distinguish this word. Eventually, however, I came to recognize *humble* in the vocabulary of others and incorporated the word into my own. I knew the Pharisee in the *Bible* had *not* been humble while the publican had. The Pharisee had been proud and wrong; the publican had been humble and right. Pride and humility were opposites. It was simple. All I had to do was not to say how good I was, and I would have humility. Secretly, I felt I possessed a considerable amount of this virtue.

Gradually the word *humble* lost its simplicity. I recognized that once I even thought myself humble that I was, in truth, not humble at all. It did not matter whether I said or thought that I possessed humility. In both cases I was being proud. My realization became even more acute with the addition of *Screwtape Letters* to our library. Although whimsical correspondences between the Devil and his agent on Earth, the letters had basic truths underlying them. One, indeed, was on humility. The Devil instructed his associate to seek those men who inwardly proclaimed themselves humble; for they would be easy prey to make commit sins of pride. I considered myself gravely wrong and realized that I had *not* been humble.

From that day of realization, these questions about humility have hounded me: What is true humility and how does one become humble? Does anyone ever know that he possesses humility? *Does* anyone possess it? The following are the answers I have presently concluded.

What *is* true humility? The dictionary says humility is "freedom from pride." Once I had thought that meant *all* pride. I had thought humility necessitated erasure of every bit of pride. I interpreted the definition to infer that I must profess my inability to do a job right, to make anything well, to write anything adequately. I fell into the terrible trap of false modesty and insincerity; for inwardly I could

never lose that feeling of pride in what I made. Pride in one's creation is a human characteristic. This is evidenced in the truth that if an artist had no pride in his work, he would not be an artist. Man must feel at least a tinge of satisfaction from that which he does. This satisfaction, which produces pride, comes from the feeling that what he is doing has meaning and value for him, if for no one else. If a man did not feel this satisfaction in his work, he could certainly not produce anything of substance. I had considered the pride of the Pharisee the same as my pride in my work and had thought both were wrong. I had not understood that the dictionary was referring chiefly to pride connected with arrogance. Humility is not freedom from even the reasonable human pride in achievements. It now appears as a quality originating from true reverence of God's perfection, of God's creation of one's self, and of the superior capabilities of others.

How should one become humble, lowly, not proud? One should look to God's creations, especially to nature. There, there is ultimate perfection, which no man can ever achieve. If one always strives for perfection in spiritual and material fields, he can never possess that ugly pride in his self and his work. If one can not find true perfection in physical existence in his own creative field, taking near-perfection of some great man as an example can also help. Taking this will make him recognize the superiority of the abilities of other men, not only of those of God. Totally disparaging one's work is not the answer. One must be conscious of his faults, but also of his good points so that they can be repeated, incorporated to bring him and his works closer to perfection. Man must also look to himself as a creature of God in order to obtain humility. He must achieve the holy qualities of self-respect and self-wonder; for once these are attained, he will be reverencing God in his own self, which Kahlil Gibran beautifully describes as "a sea foundless and measureless."

Certain men in history have been recognized for their apparent humility. By looking at these people one is able to learn how to go about striving to be humble. Of course, the perfect example is the divine one recognized in the prayer. Christ was God Himself, and yet He always humbled Himself to God the Father.

Does one ever know that he possesses humility? I have to say "No." Man may look at himself with respect, wonder, and confidence, but still cannot look at himself complacently remarking on his own humility. One can never assume that he has humility and therefore stop striving to be humble; by striving he is recognizing his insufficiencies and is gaining humility.

Now the final question, "*Does anyone possess it?*" Does anyone have humility? It is not a virtue passed out to all; for man has a tendency to be excessively proud. Endless records of crimes springing from pride verify this. I have said that men have been recognized for "*their apparent humility.*" No one can be sure whether another man is humble or not; for humility comes from the soul, a realm largely unknown to men. We can only quote such people as Newton when he says:

"I do not know what I may appear to the world, but to myself I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the seashore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a prettier shell, or a smoother pebble than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me."

WENDY WELCH, *Class of '61*

The Capacity to Love

They tell me Love is in the heart,
It is not, biologically.
But rather it is in the soul,
The elusive, whimsical soul.
How can I love when my soul is a stranger?
I have never sought my soul
For fear of what I would find there.
The demands of the soul are great:
The defeat of the ego,
The control of the will,
The death of vanity,
The casting out of reticence.
Have I the capacity to love?

SUSAN HOBBS, *Class of '61*

On Work

ONE OF THE MOST severe criticisms that can be leveled at a people is that they have lost the capacity to work. To say this is to say that they have lost all hope of progress, material or spiritual, and that the only course left to them is one of slow degeneracy. Work is the duty and the saving of all men; for the judgment of the ages is determined by the change a man has effected in the existing order of things, and such a change cannot be made without work.

In this respect a sharp distinction must be made between true work and sham work, because while the former is man's salvation, the latter may be his destruction. Carlyle made this distinction in "Reward" by stressing the difference in purpose between the two. True work, he said, is the bringing of order out of chaos, the "making of madness sane." True work cannot be accomplished when the purpose of the worker is material gain or anything other than a "bodying forth of Things Unseen." Thus, according to Carlyle, true work is worship of the force that moves the universe. It is divine. "No man has worked, or can work, except religiously. All men, if they work not as in a Great Taskmaster's eye will work wrong, work unhappily for themselves and you." He went on to predict the destruction of the worker for material gods, ending with the lament: "My Corn-Law friends, on what imaginary Eldorados, and true iron-spikes with the law of gravitation are ye rushing." The same distinction between true and sham work is made by the Lebanese philosopher-poet Kahlil Gibran, except that he makes the point by stressing the difference in the manner in which the work is done. All true work, according to him, is work done with love; it is a means of loving life because "Work is love made visible." False work was for him that work which is done with distaste or indifference. He, too, brought out the emptiness of false work, saying, "If you cannot work with love, but only with distaste, it is better that you should leave your work and sit at the gate of the temple and take alms of those who work with joy.

For if you bake bread with indifference, you bake a bitter bread that feeds but half man's hunger."

False work differs from true in that its effect on the individual and on society is destructive. The man who spends his days at a task which he loathes, struggling only for wealth or security, destroys himself. He experiences first a sense of isolation because he cannot share

in the emotions of the true workers. He feels no strong commitment, no emotional investment in what he is doing. He fails to develop all his faculties because he does not call on them for a strong purpose. Gradually he becomes a slave to the futility of his own existence, unable to change it because he has nothing to change it for. Thus he brings about his own destruction.

The same process of destruction occurs in a society which devotes its work to false gods. The first result of such devotion is isolation. The society gets somehow out of step with the rest of the world. It cannot share the emotions and the hope of others. If the false gods are material ones, the deadening growth of luxury sets in. A surfeit of comfort destroys the faculties of its members until they have lost the power to see or feel a strong commitment to an ideal. The society becomes inept and bungling. Gradually it becomes so set in the pattern of acquiring comfort that it cannot break away, even though the need to do so may be evident. At this point it may be destroyed from within or from an external source.

True work is intensely creative in its effect on the individual and on society. When a man works truly and honestly, loving his work and finding in it a means of communication with the well-spring of life, he uplifts his own soul and with it the souls of all men. His faculties are sharpened as he meets the challenge of bringing order out of chaos. He feels a unity, a common bond with all men which links him inseparably to the human race and to the great creative power that made it. The degree of his emotional investment in life grows, and with it his freedom; for he finds the need for change everywhere, and therefore a need for his work. If he works with love, he cannot help working creatively, whether he is digging a ditch or designing a building. He is capable of feeling more despair than the false worker, but also more joy. He has created order out of chaos in himself, has become a whole person.

In the same way a society which is working for the love of an ideal is at the height of its creative capacity. It feels itself closely related to like societies throughout the world, its fate bound up with theirs. It is clear and wise in its thinking, because it has more perspective on the life around it with an ideal for its goal. It is a society working in and for Carlyle's Unseen Power, a society with initiative and force. Out of the true work of such individuals and such societies have come the greatest advances in human accomplishment.

There can be no difference in value among the many kinds of true work. The laborer who works with his hands is no less capable of doing

true work than the scientist who works with his mind, nor is the scientist less capable than the artist who works with his heart. The work of these men will be equal in value if each works with integrity. To work with integrity each must be convinced of the worth of what he is doing. If he loses this conviction, if he feels that his efforts are insignificant in the face of man's universe, then he loses something of inestimable value to himself and to society—the power of his work to effect a change in the world.

It is this power to effect a change, a change that proves to be lasting and good, that determines the eventual judgment of the ages upon a life. This power is brought by conviction of the value of work, and by another, rarer quality, that of dedication. Dedication channels a man's energy in one single direction, giving it a power which is felt long after his death. It consists of discipline and devotion—discipline to enable a man to eliminate persistently from his life all that does not bear upon his purpose, and devotion to enable him to work with sustained love. Dedication is always characterized by the power to alter something in the existing order of things, and it is an essential quality of greatness, but it is not always accompanied by recognition. Often it works as yeast in leavened bread, its action unseen and mysterious but with a potency that permeates the loaf.

When true work is done with conviction and dedication, the worker is blessed with a profound humility. He sees man's continual destroying and is ashamed; he senses God's continual creating and is awed. Shame and awe bring him to wonder and at last to worship. Through work has come faith, and through faith, salvation.

CLEO MCNELLY, *Class of '61*

Who Is Blind?

God gave him no eyes; he cannot see a tree.
God gave him no ears; he has not heard a bird.
But God gave him eyes; yes, he has seen a dream.
And God gave him ears; yes, he has heard God's word.

TUDY HUNKIN, *Class of '64*

On Growing Up

AUNT MOLLY had a long, narrow pipe in her yard. It was a round drainage pipe through which a very small person could go if he were brave enough to try. Aunt Molly lived in Nettleton, Mississippi, a tiny town of dirt roads and drab houses. There was one post office, where my Aunt Flora was postmistress, and a cold storage house. I lived in Nettleton with my Aunt Ethel and my uncle, whose Christian name I never knew.

My best friend was Samuel. He lived up the road. I never saw Sam's house. I do not know whether Sam had a family. Sam and I made mud pies and played fine games all day. He was wonderful.

When we tired of mud pies, Sam and I would go to Aunt Molly's yard. Aunt Molly's pipe was a constant torture to us because neither Sam nor I dared to crawl through its horrid darkness. We would sit for hours speculating on the miseries of being stuck in the middle. Then we returned to the mud pies, only to be lured back to Aunt Molly's pipe and our speculating.

One Sunday in April the ax fell. That morning I put on my shoes and went to church. That afternoon Sam came over for dessert. I sensed that he had passed a tremendous crisis in his life. I knew he had done the impossible. Sam had climbed through the pipe.

From that time our relationship was changed; I was a girl, and Sam was a boy; I was wrong, and Sam was right; I was hurt, and Sam did not care.

I hated that water pipe more than I have ever hated anything else. To crawl through it was the only way to regain Sam's friendship. But I was afraid. Day by day Sam drew further away from me. He laughed at my games and would not pretend that I made the finest mud pies in Mississippi. I was heartbroken and alone.

When Sam's cruel neglect became unbearable, I knew that I had to go through the pipe. That day Aunt Molly went to town. I was alone with fear and the pipe. I squirmed into one end. The walls were green and slippery. A tiny frog jumped from beneath my hand. I wriggled on until I was entirely in the pipe. I could scarcely breathe. The tunnel was black save the speck of light that seemed an infinity away. Covered with slime and cobwebs, I moved on. Then I was gasping for breath. The walls were closing around me. I could not move. I was stuck. My speculating had fast become a reality. The starvation

and horrors I was to suffer flashed through my mind and thudded in my stomach with an unendurable weight. I kicked my feet. The echo bounced back and forth. I screamed. No one came. For hours I lay there, sobbing while I had the strength and then gasping the terrible hacking gasps that come when sobbing is too painful. Much later, through a mist of semi-consciousness I heard someone yelling. It was Sam. I knew I was safe. Sam was there. I untwisted my arms and pushed them out. Soon I felt the grass on my face.

I looked proudly into the face that loomed anxiously above me. I waited for Sam's approval and his old grin of comradeship. Sam's only smile was that of relief. He said I had been foolish. When I finally understood his words, I felt unbearably tired. I buried my face in the grass and stared at the dirt while the tears streamed down my cheeks. Sam did not understand. How could he? He ran to get my aunt. I did not see him leave, but I knew Sam had gone forever. I knew with a terrible certainty that he had grown up.

LEN WEATHERHEAD, *Class of '63*

The Moonmen

Have you ever met the moonmen
Who come from outer space
And sometimes land on the earth
To view the human race?

They wear light yellow jackets
With moonbeams on the front,
And on their little beanies
Are antennae bright and blunt.

Their saucers are so tiny
And are shaped like silver spoons;
They come only one time of year,
Right in the month of June.

Now if you meet these people
Who stand only two inches tall,
Please do not be so surprised
That you frighten away them all.

MARGOT DAVENPORT, *Class of '64*

Walden

The Hut:

Rough-hewn from his native wood,
Ugly, mean, and lone it stood
Beside the brackish, log-filled cove
With fireplace instead of stove.

Molded from asbestos board
(That's all the owner would afford),
The hot dog stand looks bold and bright
In the summer Concord night.

The Woods:

Lush and green, a virgin stand
Of alders, aspens, oaks, and pines
Hardly touched by human hand
Grew undisturbed in jagged lines.

Of all the pine trees scarce a knot
Remains as token of those days;
And, now, perhaps a parking lot
Will let the masses shop at May's.

The Pond:

A patch of water, green and dark,
A beaver dam of mud and bark—
Flint arrowheads still lined the shore,
Reminders of some tribal war.

A man-made beach of yellow sand
Replaces what was swampy land;
Thrown in the lake, some soggy bread.
Henry Thoreau, your pond is dead.

HILDE LEHMANN, *Class of '62*

Creation

WILLIAM FAULKNER began his Nobel Prize Award speech with this sentence: "I feel that this award was not made to me as a man but to my work—a life's work in the agony and sweat of the human spirit, not for glory and least of all for profit, but to create out of the materials of the human spirit something which did not exist before." Mr. Faulkner was speaking of writing as a field which can and does provide an outlet for the creations of imaginative people. It is not by any means the only field which offers such a chance. We are all given innumerable opportunities to create. Perhaps we are capable of creating happiness, perhaps some new invention or idea beneficial to man, but all of us can and must create. Life is not merely a gift from God, a plaything for our personal pleasure. We are under an obligation to give to the world something of value found only within us. We must pay for the privilege of living by donating part of our individuality, our only unique possession, to mankind. The ways in which we make our donations are varied, but with every word, deed, and thought we either create or destroy.

Our personal creations cannot be material ones. Technically, nothing material can be created by man because everything concrete has existed since the beginning of time. On this idea religion is based. Man must believe in Something eternal, Something which existed before him and will survive him, Something he can turn to for mercy, relief, and happiness as he faces death and the prospect of life after death. This, of course, is God, and only He has the power of ultimate creation.

The creation left to us, then, is of the mind or spirit. Since all of us are endowed with the ability to create, our main job is the difficult one of using our talents in the best way possible. Creation does not just "happen." It is "a life's work in the agony and sweat of the human spirit." Not many are willing to spend their lives in so strict a service, but those who are may someday be able to save the world from the destruction which seems so imminent today.

In spite of the tremendous amount of work and thought involved in developing any true creation, there is really no tangible reward. The great majority will never receive honor and fortune for their toil. They will, however, obtain a great sense of satisfaction from the knowledge that they have given of themselves and in so doing have aided in the production of a better world.

BARBARA KINDER, *Class of '63*

Song of the Carolinas

Carolina dirt is red,
Muddy rust when spring rains fall.
Here Confederate blood was shed,
And the voices of the dead
Now have ceased their battle call.

Carolina skies are blue
Over Bentonville, and though
Blackened once by smoky hue
Of a cannon ringing true,
Now are touched by sunshine glow.

Carolina pines are green,
Tall and stern upon the hill,
Watching while the Rebels seem
To have lost the very dream
That caused their loyal hearts to thrill.

Carolina men are proud
Of their earth, their pines and skies,
But at last they have allowed
To be wrapped in Time's gray shroud
The Cause which Northern heart defies.

GRETCHEN EFFLER, *Class of '64*

Erroneous Renaissance

There once was a fossilization
With a master's in reincarnation.
When his corpulent spouse
Came again as a mouse,
He sighed, "What a miscalculation."

LEN WEATHERHEAD, *Class of '63*

Robert

THE SOFT RUSTLE of skirts and the muffled coughing soon faded away, and peace settled over the gathering. It was First Day (the Quaker word for Sunday), and Quaker Meeting had just commenced. It was like any other First Day in spring. The birds sang outside in the garden, the patter of little feet, whose owner was too young to know how to keep them still in Meeting, was heard from an upstairs room, and the sun tried its best to creep into the dusky room.

Each Friend (as Quakers call themselves) was deep in his own meditation, for there is no formal service of any kind in a Quaker Meeting. I am sure they never thought of being pulled out of their silent worlds this radiant First Day, but this very morning the most staid and proper Friends were in for a rude awakening. Among the adult "stonefaces" sat a little fellow of not more than four years. The child's name was Robert, and for such a mite of a boy he wore an impressive wrinkle in the middle of his forehead. Now Robert was not thinking about his sins for the past week or the Negro problem in the South or even about God; he was thinking of the most worldly things. He wondered where his red top was and how many puppies his dog would have; but the most puzzling thought was concerning his uncle, who usually came to Meeting on time. Just as all hope of seeing his beloved relative this First Day was fleeting, Robert caught sight of him slipping quietly down the aisle to find a seat.

Then to the surprise of every member in the Meeting room a young voice sang out, "Look! There's Uncle and he is late to Meeting! Oh, shame on thee!"

The offender was promptly hidden under his mother's cloak, away from the cold stares of the stern Friends and the still colder stares of his greatly embarrassed uncle. After the first wave of distress at this child's boldness in speaking so to his elder had subsided, the Meeting again returned to its former silence. The birds went on singing as if God were willing to forgive the child even if the Meeting was not ready to forgive him yet; the sun still shone brightly, though some thought it never again would shine on any place the worldly little sinner sat; and Robert went back to counting the red lines in the braided rag carpet on the floor and wondering how many puppies his dog would have.

BARBY BASS, *Class of '64*

A Tray, a Teapot, and a Tale

A SILVER PLATTER and the only remaining piece of a silver tea service, a small, six-sided teapot, sit upon the buffet in our dining room. Both are heirlooms which, if granted the power of speech, could tell many an exciting tale of the Blue and the Gray.

My great-great-grandfather, a minister, lived in a medium-sized home in Montgomery, Alabama, with his wife, children, and a very few slaves. I have always imagined his home as a rectangular white one with a whitewashed picket fence, two or three tiny brick slaves' houses, and a large white barn behind it. His family had been a wealthy one, but he had chosen to become a minister and to earn his own living in this way.

When the War Between the States broke out and troops of Union soldiers roamed the South, threatening every Confederate home, this minister took all his valuable possessions, the platter, the teapot, and his few gold and silver coins, and buried them in the yard, where they would be safe from Yankee thieving while he fought for the Confederacy. Many a Union soldier must have tramped the land where they were buried, but five years later, at the end of the war, my great-great-grandfather returned and recovered them, to pass on not only a tray and a teapot, but a tray, a teapot, and a tale.

TUDY HUNKIN, *Class of '64*

Figure of Speech

Little Brother,
If I were to say,
"I love you every minute
Of every day,"

According to Webster
My words would be
"Extravagant exaggeration of statement;
a statement exaggerated fancifully, as for effect,
or
Hyperbole."

JAN HUBBARD, *Class of '63*

On Cuttyhunk Island

THE FERRY is the only way to travel to Cuttyhunk, for the traveler is able to feel anticipation mount within him during the slow trip to the island. First he sees a vague outline on the horizon. Gradually the shape takes form: the Coast Guard tower and the chimneys of the two largest houses can be seen, then the village and the lush green of the bayberry bushes and grass whipped by the salt air, finally the main dock dotted with people and the wonderful antiquated cars used on Cuttyhunk. One's heart brims over with joy at the familiar scenes, and an eagerness to land and fill oneself with the spell of the island strains to the breaking point. But just when one thinks the feelings will reach a climax and dissolve, the ferry docks. Land is at one's footstep. The timing is perfect. From that first step to the last on Cuttyhunk, life is a joyous experience free from worldly care and stifled living. Children and dogs run free, time is forgotten, and the day passes as it wills.

If one is a perennial summer resident, nothing is more gratifying than to approach the familiar home, attaching sentimental memories to objects on the way — the crack in the sidewalk from the dropped anchor, the tall hedge so perfect for hide-and-seek, and the stone wall on which picnics were enjoyed every sunny day. How glorious it is to reopen the shingled house and make it live again, to touch everything in it and realize its wonderful reality.

Soon the ocean lures the onlooker with its rhythmic beckoning and clear vitality. From the matted path to the rocky road to the sandy beach, he walks, guided by the sense of touch as the bare foot feels its way. The first exhilarating dip and taste of salt water completely erase the interval that has passed since the last summer. Life seems a continual existence at Cuttyhunk. Habits formed during past summers again are remembered. Seeing an old lobster buoy lodged in some rocks spurs one on to see what other items of interest can be found. A milk carton from Canada has the power to create many romantic images concerning its origin and its trip to this particular shore. The pleasures of beachcombing are found in the imaginings and mysteries which the discoveries stimulate.

Exploration is another intriguing phase of Cuttyhunk life. Walks through areas carefully examined before are never dull. New discoveries are always made or more pleasure is obtained, for the natural assets are unusual to one from a different section of the United States.

Gay Head, the southernmost part of Martha's Vineyard, seems to be more colorful in its reds, oranges, and blues each time one sees it. A trip to the west end of the island, which is two miles long by one-and-one-half miles wide, to see the Gosnold monument, commemorating the discovery of Cuttyhunk, never ceases to appeal to the imagination or arouse an atmosphere of mystery.

Sailing is a pleasant activity most suitable to Cuttyhunk. A Yacht Club provides boats for anyone who cares to let the wind give him a tour of the isle. With one's whims as guide, the trip is one of inestimable pleasure in that one is king of his world for a time. No external forces are present to steer the boat off course. Nature and man rule together. Cuttyhunk lends itself well to trips like these in that it has a few choice spots accessible only by boat. One especially enjoys the indefinable specialness of a place available to few.

The people of Cuttyhunk are in themselves an experience. Broken down into the two largest groups, the populace consists of natives and tourists. The natives are most obliging to the influx of vacationers every summer. They keep to themselves and their simple ways, but are the first to help when an emergency arises. Their closeness to the raw elements of nature seems to have given them strength and a more intense relationship to life, as shown by their individuality and personal solitude. The other group is linked by its common interest: a desire to enjoy the uniqueness of island life. The awareness of this bond creates a warm and amicable community.

Night at Cuttyhunk is an inspiring time. On a moonlit evening, a walk to the barges, which are on the ocean side of the channel beach, is well worth the while. Silver ripples develop into huge swells that crash magnificently against the projecting fish stands and break into thousands of sparks. The effect is hypnotic in that the beauty holds one in breathless awe. Such beauty seems equal only to God's conception. In contrast to this violence is the harbor where a myriad number of boat lights, soft green, cream, and red, bounce and sway gently with the lapping sea water. The difference in the two sights reveals the power of the almighty Creator.

An island would not be an island without fog, and Cuttyhunk is no exception. Although a great peril to yachtsmen and fishermen, to the islander it is a provocation for valuable thought. All is enclosed. Nothing has identification except within itself. Suspended in a world of gray, one is in his simplest form. No earthly element can be connected with his body and existence. He has, surrounding him, only the ethereal mistiness that in itself is meaningless but which, in the soul,

can be translated into the presence of God coming into direct contact with one. Herein, perhaps, lies the secret of the love Cuttyhunk evokes from its visitors and the secret of the life on the island. It brings one closer to a knowledge of God by its simplicity and uncorruptedness.

Thus Cuttyhunk Island can be compared to the scene above Tintern Abbey explained in Wordsworth's great poem, for the island is truly a source for spiritual and moral sustenance wherever one may be.

CAROLYN TILLINGHAST, *Class of '61*

The Dreamer

THERE WAS A DREAMER once, a long, long time ago when people dreamed. He lived and died and was forgotten. And are men to remember him, who was not of mankind? People shunned him and left him alone in his dreams. "Crazy!" they said. Forgotten and alone he lived, the only man with eyes that saw and ears that heard, the only man with a soul. But the world remembers him, the silent world that turns and turns and hangs among the stars.

He talked to the mountain and sang to the sea and whistled to himself. And the mountain told him secret things, iron-bound, ancient secret things. But best he loved the sea, the wild gypsy maid who clapped her hands to tambourines and flounced her ruffles at the staid and stony shore. So lived he life's last dream in a dreamless world.

When he died, there were no ranks of trumpets ranged to tell the world with long and awful shout that he who had a soul is dead. One peal of thunder, was it a choke of pain from land and sea and sky together in their grief or only summer rains and thunderstorms? Still the world turns! The footsteps have died out, the footprints washed away. And the lonely whistle, like a single feather, rides the wind.

JAN HUBBARD, *Class of '63*

My Name

In a bombed-out railway station in Korea
Lies a child to be pitied.
He does not talk;
He only cries,
Cries for love and food,
Cries for a mother to love him and comfort him.

On a dusty road in Katanga that leads to nowhere
and goes back to nowhere,
Sits another child, a black child,
But still a child of God.
He is too weak to cry,
But he weeps inside from hunger;
He weeps alone in his heart from pain;
He weeps silently for his dog,
Who died of disease as his tiny master surely will.

In a mountain cave in Algeria or Tibet
There is yet another child
Who wails into the night.
He cries louder than the others,
For his cry is the cry of fear and terror;
It is the cry of brother killing brother;
It is the cry of lost freedom.

In a station, on a road filled with choking dust,
In a cave on a desolate mountain
There sits a child
Who weeps.

He is any color; he is any race.
But his cries echo out into the silent black night.
Ask him his name,
And out of the darkness
He will answer, "My name is All Children."

BARBY BASS, *Class of '64*

A Plea for Leisure Time

IN PRESENTING an argument in favor of leisure, I am not arguing for freedom from hard work. On the contrary, I believe there can seldom exist the type of leisure with which I am concerned without the honest relaxation that should be felt after hard work. But I believe there is a time for leisure as well as a time for work; and although each person may find his balancing of them so as to make the most of life, I believe no one should ignore either one or the other. Leaving the argument in favor of work to Carlyle for the moment, I wish now to plunge into the matter of leisure time, the time passed in thought, in observation, or in unforced creativity. This type of leisure is so delicate that in our age of gigantic machines and racing paces it tends to be crushed and ground away until nothing is left of it whatsoever.

Therefore it is important to be careful with leisure, to remember it, to shield it, and to give time to it. Leisure must not, however, be pampered too much, for, as I have stated, it is extremely delicate, and it may bloat and spoil with too much attention. It must be given just the proper amount of time, which differs greatly in various cases. This time given to leisure should be a time in which one becomes acquainted with his real self. Time for leisure is a time for self-communication.

Why is leisure becoming so scarce today in the lives of Americans? I think one of the answers is guilt. Fear of falling behind the Russians, or of not catching up to them in time, puts pressure on the labors of many and causes a feeling of guilt to hover over these people whenever any of their time is not spent as a driving part of their work. Then there are those people (may we all bless them) who suffer the same type of guilt whenever they feel they are not doing their utmost to help their family, their community, others in general. But if these guilt-sufferers would only realize how much better they could serve their individual causes after a little time of the right type of leisure, what strides they could make in their work.

Consider briefly what deep meaning the right types of leisure can give to a life now shallow because of the constant pressures we are under to keep busy at all costs, not to let ourselves waste a drop of precious time, but to rush, speed, tear until we find we have actually wasted our whole lives in ulcer-festering nonsense. Meditation on life and on the worthwhile services you aspire to do for it is infinitely better than blind conformity for the sake of sparing a few minutes.

All life will take on a more meaningful and stronger quality if the former method is used. Take time to think about life. Learn to cherish it deeply, and learn to cherish even the tiniest traces of its beauty. Think of constructive rebellion against any ugliness in life so that you can have a worthwhile purpose to act upon. Think about yourself, too; do you like what you are? I do not ask for self-accusations; I ask for consideration of improvements in any areas in the least in need of improvement. Learn to be honest with yourself concerning everything. And think of others, understand them, and love them! Do not let frustration or anxiety exclude any love from your heart. Take time to love, my friend. If you do nothing else with your life, take time to love all men and all life, and you will have indeed done much! Set aside a time of leisure in which you can make a creation, such as a painting or a poem, so that you may more fully understand and be inspired by the great artists of the ages. Take leisure time to be thoughtful, to gain understanding, to deepen love, to be sensitive, to reason. Give yourself an honest life.

The vices of our times could be done away with, I feel sure, by the use of unpressured, guilt-free leisure time consisting of such qualities as those I have mentioned. Tenseness can be quieted. That we need a release from tensions is illustrated by the drive in some people to forget with cheap music, the compulsion of others for continual eating, the craving for cigarettes, the desire for dangerous thrills, the dependence on drink, and in some extreme cases even the addiction to drugs. Do not drown your needs in vices; take up the sword of reason and annihilate them! Take time for the beautiful qualities of life. Live a life of which you will be able to say, "I have lived, I have questioned, I have felt, I have loved."

LINDA KELLY, *Class of '61*

A Proud Poodle

There once was a poodle, Pierre,
Who wore a pink bow in his hair.
The other dogs teased him,
For he greatly displeased them,
As he walked with an arrogant air.

PAMELA SARBER, *Class of '63*

The Welcome Turmoil

ALTHOUGH I enjoyed thinking of myself as an individualist, I now realize that during my sophomore year at Hathaway Brown I was no different from the rest of the world's adolescents, thinking only what I was told to think and doing whatever "the gang" did. I had little, if any, individuality of person or thought. It was for me, as it is for all adolescents, a period of mental, physical, and emotional instability; I needed companionship and a feeling of belonging. My confusion needed the comfort of being with those who were as confused as I; thus I sought friends and security by doing what was considered proper by the young people around me. However, I was soon to change my ways, to find myself and establish my place in life.

In the course of the year I found myself growing very dissatisfied with my actions and with those of my acquaintances. I began to feel that individually we were sheep, blindly following the herd. Not one of us would do anything unless the whole group supported the project. We were, unfortunately, conformists. Why? Why must we have our own fads, our own language, and even our own standards for our friends? What right do we have to say who is "queer" or who is an "oddball"? These questions and many others were racking my brain. I was discouraged with the attitude of the entire group. Nevertheless, I was hesitant about leaving the group and striking out by myself. I wanted to be an individual; yet I did not think I was strong enough to be an outsider. Would I be able to stand being one of the so-called oddballs? How could I be an individual and still keep the feeling of security I needed?

The gradual beginning of abstract questions forming in my mind was another factor which eventually led to my awakening. These questions did not concern the social situation, but concerned God, life, and my purpose on earth. At that time I felt guilty about the presence of these questions. I can remember saying my prayers week after week by my window at home, looking out at the night which covered the green lawn with a silver-studded shroud, and wondering in a tiny corner of my mind to whom or to what I was praying. I brushed the questions off, however, feeling that I had no right to question things which had been taught to me all my life. Subconsciously I was afraid to question; I was afraid that if I challenged my beliefs, I might not be able to answer my questions or meet the chal-

lenge of my doubts. I might be left without God, without something to depend on and seek favors from. To me God was just that: someone to lean on when you were troubled and to ask favors from when you felt you were worthy. Religion was not the only subject about which I had questions. I wondered also about life. Why was it given to me? What was my purpose on earth? I was afraid of those questions too; I had no answers for them. What right did they have to disturb my well-organized life and my state of complacent ignorance?

It was during the sunny days of summer that the change in my mental habits was made. When I started my job at camp, I met my senior counselor, a boy of twenty. Mark seemed the most remarkable boy I had ever met. It was not a matter of a teenage crush. No, I was genuinely impressed by his character. Although I was naturally first attracted to Mark by his handsome features and winning ways, after talking with him, I found in the boy a great deal more to admire than his appearance. He had an extremely brilliant mind, and was not letting it go to waste as many young people are wont to do. I was completely taken with his ambition. He wanted to be a writer, and was at that time writing a novel which he hoped to complete and have published within the year. This fact alone was important to me, for I had seen many talented boys letting their blessings go to waste because of lackadaisicalness. Mark was a boy who said and did what he wished without fearing the effect on his acquaintances. I admired him because he met with intelligence each problem or question that arose. He would debate it, and eventually he would form an opinion concerning it without regard to what others thought. His life and his mind were his own, and he was putting them both to good use. Mark professed to be an atheist and even seemed proud of the fact. For some reason I was not shocked by his religious views. I accepted them as an integral part of his amazing personality. Of course, I realize now that although he was to be admired for his individuality and courage, Mark was unnecessarily extreme in his revolt against conformity, but at that time he was like a light in the darkness to me.

In the course of the summer I spent most of my time with Mark, discussing, debating, and arguing every topic we could think of. I thoroughly enjoyed every minute of our conversations and found that I was not afraid to question any more. I was even eager to find more and more questions to debate. Mark's opinions were a challenge to me, and I tried to meet that challenge with all the intelligence I possessed. As I searched for rebuttals of his arguments, I was also searching for answers to my own questions about religion, life, and my

individuality. I could not be satisfied with the answers Mark provided; I had to provide my own answers. My mind was in a turmoil, but it was an exciting and thrilling sensation. The turmoil of searching and wondering was far better than the calm of apathy and acceptance. This was my search, my search for a philosophy. Mark had aroused my listless brain and had taught me to think.

I did not find the task of sorting out the ideas in my mind an easy one. At first I became a rebel, condemning all commonly accepted practices. *I* would not be a sheep. *I* would not think the way other people thought. I would set up my own principles, and *I* would be *right*. I became a nonconformist, or so I thought. Be a nonconformist if you have to kill yourself to do it was my attitude. I ostracized myself from my friends and even from my family. Moreover, I became an atheist, not because Mark was an atheist, but because for some reason I had decided that there was no God and that a greater part of the population of the world was a slave to religious tradition and ceremony. Also, in the light of the facts, I had to give up my image of God as a big man sitting on a cloud pulling strings, thus leaving myself without any image of God. These delusions of grandeur, however, did not last long. Towards the end of the summer Mark and I began to drift apart as young people do after a summer romance. The time came when I could think of him impartially as a person; I realized that he was immature. I could see that he was in open rebellion against everything. I also realized, of course, that the same fact was true of me. But the difference was that I was aware of my mental deficiencies, and I doubt that Mark was then, or is now, aware of his. For many days I tried to decide what was real in my beliefs and what was just plain defiance of convention. I noticed that it was much harder for me to make this distinction than it had been for me to change my mental habits as I did the first time when I had had Mark's approval with me in all I believed. Now I was alone with my thoughts, and I had to know what I believed, not what I thought would be interesting to believe. I first modified my religious beliefs. I renounced atheism as a childish means of rebellion. I knew then that there is a God; I had to find my own God, for God is personal. I also modified my ideas about individuality. I found I could be an individual and have a group of friends at the same time. As for opinions about life and my purpose in life, I had not yet developed a theory along those lines, but I knew that now I could, and eventually I would. I knew also that the past summer had marked an important and distinct change in my mental habits; I was a real human being now, able to think and reason. Mark

is gone from my life, probably never to return; but I shall never forget the favor he did me when he replaced the apathetic child of listless mind with the alert girl of reasoning mind.

BETSY LOTTMAN, *Class of '62*

Deprived

A school girl trudges along,
Books clutched in her arms.
The ground, the trees, the air
Are restless with the coming spring.
She wants to frisk, to bound, to run—
To be a part of nature's wonders.
But her books are heavy;
She can only walk.

BARBARA HODGES, *Class of '62*

Mother

One to whom I call for help,
One who calms my fears;
One who mends all heartaches,
And one who dries my tears.

One who cries, "Be careful,
And keep your head up high.
Stand up for all that you believe
Until the day you die."

One who shows God's chosen ways
And prays that I may be
More righteous in His loving eyes
And in humanity's.

One who knows what I can do
And gives me faith to try —
A faith that harbors love and trust,
A faith that never dies.

BARBARA SPITLER, *Class of '62*

School Days

As I sit here in the school,
I think about the golden rule,
But then I have to do my math,
And sit there very full of wrath.

DEBBY LEGROS, *First Preparatory*

I Capture the Kingdom

“THE TARNIVAL castle will be mine!”

My words ended a serious counsel that had been in session for several hours. My noblemen and I plotted to overtake the stronghold of King Tarnival. Our clans had been rivals for generations past, the basis concerning an argument as to where the dividing line came between our two kingdoms. Those faithful to one king had learned to regard the others with evil taste.

Now a plan to destroy the power of the Tarnival King has been made. The Queen shall be captured, and the King, dependent on her as he is, shall be left a despairing man. After certain forces have been applied, he shall be compelled to turn himself over to me, and his domain shall be mine!

And so my plan progresses. Upon the Queen's imprisonment, several horsemen and daring knights have come forth to rescue the lady for whom they ride, but I've captured all. I'm now sending knights in shining armor to attack the castle. Most of Tarnival's men have fled and been caught by my horsemen. Persistent attacks have driven the few who remain loyal to Tarnival, to a corner of his kingdom. Towering cliffs rise upward behind them. I and my men are close in front. Escape is impossible! Tarnival's men are falling fast. One small group stand before him, trying to save their king. Then for just a moment, he appears, and my fine knight paces ahead and captures him.

My plan has worked. I have won a game of chess for the very first time!

JANIS RUSSELL, *Fourth Preparatory*

Our Mechanical Genius

THIS SUMMER my fourteen-year-old brother, Cy, says he's going to have finished the little car that he's started to build. "It is going to have," he says, "a motor, a seat, brakes, clutch, and bicycle wheels. It is going to be big enough for two, and sturdy enough to go across bumpy fields."

He stated, "If you buy stock in my car you can ride in it."

But my twelve-year-old brother, John, asked, "What if it works like your ice boat?" which was a complete failure.

Right now all he has is two bicycle wheels and some wood scraps.

Other things he built are a dog house, cat house, dam, and a paddle wheel, which all work. The only worry John, my sister, and I have is: what if the car does work and Cy decides to keep it for himself, instead of letting us buy stock?

CATHY EATON, *First Preparatory*

To a Teenage Girl

When you look at me and see
How lovely one can be,
Don't you sometimes wonder why
You can't be such as I?

I never have to worry about
Underweight or getting stout.
I don't have to scrub each day
To keep those blemishes away.

But I was once not what you see.
I used to be an ugly me.
I wore a dress of fuzzy green
And crawled the earth, seldom seen.

But Mother Nature helped me soon,
While I slept in my cocoon.
I'm still me, myself, and I,
But now I'm Madam Butterfly.

MARLO COLEMAN, *Third Preparatory*

Don't Forget the Penny

ALMOST EVERY YEAR, in the summer, we spend our vacation in Nantucket, which is a wonderful island off Massachusetts. We have a fine time there and are always sad to leave.

We were up till 11:00 packing our suitcases and getting ready to leave for home. Everyone was running in circles, trying to find all our things. My brothers and I were hot and sleepy, so we went to bed with no fight at all! We would have to get up at 4:30 so we could make the 5:30 boat.

All too soon it was time to get up. As I opened my eyes, bright red streaks of sunlight running across the sky caught my attention and I watched the sky get lighter.

Mom was calling for me to come down, so in five minutes I was down eating breakfast.

After breakfast we started to town.

When we got to the boat there was one man on the dock to show you where to put your car. So Dad drove our car onto the boat and parked.

We were on the top deck watching the island fade out of sight. I felt like jumping out of the boat and staying at Nantucket, but I couldn't.

Dad had given us some pennies to throw into the water as we passed the lighthouse, so we must be going back next year.

MARGO MCCREARY, *First Preparatory*

Fluttering Leaves

Leaves come falling, falling down,
Over city and over town,
Leaves come falling, falling down,
Red and yellow and green and brown.

Leaves that flutter through the air,
Leaves that come down everywhere,
Leaves that fly and leaves that sway,
Make me feel I want to play.

MARGARET WHITE, *First Preparatory*

Spring Fog

In Maine the fog comes
 silently
And swallows every twig
 and tree.
O'er every sail and boat
 it creeps,
It blankets all the flats
 and steeps.
It dims and shadows
 everything,
And then takes leave,
For this is spring.

POLLY EIDE, *Second Preparatory*

A Little Ladybug

I knew a little
 Ladybug,
 Ladybug,
 Ladybug,
Who knew a little dance.
She danced it for the
 King and Queen,
 King and Queen,
 King and Queen.
She danced it for the
King and Queen.
 They clapped and
 Clapped and
 Clapped.

FARLEY TOBIN, *Fourth Primary*

General Withington

A LONG TIME AGO General Withington and four other men went hunting. In those days they didn't have cars, so they went horseback. They decided to go north because up north is the best place for people who have hay fever. The General was the one who had hay fever. When they made camp one night the men met a ferocious bear.

The next day they saw a deer swimming in a nearby brook. One of the men shot the deer. That night they had the deer for dinner. After a long time they found a place to go hunting. They decided they liked the place, so they settled down. After a few days a tribe of Indians came, but they were friendly.

Then a lot of people came and settled down. They called the place Harbor Point. It's up in Michigan, and how do I know? Because General Withington is my great-great grandfather.

PHYLLIS PAGE, *Fourth Primary*

St. Patrick

St. Patrick came to Ireland
A shamrock in his hand,
He gave it to the girls and boys
Who loved it even more than toys.
I've brought you one for you to see
How very pretty it can be.

CONNIE NORWEB, *Third Primary*

My Dog

My dog is Terry.
He's sometimes scary.
He's big and black
And sharp as a tack.

CINDY WHITE, *Second Primary*

Nice Things

Spring is here.
Let's all cheer.
Children are singing.
Bells are ringing.
Flowers are growing.
And the sun is glowing.

STEFI PAUL, *Third Primary*

Spring

Spring is here, bright and gay.
The birds are coming here to stay.
The buds and flowers are all blooming.
And the yards need a grooming.

LYNN HARRIS, *Third Primary*

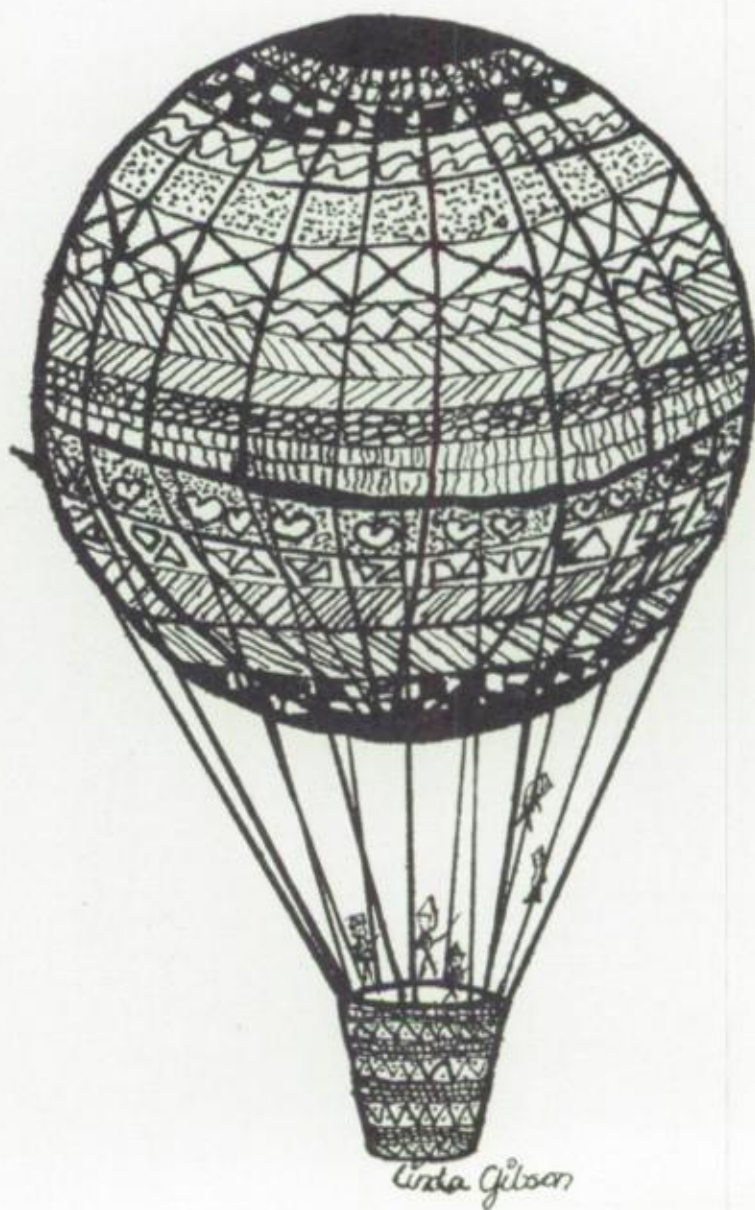
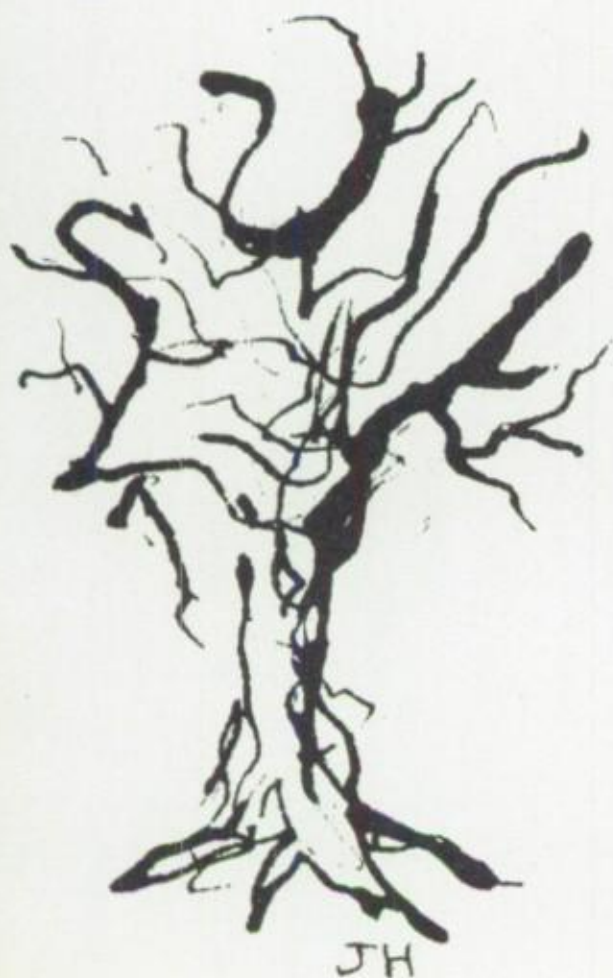
The Goose and the Moose

Once there was a goose
Who had a friend called Moose.
And the goose's name was Goose,
And the moose's name was Moose
And that ends the story
Of the goose and the moose.

BUFFY IRELAND, *Second Primary*



klings







Jean Hutton



HSFG



C.J.

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Acknowledgments

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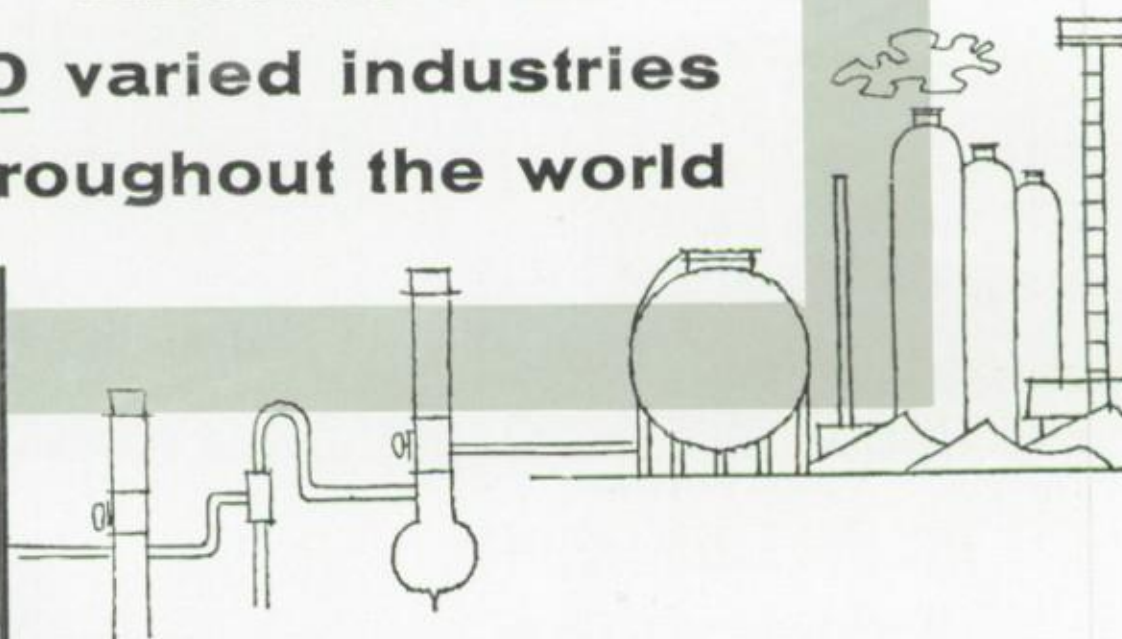
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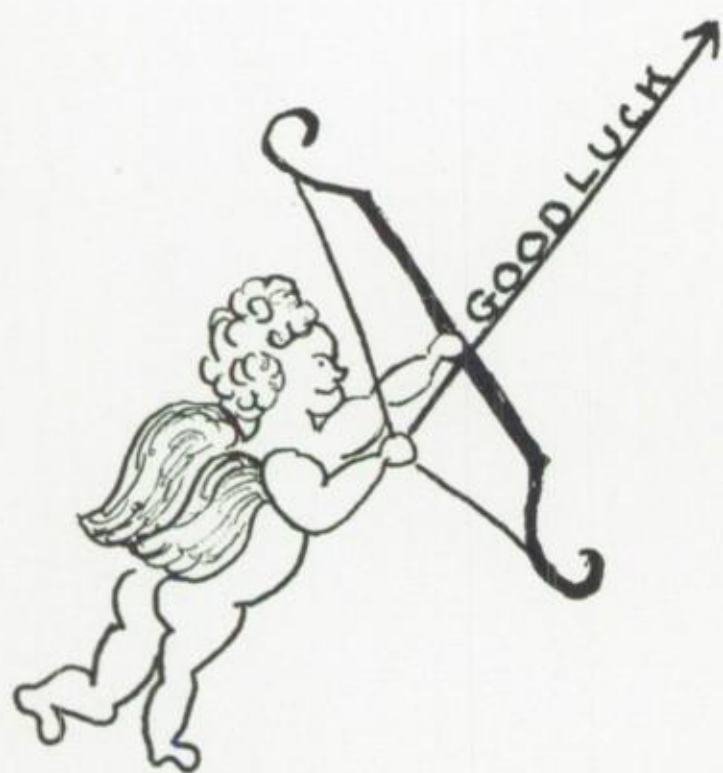
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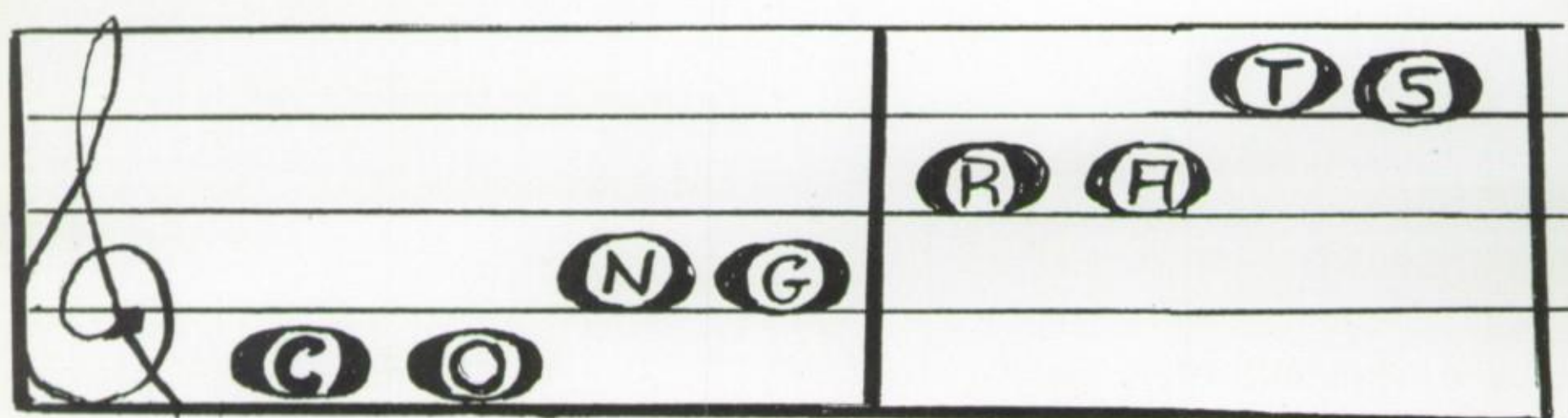
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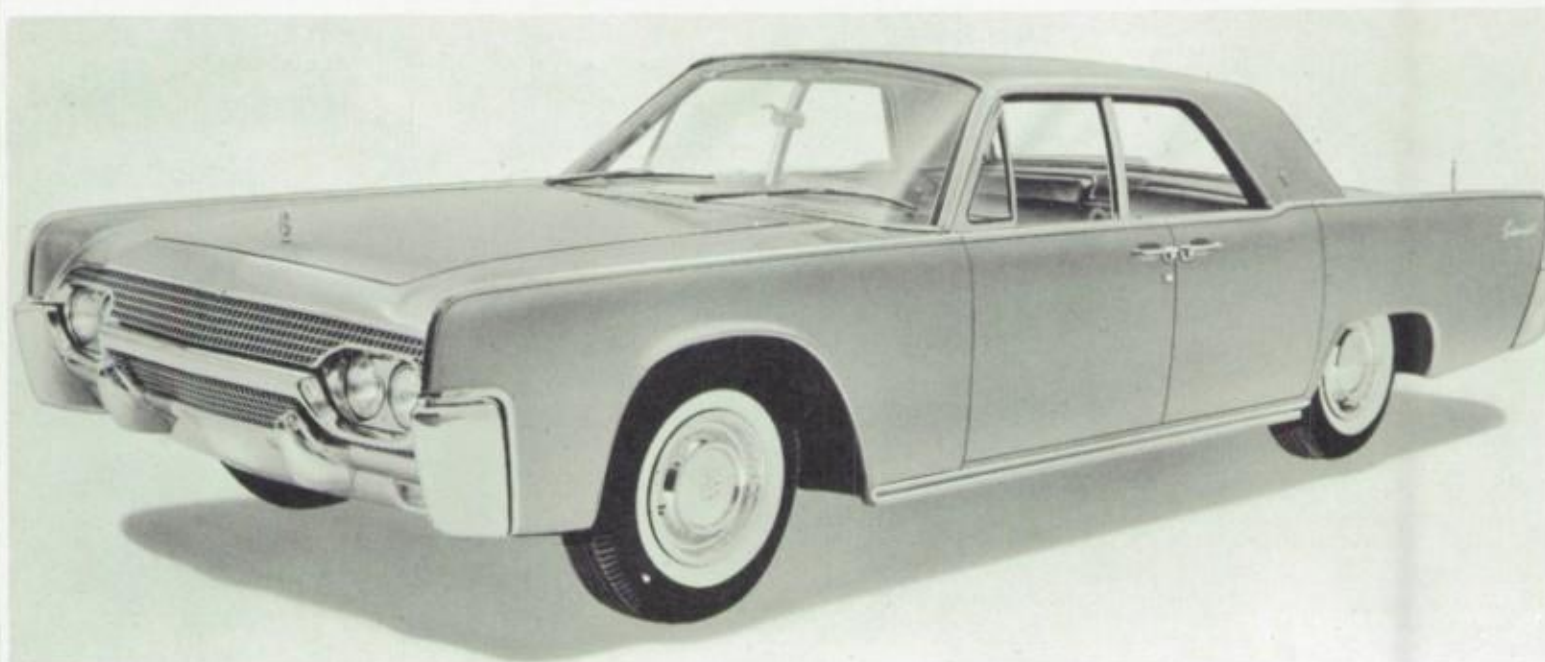
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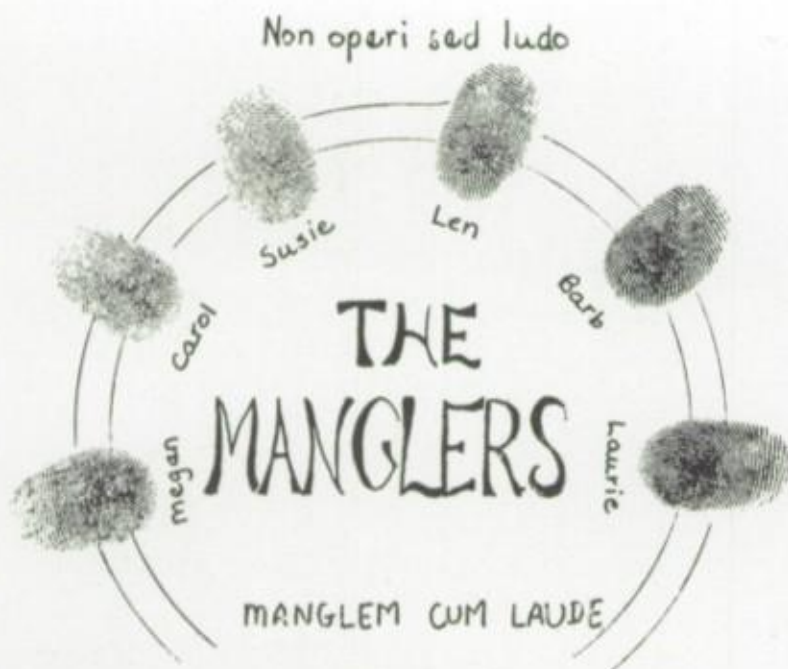
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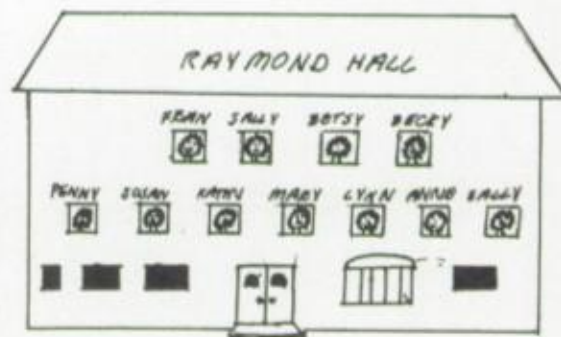
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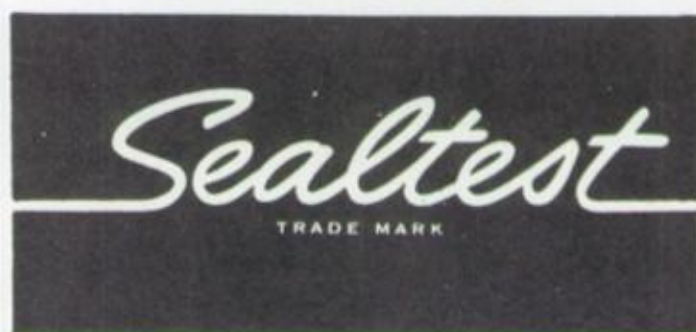


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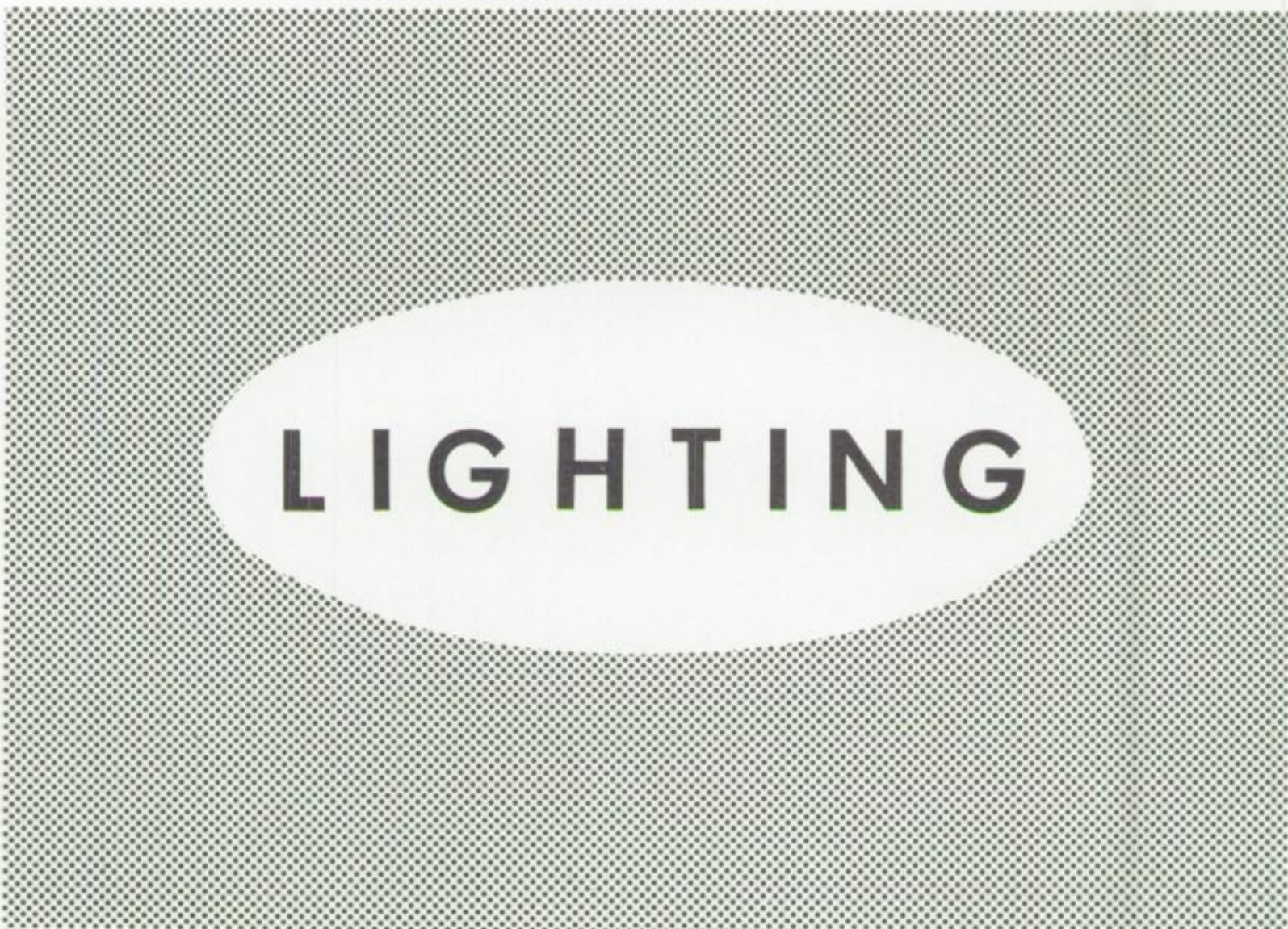


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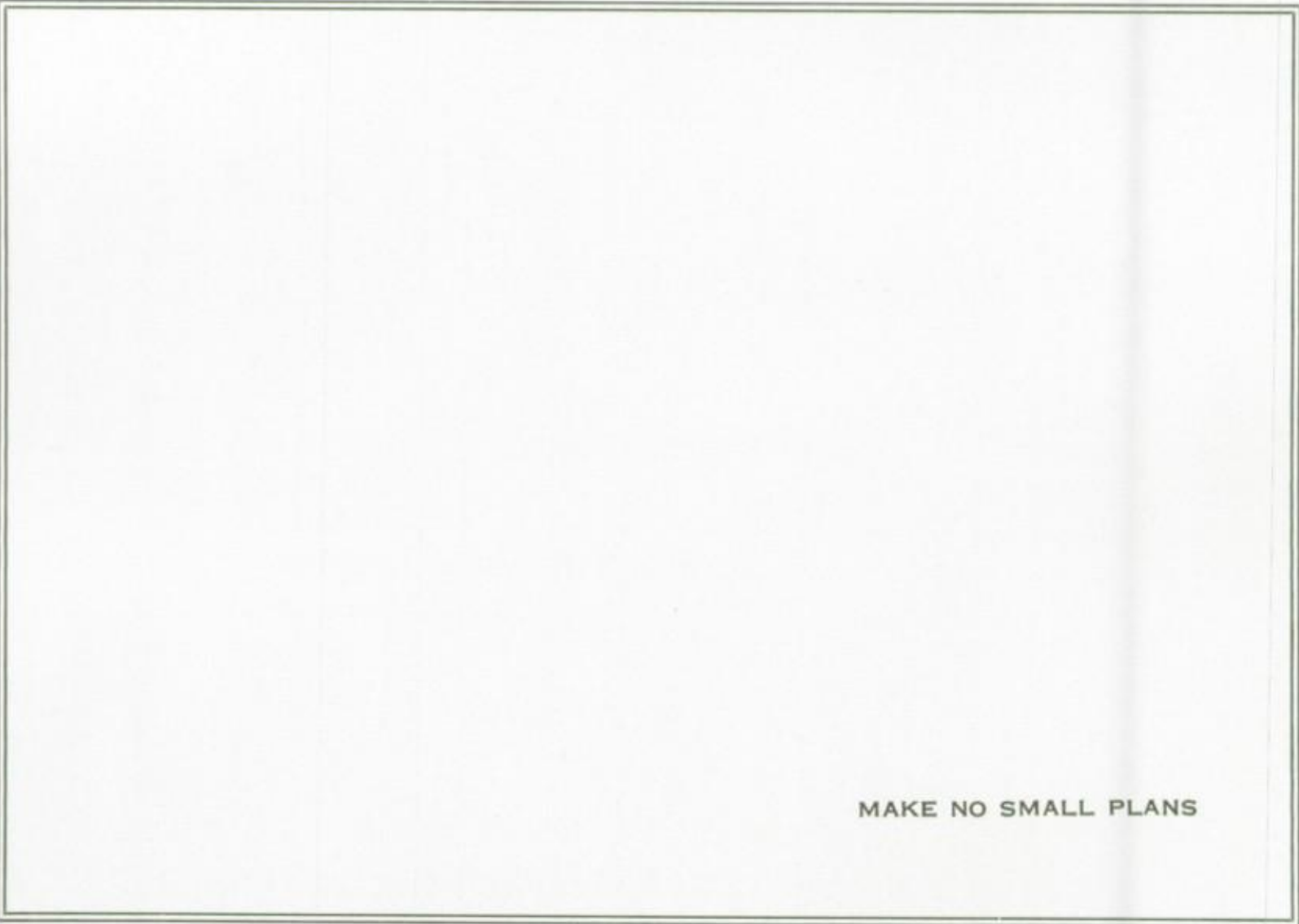
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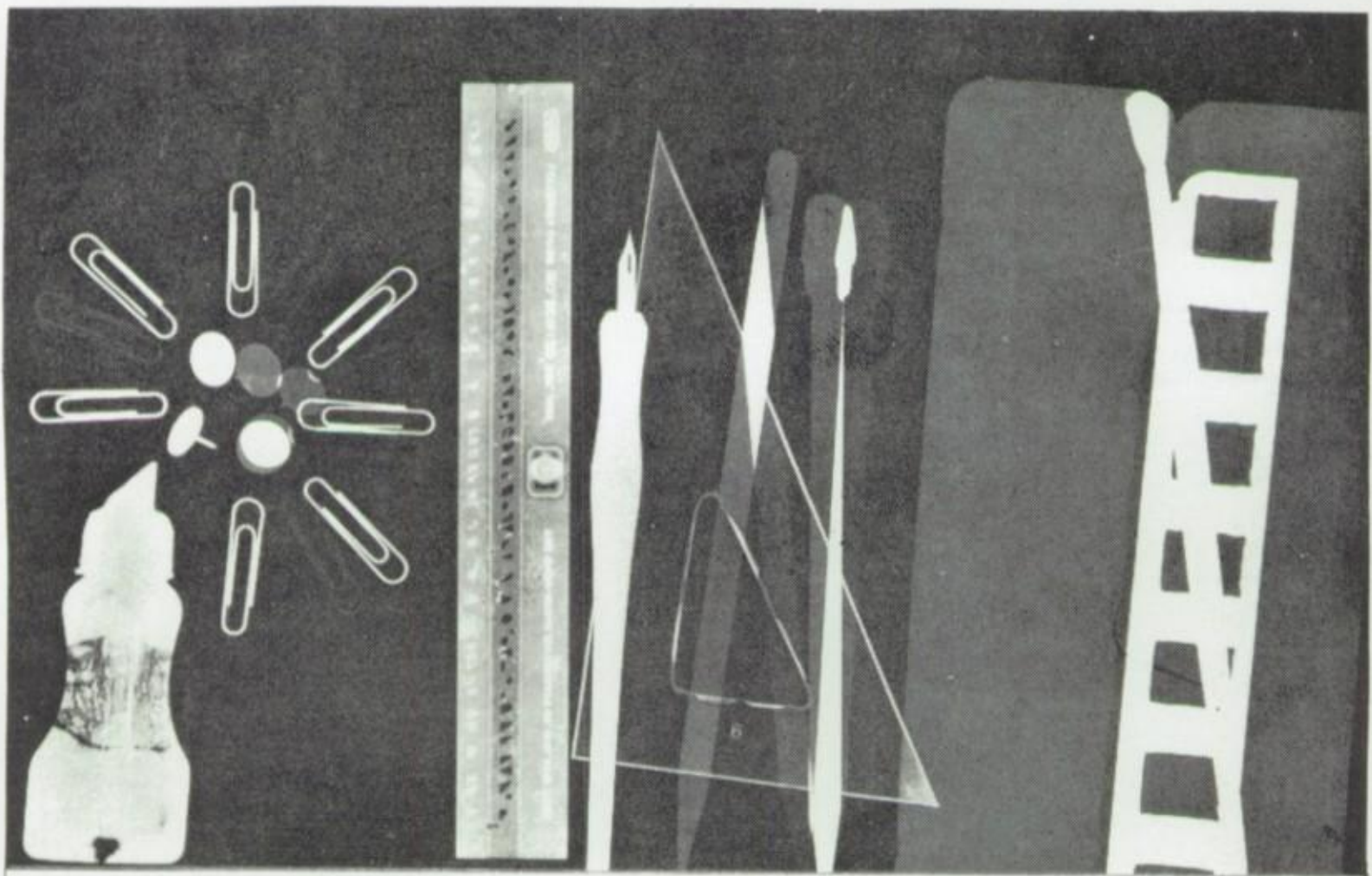


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*If one has a purpose in life,
from whence does it come if not
from previously acquired knowledge?
Where then knowledge if not from
education, and where education
if not from a school?
Yet what is a school without
a yearbook, and, indeed, does not
a yearbook thrive on ads?
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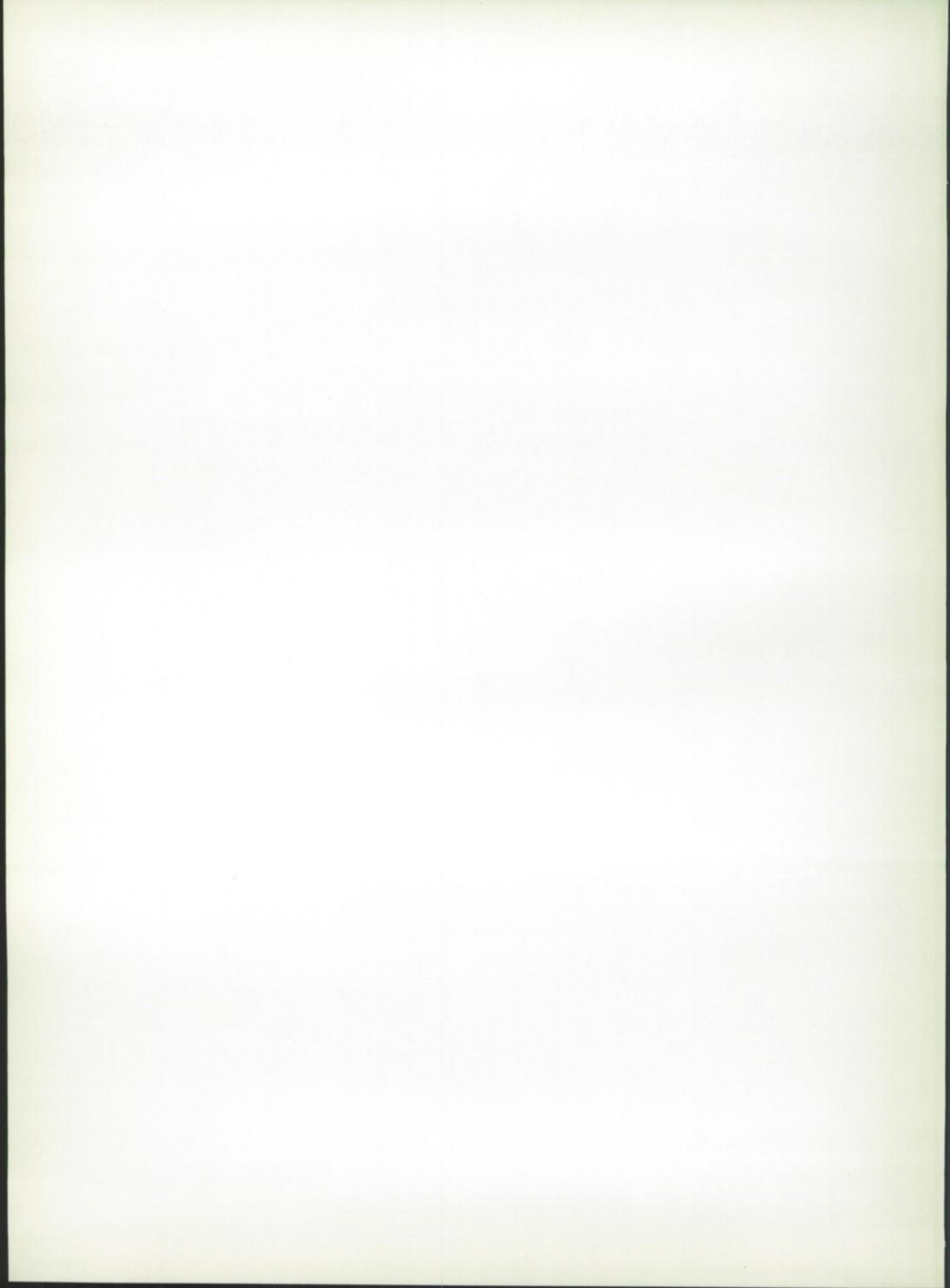
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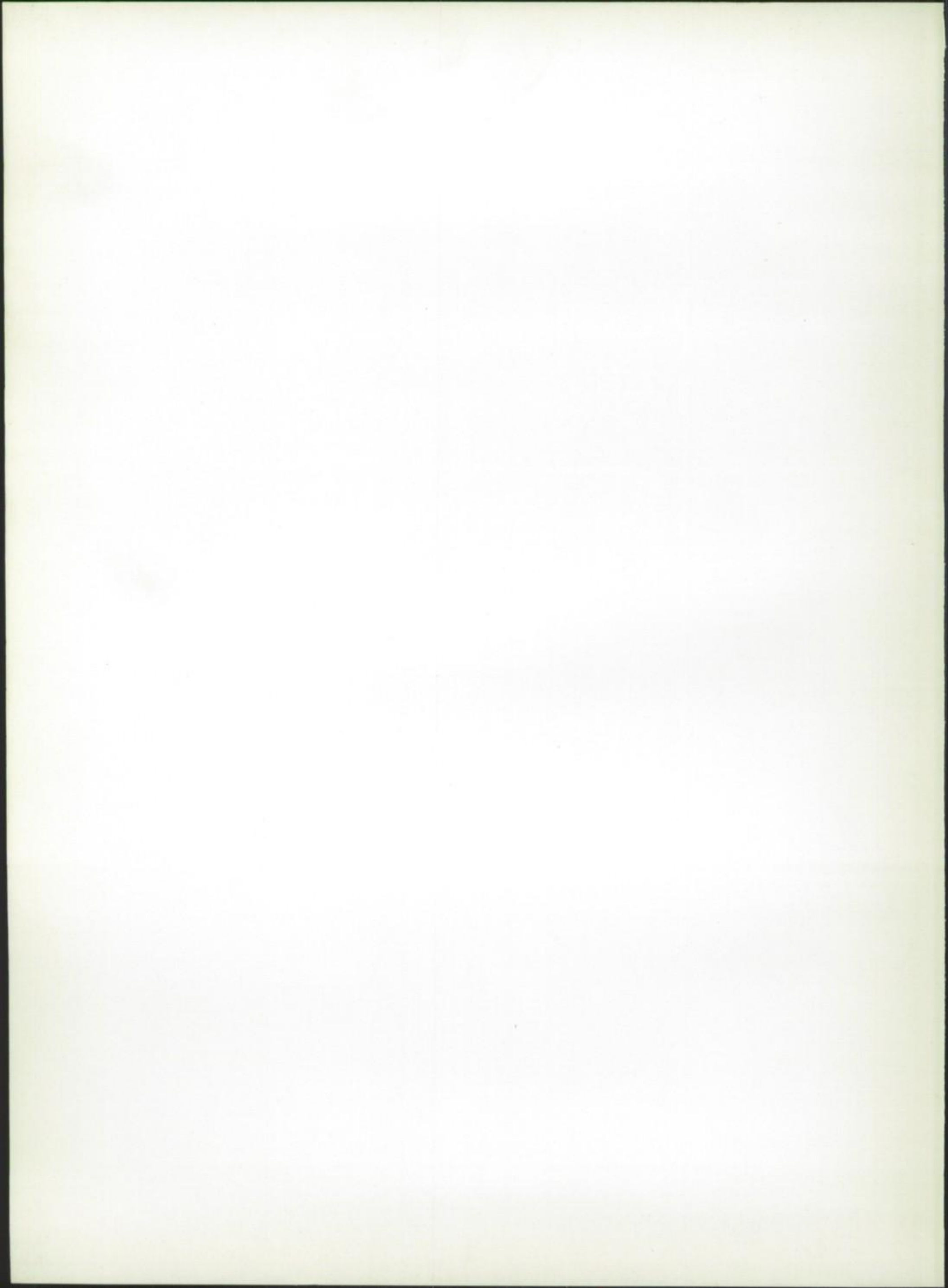






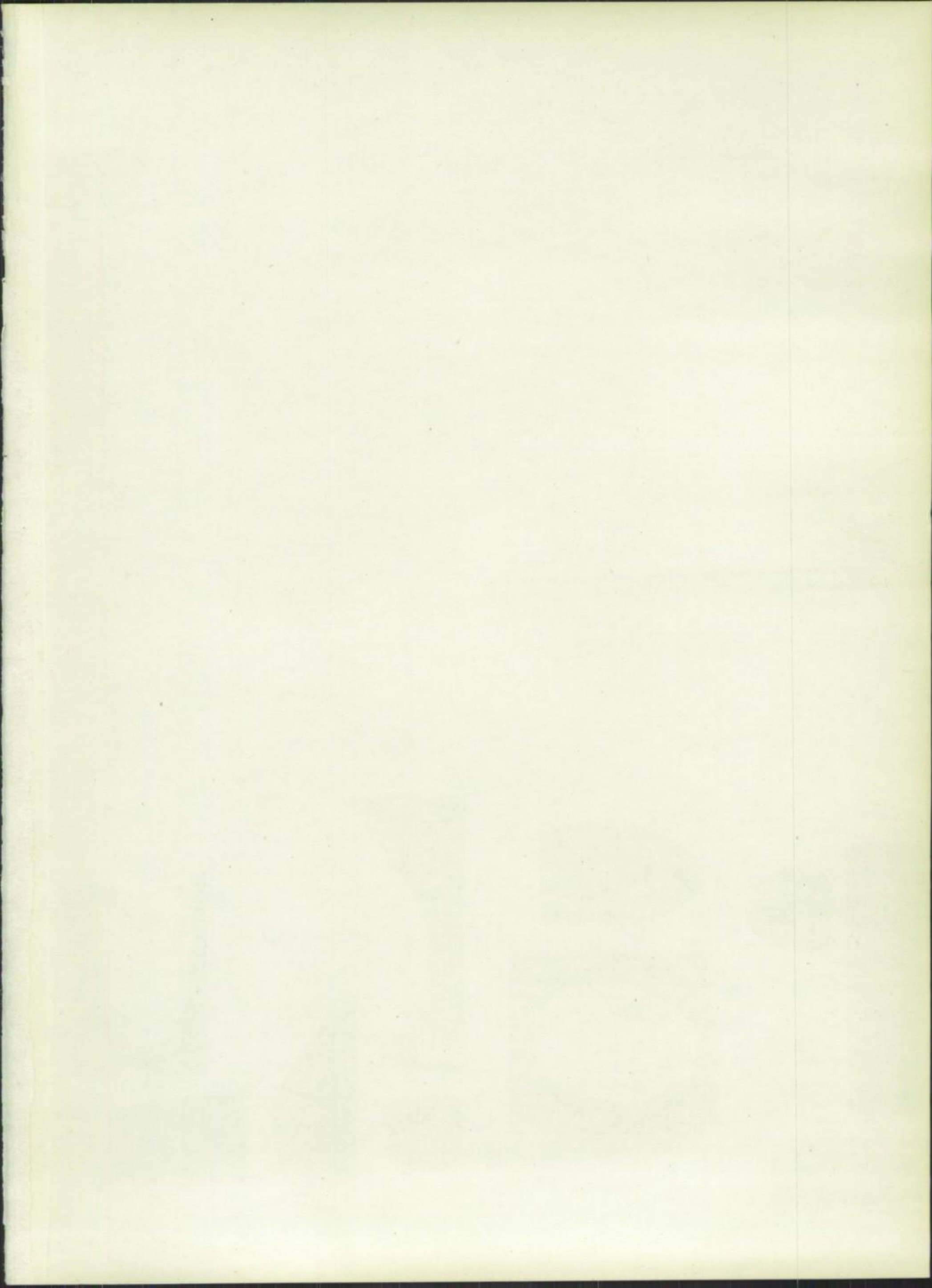


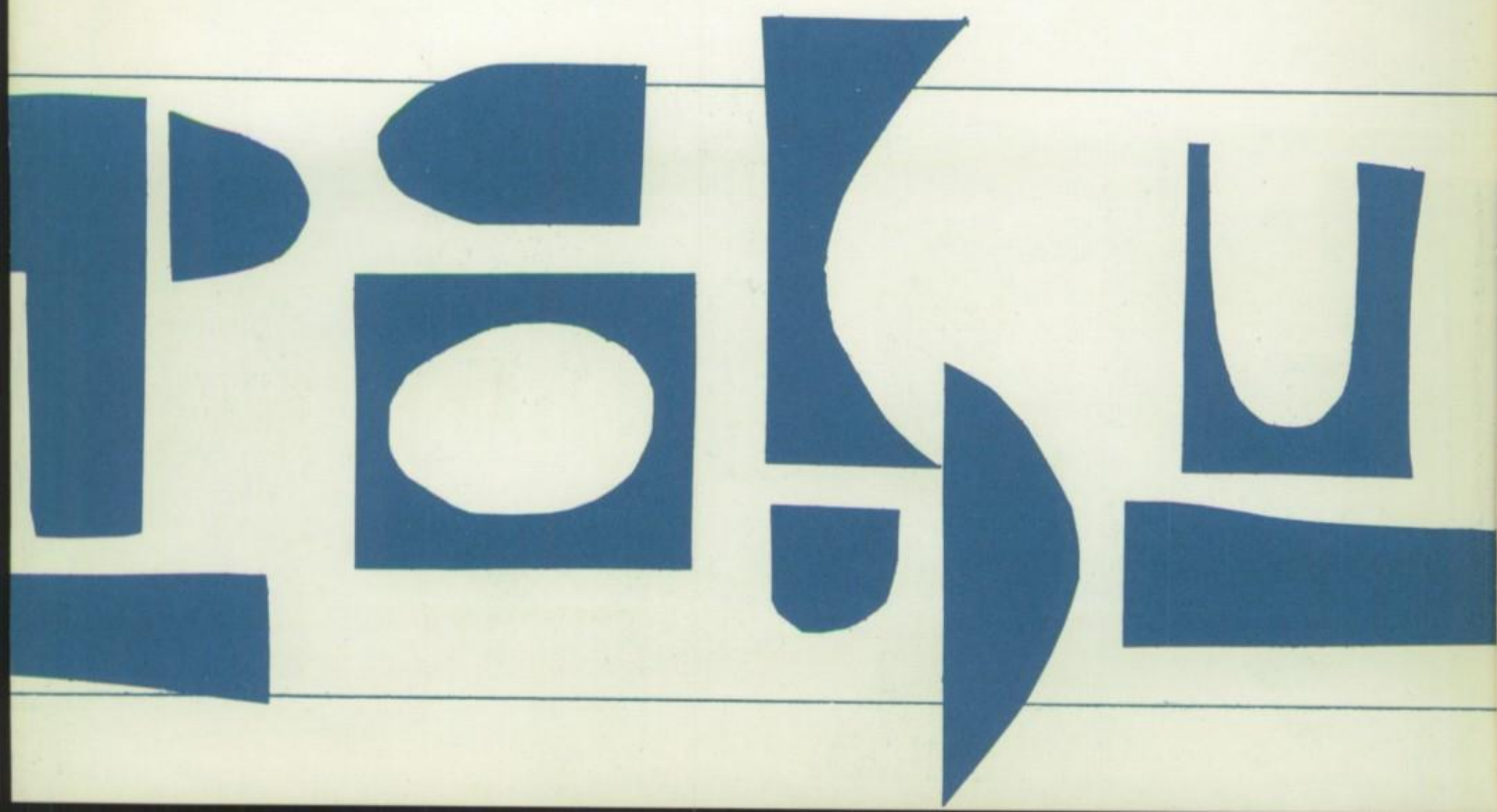












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